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THE
DRAMATICK WORKS
OF
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.
VOL. X.

THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

REMONTE AND PIERRE

VOL. X.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.



*That ever blood made kin! falsest cousin,
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love!*

Act III.

W. B. Rother delin.

J. Collier sculp.

Published on the Act directed by T. M. Clarke, Bow Street, April 4, 1791.

D R A M A T I C K W O R K S

O F

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER;

Collated with all the Former Editions,

A N D C O R R E C T E D ;

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory,

B Y V A R I O U S C O M M E N T A T O R S ;

And Adorned with Fifty-four Original Engravings.

I N T E N V O L U M E S .

V O L U M E T H E T E N T H ;

C O N T A I N I N G ,

*TWO NOBLE KINSMEN;**TRAGEDY OF THIERRY AND THEODORET;**WOMAN-HATER;**NICEVALOUR; OR, THE PASSIONATE MADMAN;**HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE;**MASQUE;**FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL REPRESENTATIONS,*

I N O N E .

L O N D O N ,

Printed by T. Sherlock, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

For T. EVANS, and P. ELMSLEY, in the Strand;

J. RIDLEY, St. James's Street; J. WILLIAMS, No. 39,

Fleet-Street; and W. Fox, Holborn.

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TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

This Play was first printed in quarto, anno 1634, under the following title: 'The Two Noble Kinsmen: Presented at the Blackfriars by the Kings Maiesties Servants, with great applause: written by the memorable Worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. William Shakspeare, Gent. ;' and has always been received as the production of those Poets. In the year 1668, it was altered by Sir William Davenant, who gave it the title of The Rivals; when it appears to have been acted with great success.

P R O L O G U E.

[*Flourish.*

NEW plays and maidenheads are near a-kin;
Much follow'd both, for both much money gi'n,
If they stand sound, and well: And a good play
(Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage-day,
And shake to lose his honour) is like her
That after holy tie, and first night's stir,
Yet still is modesty, and still retains
More of the maid to fight, than husband's pains.
We pray our play may be so; for I'm sure
It has a noble breeder, and a pure,
A learned, and a poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po, and silver Trent:
Chaucer (of all admir'd) the story gives;
There constant to eternity it lives!
If we let fall the nobleness of this,
And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under-ground, ' Oh, fan
' From me the witless chaff of such a writer
' That blasts my bays, and my fam'd works make lighter
' Than Robin Hood!' This is the fear we bring;
For, to say truth, it were an endless thing,
And too ambitious, to aspire to him.
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim,
In this deep water, do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we shall tack about!
And something do to save us, you shall hear
Scenes, tho' below his art, may yet appear
Worth two hours' travel. To his bones sweet sleep!
Content to you!—If this play do not keep
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave.

[*Flourish.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

M E N.

Theseus, *duke of Athens.*

Palamon, } The Two Noble Kinsmen, *in love with*
Arcite, } *Emilia.*

Perithous, *an Athenian general.*

Valerius, *a Theban nobleman.*

Three valiant Knights.

Herald.

Jailor.

Woer.

Gerrold, *a schoolmaster.*

A Taborer, Countrymen, Soldiers, &c.

W O M E N.

Hippolita, *bride to Theseus.*

Emilia, *her sister.*

Three Queens.

Jailor's Daughter, *in love with Palamon.*

Servant to Emilia.

Nymphs, Wenches, &c.

¹ *Hymen* has hitherto stood as a personage of this drama, and even the first: As he only appears in the Dumb-show, we have expunged the name. The *Woer*, though a character of some consideration, has always been omitted; and so has *Valerius*.

T H E

TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Hymen with a torch burning; a boy, in a white robe, before, singing, and strewing flowers; after Hymen, a nymph, encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland; then Theseus, between two other nymphs, with wheaten chaplets on their heads; then Hippolita, led by Perithous², and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging; after her, Emilia, holding up her train.

S O N G.

R OSES, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone;
But in their hue;
Maiden-pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thime true.
Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim.

² *Then Hippolita the bride led by Theseus.] Mr. Theobald very justly changed Theseus here to Perithous.*

Seward.

6 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
 Lye 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
 Blessing their sense! [Strew flowers.
 Not an angel of the air³,
 Bird melodious, or bird fair,
 Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
 The boding raven, nor chough hoar⁴,
 Nor chatt'ring pie,
 May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
 Or with them any discord bring,
 But from it fly!

³ *Not an angel of the air.*] Mr. Theobald was very fond of a change here, which I can by no means admit; as he happened not to see the Author's design in applying the word *angel* to birds, he would read *augel*, from the Italian *Augello*, a bird. But beside the objection there is to admitting words of foreign extraction without authority into the text (a thing by no means justifiable) there would be a needless tautology,

*Not an augel or bird of the air,
 Bird melodious, or bird fair.*

Several birds too are excluded in the next stanza which renders *augel* improper, whereas *angel* very beautifully expresses the birds of melody and good omen. Seward.

⁴ *The boding raven, nor clough he*

Nor chatt'ring pie.] *Clough he*, which is the reading of all the editions, is neither sense nor rhyme. My Dictionaries at least have no such bird as *clough*. *Chough* is Shakespeare and Fletcher's name of a jack-daw, of which Ray says, *Postica pars capitis cinerascit*. But he (and from him the Oxford editor) mistakes in making the *chough* the *coracias* a frequenter of the Cornish-Cliffs only, which has no such gray feathers. Besides Shakespeare's *chough* feeds on corn, for Autolocus, in the Winter's Tale, says, 'My *choughs* are scar'd from the chaff.' So that the *chough* must be the daw or the rook, which has often gray feathers on the head and back. See Ray on Birds. There can be no reason to doubt therefore of our having got the true substantive; for *he* we must have an adjective that suits the *chough*, and also rhimes to *nor*; *hoar* will do both, the *chough* having grayish feathers on his head, from whence Shakespeare calls him the *rufset pated chough*. Midsummer-Night's Dream. Seward.

Enter

Enter three Queens, in black, with veils stained, with imperial crowns. The first Queen falls down at the foot of Theseus; the second falls down at the foot of Hippolita; the third before Emilia.

1 *Queen.* For pity's sake, and true gentility's,
Hear and respect me!

2 *Queen.* For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair
ones,
Hear and respect me!

3 *Queen.* Now for the love of him whom Jove hath
mark'd
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us, and our distresses! This good deed
Shall raze you out o'th' book of trespasses
All you are set down there.

Thef. Sad lady, rise!

Hip. Stand up!

Emi. No knees to me! What woman I
May sted that is distress'd, does bind me to her.

Thef. What's your request? Deliver you for all.

1 *Queen.* We are three Queens, whose sovereigns
fell before

The wrath of cruel Creon; who endur'd
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. Oh, pity, duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword
That does good turns to th' world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them!
And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note
That for our crowned heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,

8 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

And vault to every thing !

Thes. Pray you kneel not !

I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves. I've heard the
fortunes

Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.

King Capanëus was your lord : The day
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar ; you were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread her⁵ ; your wheaten wreath
Was then nor thresh'd, nor blasted ; Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheek with smiles ; Hercules our kinsman
(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his club,
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide⁶,
And swore his sinews thaw'd : Oh, Grief and Time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour !

1 *Queen.* Oh, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth
Our undertaker !

Thes. Oh, no knees, none, widow !
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for me, your soldier.—Troubled I am.

[*Turns away.*]

2 *Queen.* Honour'd Hippolita,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scithe-tusk'd boar ; that, with thy arm as strong

⁵ Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,

Nor in more bounty spread her.] The reader will see that *her* is prejudicial to the sense and measure, and to be discarded. The mantle of Juno is beautifully described in the fourteenth Book of the Iliad. It was wrought by Minerva, and adorned with variety of figures ; allegorically it may signify the æther adorned with the sun and stars formed by Minerva, i. e. the wisdom of the Creator. *Seward.*

We cannot ' see that *her* is prejudicial to the sense and measure,' nor that it ought ' to be discarded.' The construction is easy.

⁶ Nemean hide.] Corrected in 1750.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. 9

As it is white, waſt near to make the male
 To thy ſex captive ; but that this thy lord
 (Born to uphold creation in that honour
 Firſt Nature ſtil'd it in) ſhrunk thee into
 The bound thou waſt o'er-flowing, at once ſubduing
 Thy force, and thy affection ; ſoldiereſs,
 That equally canſt poiſe ſternneſs with pity,
 Who now, I know, haſt much more power on him
 Than e'er he had on thee ; who ow'ſt his ſtrength⁷,
 And his love too, who is a ſervant to
 The tenor of thy ſpeech ; dear glaſs of ladies,
 Bid him that we whom flaming War doth ſcorch,
 Under the ſhadow of his ſword may cool us !
 Require him he advance it o'er our heads ;
 Speak't in a woman's key, like ſuch a woman
 As any of us three ; weep ere you fail ;
 Lend us a knee ;
 But touch the ground for us no longer time
 Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off !
 Tell him, if he i' th' blood-ſize'd field lay ſwolln,
 Shewing the ſun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
 What you would do !

Hip. Poor lady, ſay no more !

I had as lief trace this good action with you
 As that whereto I'm going, and never yet
 Went I ſo willing way⁸. My lord is taken
 Heart-deep with your diſtreſs : Let him conſider ;

⁷ Whom now I know haſt much more power on him
 Than ever he had on thee, who ow'ſt his ſtrength
 And his love too, who is a ſervant for

The tenor of the ſpeech.] The change of particles and monosyllables frequently deſtroy both the grammar and ſenſe of our Authors. *Whom* might have been corrected without a note, but what is, *Who is a ſervant for the tenor of the ſpeech?* The original probably was,
 ——— who is a ſervant to

The tenor of thy ſpeech ;

i. e. He who beſore conquered thee is now obedient to every word thou utteſt. *Ow'ſt*, is the ſame as *own'ſt*, in all the old writers.

Seaward.

⁸ ——— and never yet

Went I ſo willing way.] *i. e.* I never went ſo willing a journey.

Seaward.

10 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

I'll speak anon.

3 *Queen.* Oh, my petition was [*Kneels to Emilia.*
Set down in ice, which by hot grief uncandied
Melts into drops; so sorrow wanting form
Is press'd with deeper matter.

Emi. Pray stand up;
Your grief is written in your cheek.

3 *Queen.* Oh, woe!
You cannot read it there⁹; here thro' my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold 'em! Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasure know o'th' earth
Must know the centre too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. Oh, pardon me!
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.

Emi. Pray you say nothing; pray you!
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,
T' instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed;
(Such heart-pierc'd demonstration!) but, alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity
Tho' it were made of stone: Pray have good comfort!

Theb. Forward to th' temple! leave not out a jot
O'th' sacred ceremony.

1 *Queen.* Oh, this celebration
Will longer last¹⁰, and be more costly, than
Your suppliants' war! Remember that your fame
Knolls in the ear o' th' world: What you do quickly

⁹ You cannot read it there; there thro' my tears,

Like wrinkl'd pebbles in a glassy stream.] Mr. Sympson and I
change the second *there* to *here*, as she evidently points at her heart,
and so explains herself in the sequel. *Glassy* for *glasse* Mr. Theobald
agreed with us in. *Seward.*

¹⁰ Will long last.] Corrected in 1750.

Is not done rashly ; your first thought is more
Than others' labour'd medittance ; your premeditating
More than their actions ; but, (oh, Jove !) your actions,
Soon as they move, as osprays do the fish,
Subdue before they touch : Think, dear duke, think
What beds our slain kings have !

2 *Queen*. What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none !

3 *Queen*. None fit for th' dead :
Those that with cords, knives, drams¹¹, precipitance,
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been Death's most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow.

1 *Queen*. But our lords
Lie blist'ring 'fore the visitating fun,
And were good kings, when living.

Thes. It is true ;
And I will give you comfort,
To give your dead lords graves¹² :
The which to do must make some work with Creon.

1 *Queen*. And that work now presents itself to th'
doing¹³ :

Now 'twill take form ; the heats are gone tomorrow ;
Then bootless Toil must recompense itself,
With its own sweat ; now he's secure,
Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rinsing your holy begging¹⁴ in our eyes,

¹¹ *Drams precipitance*.] Mr. Symphon and I disjoin these two, the one expressing poison, the other leaping down precipices. *Seward*.

Precipitance is, we think, rightly disjoined from *drams* ; but signifies, in general, the unhappy *precipitation* of suicides in getting rid of their lives, not the particular act of *leaping down precipices*, which seems to us a ridiculous explanation.

¹² *To give your dead lords graves*.] As both the sense and measure are somewhat deficient, there is reason to suspect a part of the sentence dropt, perhaps somewhat like the following might have been the original.

But I will give you comfort, and engage

Myself and pow'rs to give your dead lords graves. *Seward*.

¹³ *And that work presents*, &c.] Former editions. *Seward*.

¹⁴ *Wrenching our holy begging*.] Corrected in 1750.

12 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

To make petition clear.

2 *Queen*. Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory.

3 *Queen*. And his army full
Of bread and sloth.

Thes. Artesius, that best know'st
How to draw out, fit to this enterprize
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business; forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments; whilst we dispatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock!

1 *Queen*. Dowagers, take hands!
Let us be widows to our woes¹⁵! Delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.

All. Farewell!

2 *Queen*. We come unseasonably; but when could Grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd Judgment can, fit'st time
For best sollicitation?

Thes. Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any war¹⁶; it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.

1 *Queen*. The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected: When her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall

¹⁵ *Let us be widows to our woes.*] *i. e.* Let us continue still in the most distress'd widowhood by the continuance of our woes. The expression tho' not quite clear, will give this sense which is certainly a fine one; and in such writers as our Authors we must not always expect that perspicuity as we meet with in poems of less depth. For this reason I cannot admit a conjecture of Mr. Symphon, tho' it is undoubtedly an ingenious one:

Let us be wedded to our woes. *Antony* *Seward.*

¹⁶ *This is a service, whereto I am going,*
Greater than any war.] *War* [which is Theobald's variation] instead of *seas* is a great improvement of the o'd text, and I verily believe it the Author's word. The service I am now going to, (*i. e.* my marriage) is of more import to my happiness than any war can possibly be.

Seward.

By warranting moon-light corslet thee, oh, when
 Her twinning cherries¹⁷ shall their sweetness fall
 Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
 Of rotten kings, or blubber'd queens? what care
 For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able
 To make Mars spurn his drum? Oh, if thou couch
 But one night with her, every hour in't will
 Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
 Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
 That banquet bids thee to.

Hip. Tho' much unlike
 You should be so transported, as much sorry
 I should be such a suitor; yet I think
 Did I not, by th' abstaining of my joy,
 Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit,
 That craves a present med'cine, I should pluck
 All ladies' scandal on me: Therefore, Sir,
 As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
 Either presuming them to have some force,
 Or sentencing for ay their vigour dumb,
 Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
 Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
 Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
 To do these poor Queens service!

All Queens. Oh, help now!
 Our cause cries for your knee.

Emi. If you grant not
 My sister her petition, in that force,
 With that celerity and nature, which
 She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
 To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy
 Ever to take a husband.

Thes. Pray stand up!
 I am entreating of myself to do
 That which you kneel to have me. Perithous,
 Lead on the bride! Get you and pray the gods
 For success and return; omit not any thing
 In the pretended celebration. Queens,

¹⁷ *Her twining cherries.*] Theobald corrected the spelling here.

14 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Follow your soldier (as before) hence you,
 And at the banks of Aulis¹⁸ meet us with
 The forces you can raise, where we shall find
 The moiety of a number, for a business
 More bigger look'd!—Since that our theme is haste,
 I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip;
 Sweet, keep it as my token! Set you forward;
 For I will see you gone. [*Exeunt towards the temple.*
 Farewell, my beauteous sister! Perithous,
 Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on't!

Per. Sir,

I'll follow you at heels: The feast's solemnity
 Shall want till your return¹⁹.

Thef. Cousin, I charge you
 Budge not from Athens; we shall be returning
 Ere you can end this feast, of which I pray you
 Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all!

1 *Queen.* Thus dost thou still make good the tongue
 o'th' world.

2 *Queen.* And earn'st a deity equal with Mars.

3 *Queen.* If not above him; for,
 Thou being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
 To godlike honours; they themselves, some say,
 Groan under such a mastery.

Thef. As we are men,
 Thus should we do; being sensually subdued,
 We lose our humane title. Good cheer, ladies! [*Flourish.*
 Now turn we tow'rd's your comforts. [*Exeunt.*

¹⁸ *And at the banks of Anly.*] Mr. Theobald sent me a very probable conjecture upon this place, none of us being able to find in any geographer such a name as *Anly* in Greece, he reads *Aulis* the celebrated sea port between Athens and Thebes. It would indeed be more convincing were there a river of that name, for I don't know whether it be proper in speaking of Calais or Dover to say, Meet me at the banks of Dover. But *Aulis* being a situation so exceedingly proper to be mention'd here, I still believe it the true word, and perhaps *banks* may be also a corruption, it might have been *At the gates*, or *at the port*, or *at the back of Aulis*. *Seward.*

¹⁹ *Shall want till your return.*] The Editors of 1750, for *want* read *wait*; but *want* seems genuine; signifying, the celebration of the nuptials should remain incomplete till his return, as Perithous had rather accompany Theseus than stay behind to be his proxy, as the latter desires.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Enter Palamon and Arcite.

Arc. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,
 And our prime cousin, yet unhardened in
 The crimes of nature; let us leave the city
 Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further
 Sully our glofs of youth!
 And here to keep in abstinence we shame
 As in incontinence: For not to swim
 I'th' head o'th' current²⁰, were almost to sink,
 At least to frustrate striving; and to follow
 The common stream, 'twould bring us to an eddy
 Where we should turn or drown; if labour thro',
 Our gain but life, and weakness.

Pal. Your advice
 Is cried up with example: What strange ruins,
 Since first we went to school, may we perceive
 Walking in Thebes! Scars, and bare weeds,
 The gain o'th' martialist, who did propound
 To his bold ends, honour, and golden ingots,
 Which, tho' he won, he had not; and now flurled
 By Peace, for whom he fought! Who then shall offer
 To Mars's so-scorn'd altar? I do bleed
 When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
 Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,
 To get the foldier work, that Peace might purge
 For her repletion, and retain anew
 Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher
 Than Strife or War could be.

Arc. Are you not out?
 Meet you no ruin, but the foldier in

²⁰ *I'th' aid o'th' current*] The variation is from Theobald's conjecture, which we think a happy one, tho' rejected by Seward. The old reading, if sense, is very hard. Palamon says, a few speeches lower,

— *Either I am
 The tore-horse in the team, or I am none
 Towards my request true.*

16 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

The cranks and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:
Perceive you none that do arouse your pity,
But th' unconfider'd foldier?

Pal. Yes; I pity
Decays where-e'er I find them; but such most
That, sweating in an honourable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.

Arc. 'Tis not this
I did begin to speak of; this is virtue
Of no respect in Thebes: I spake of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,
It is for our residing; where ev'ry evil
Hath a good colour; where ev'ry seeming good's
A certain evil; where not to be ev'n jump
As they are²¹, here were to be strangers, and
Such things to be mere monsters.

Pal. It is in our power
(Unless we fear that apes can tutor's) to
Be masters of our manners: What need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith? or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceiv'd; sav'd too,
Speaking it truly? Why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply so long, until
The follow'd make pursuit? Or let me know,
Why mine own barber is unblest'd, with him
My poor chin too, for 'tis not scissar'd just
To such a favourite's glass? What canon is there
That does command my rapier from my hip,

²¹ *Where not to be ev'n jump*

As they are.] *Jump*, in our ancient writers, frequently means
just, *exact*; sometimes *to agree*. So, in *Othello*, act ii. scene iii.

'Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart,

'And bring him *jump* where he may Cassio find

'Soliciting his wife.'

Again, 'Not two of them *jumpe* in one tale.' *Pierce Penniless* his
Supplication, p. 29.

To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip-toe
Before the street be foul? Either I am
The fore-horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i'th' sequestered trace! These poor slight foes
Need not a plantain; that which rips my bosom,
Almost to th' heart, 's——

Arc. Our uncle Creon.

Pal. He,

A most unbounded tyrant! whose successes
Make Heav'n unfear'd²², and villainy assur'd,
Beyond its power; there's nothing almost puts
Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Volatile chance—who only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act; commands mens' service,

²² *Makes Heav'n unfear'd, and villainy assur'd,
Beyond its power; there's nothing almost puts
Faith in a fever, and deifies alone*

Volatile chance.] This sentence as hitherto printed has been a mere chaos, for first what is making villainy assur'd beyond its power? and how does nothing almost put faith in a fever? The true adjustment of the points restores connection, sense, and beauty, 'The successes of the tyrant makes Heaven unfear'd, and villainy assur'd that nothing is beyond its power; which almost staggers the faith of good men, and makes them think that Chance and not a just Providence governs the world.' The moral of this is extremely beautiful, for it is just utter'd before they hear that Theseus the instrument of divine vengeance is at hand, and the thunder bursting on the head of Creon. In the emendation of the points in this passage, Mr. Symphon concur'd with me.

Seward.

Seward points,

Beyond its pow'r there's nothing; almost, &c.

In more than the two last lines it is difficult to make out even a tolerable construction, and in the first line and half at least, Seward has perverted the sense by altering the points:

——— *Whose successes*

Make Heav'n unfear'd, and villainy assur'd

Beyond its power;

plainly signifies, that 'Creon's success diminishes our fear of the gods, by making us suppose that Guilt can oppose their power, and defend itself from their justice.'—Its power refers to Heav'n, not to villainy. The next sentence appears to be incomplete, probably by a casual omission, or possibly on purpose broken off abruptly; if the latter, there should be a dash after *volatile chance*.

18. THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

And what they win in't, boot and glory too²³;
That fears not to do harm; good dares not: Let
The blood of mine that's sibbe to him²⁴, be suck'd
From me with leeches; let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption!

Arc. Clear-spirited cousin,
Let's leave his court, that we may nothing share
Of his loud infamy! for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile, or disobedient; not his kinsmen
In blood, unless in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer!
I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd
The ears of heav'nly justice: Widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of the gods.—Valerius!

Enter Valerius.

Val. The king calls for you; yet be leaden-footed,
'Till his great rage be off him! Phœbus when
He broke his whipstock, and exclaim'd against
The horses of the sun, but whisper'd, to
The loudness of his fury.

Pal. Small winds shake him;
But what's the matter?

Val. Theseus (who where he threats appals) hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes; who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.

Arc. Let him approach!
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us: Yet what man
Thirds his own worth (the case is each of ours)
When that his action's dregg'd with mind assur'd
'Tis bad he goes about?

²³ *Boot and glory on.*] Former editions & I read *too*, i. e. both the advantage and honour.

Seward.

²⁴ *That's sibbe to him.*] i. e. *Kin.* It is spelt *sib* by Spenser and *sibbe* by Chaucer.

Seward.

Pal. Leave that unreason'd!

Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon.
Yet, to be neutral to him, were dishonour,
Rebellious to oppose; therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our Fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.

Arc. So we must.

Is't said this war's afoot? or it shall be,
On fail of some condition?

Val. 'Tis in motion;

The intelligence of state came in the instant
With the desier.

Pal. Let's to the king! who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour which
His enemy comes in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health; which were not spent,
Rather laid out for purchase: But, alas,
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o'th' stroke do damage?

Arc. Let th' event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves; and let us follow
The becking of our chance! [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Perithous, Hippolita, and Emilia.

Per. No further!

Hip. Sir, farewell! Repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, an't might be,
To cure ill-dealing fortune²⁵. Speed to him!

²⁵ *To cure ill-dealing Fortune.*] This makes an odd conclusion to the climax of Hippolita's good wishes to her husband. She wished him not only success, but such excess of it as to do what? why, to be able to bear ill fortune. I read,

To cure ill-dealing Fortune,

i. e. To take from Fortune her malignity or the power of ever dealing ill to him again. Mr. Symphon has since sent me *dare* as his conjecture.

20 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Store never hurts good governors.

Per. Tho' I know

His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. My precious maid,
Those best affections that the Heav'ns infuse
In their best-temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
In your dear heart!

Emi. Thanks, Sir! Remember me
To our all-royal brother! for whose speed
The great Bellona I'll solicit: And
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her
What I shall be advis'd she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent!

Hip. In's bosom!

We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms, or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women
That have sod their infants in (and after eat them)
The brine they wept at killing 'em: Then if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.

Per. Peace be to you,
As I pursue this war! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring.

[*Exit.*

Emi. How his longing
Follows his friend! Since his depart, his sports,
Tho' craving seriousness and skill, past slightly
His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider; but
Playing o'er business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal
To these so diff'ring twins! Have you observ'd
him

Since our great lord departed?

Hip. With much labour,
And I did love him for't. They two have cabin'd
In many as dangerous, as poor a corner,
Peril and Want contending, they have skift
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power

I'th'

I'th' least of these was dreadful²⁶; and they have
Fought out together, where Death's self was lodg'd,
Yet Fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love
Tied, weav'd, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,
May be out-worn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.

Emi. Doubtless,

There is a best, and Reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow;
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o'th' moon
(Which then look'd pale at parting) when our count
Was each eleven.

Hip. 'Twas Flavina.

Emi. Yes.

You talk of Perithous' and Theseus' love:
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I
And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,

²⁶ ——— they have skiff

Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power,

I'th' least of these was dreadful.] The expression here is obscure; the pronoun *these*, whether it relates to tyranny and power or to *torrents*, seems very forc'd. *Whose tyranny and power in the least of these torrents, or of their tyranny and power, was dreadful.* I shall not obtrude my conjecture upon the reader, as the original; it departs rather too far from the trace of the letters, but it is offer'd as what I could have wish'd the Poets to have wrote.

————— they have skiff

Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power

I'th' best of ships were dreadful.

i. e. in a small skiff they have endured storms which would have been terrible to the largest ships. *Seward.*

The text is obscure; but the conjectural reading ridiculous. The sense seems to be, 'That the very least of their dangers and distresses was dreadful.'

22 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Lov'd for we did, and like the elements
That know not what, nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance; our souls
Did so to one another: What she lik'd,
Was then of me approv'd; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment²⁷; the flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts, (oh, then but beginning
To swell about the blossom²⁸) she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where phoenix-like
They died in perfume; on my head no toy
But was her pattern; her affections (pretty,
Tho' happily her careless wear) I follow'd
For my most serious decking²⁹; had mine ear

²⁷ *No more arraignment.*] i. e. says Dr. Dodd, 'Her not liking it
' was sufficient to condemn it, without any further arraignment, or
' bringing it to its trial.'

²⁸ *Oh, then but beginning*

To swell about the blossom.] Somewhat similar to this is a passage
in Cymbeline, where Jachimo, describing Imogen asleep, says,

' ——— on her left breast

' A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops

' I th' bottom of a cowslip, &c.'

²⁹ ——— on my head no toy

But was her pattern; her affections (pretty

Tho' happily, HER careless, WERE, I followed

For, &c.] Thus the old quarto. Sympson first proposed,

But was her pattern; her affections pretty

(Tho' happily THEY careless WERE) I followed;

and afterwards,

But was her pattern, her affections; pretty

Tho' happily HER careless WEAR I follow'd.

The first, Seward rejects, because 'to term an accidental careless or-
nament the affections of the wearer, is scarcely to be defended';
and the second, 'as not thinking the words English.' That gentle-
man prints thus;

But was her pattern, her affection; HER

Pretty, tho' haply careless WEAR, I follow'd;

and observes, that the being obliged to depart so far from the trace
of the letters, is, he believes, the chief objection to his reading.

Dr. Dodd [Beauties of Shakespear, vol. i. p. 92] reads,

But was her pattern: her affections (pretty,

Tho' happily THEY careless WERE) I follow'd;

giving us upon this passage the following note: '—— she says, 'She
' had no toy on her head, but that became her friend's pattern:

" And

Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd one³⁰
 From musical coinage, why, it was a note
 Whereon her spirits would sojourn, (rather dwell on³¹)
 And sing it in her slumbers: This rehearfal
 (Which surely Innocence wots well³²) comes in
 Like old Importment's bastard; has this end,

“ And her affections [the things her friend affected, or lik'd, in
 “ which sense the word is frequently used] (ever pretty, tho' perhaps
 “ they were merely casual and careless at first) yet she so much ap-
 “ proved that she follow'd them for her most serious dressing.' The
 “ reader will find this passage differently read by the late Editors:
 “ Possibly some may object against a careless dress being called the
 “ *affection* of the wearer, and ask how any one can *affect* or like
 “ that, which they take no care about? I think two answers may be
 “ given: It is well known how much some ladies *affect a careless*
 “ way of dressing; and what seems in them often the effect of mere
 “ chance is the produce of their utmost study—conformable to the
 “ old maxim *ars est celare artem*, or it may be, the lady calls those
 “ the *affections* of her friend, which she herself esteem'd so, and which,
 “ as being hers, she admir'd:—Perhaps we might read the passage
 “ thus, if these reasons are not satisfactory:

‘ But was her pattern, her affect; her pretty

‘ Though happily, HER careless WEAR, I follow'd,

‘ which is almost the same with that Mr. Seward places in the text.’

The difficulties of the passage appear to have arisen partly from a mis-spelling (*were* for *wear*) and partly from the commentators' mis-apprehension of the word *affections*, which is not here used to signify a *solid mature preference* (as Seward seems to think it) but merely *choice, fancy*. The plain signification then appears to be, ‘ Her fancy (which was sure to be pretty, even in her most CARELESS dress) I copied in my most STUDIED adornments.’ If this explanation is admissible, there wants only the orthographical correction: We need not so much as, with Dr. Dodd, alter *her* to *they*, much less subscribe to Mr. Seward's violent modes.—It may not be amiss to remark, that, in the old quarto, the *parenthesis* begins at the word *pretty*, but is nowhere closed.

³⁰ Or at adventure humm'd on

From musical coinage.] The correction proposed by Seward.

³¹ Whereon, &c.] Dr. Dodd makes the following very ingenious remark: ‘ The reader will be pleased, well to observe that heavy line,

‘ Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather dwell on):

‘ Do not the last words sound as if they had been a marginal note of some critic, or a remark of a prompter?’ The conjecture is so very probable, and the passage would be so much amended, we are almost inclined to discard the words.

³² (Which fury-innocent wots well)] Amended by Symphon.

24 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual³³.

Hip. You're out of breath;
And this high-speeded pace is but to say,
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that's call'd man.

Emi. I'm sure I shall not.

Hip. Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point
(Tho' in't I know thou dost believe thyself)
Than I will trust a sickly appetite,
That loaths even as it longs. But sure, my sister,
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus; for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance,
That we, more than his Perithous, possess
'The high throne in his heart.

Emi. I am not
Against your faith; yet I continue mine. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A battle struck within; then a retreat; flourish. Then enter Theseus (victor); the three Queens meet him, and fall on their faces before him.

1 *Queen.* To thee no star be dark!

2 *Queen.* Both Heav'n and earth
'Friend thee for ever!

3 *Queen.* All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry *amen* to't!

Thes. Th' impartial gods, who from the mounted
Heav'ns

³³ *More than in sex individual.*] As the word *individual* is very common, but *dividual* not so, the transcriber or printer put the one for the other here, though it absolutely destroyed both sense and measure. Mr. Symphon too saw and corrected the error. *Sex dividual* for *different sexes* is perhaps an uncommon but a perfectly poetical expression.

View us their mortal herd, behold who err,
And in their time chastise. Go, and find out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them
With treble ceremony! rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rites, we would supply't.
But those we will depute which shall invest
You in your dignities, and ev'n each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect: So adieu,
And Heav'n's good eyes look on you!—What are
those? [Exeunt Queens.

Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judg'd
By their appointment; some of Thebes have told's
They're sister's children, nephews to the king.

Thef. By th' helm of Mars, I saw them in the war,
Like to a pair of lions, succour'd with prey,
Make lanes in troops aghast: I fix'd my note
Constantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view! What prisoner was't that told me,
When I enquir'd their names?

Herald. With leave, they're called
Arcite and Palamon.

Thef. 'Tis right; those, those.
They are not dead?

Herald. Nor in a state of life: Had they been taken
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible
They might have been recover'd; yet they breathe,
And have the name of men.

Thef. Then like men use 'em!
The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others; all our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste! their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth. Rather than have
'em

Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,
Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead;
But, forty thousand fold, we'd rather have 'em
Prisoners to us than Death. Bear 'em speedily
From our kind air (to them unkind), and minister
What

26 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

What man to man may do! for our sake, more!
 Since I have known frights, fury, friends, behests,
 Loves, provocations³⁴, zeal, a mistress' task,
 Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
 Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason;
 'Thath set a mark which Nature could not reach to
 Without some imposition. For our love,
 And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
 Their best skill tender!—Lead into the city:
 Where having bound things scatter'd, we will post
 To Athens 'fore our army³⁵. [Exeunt.

³⁴ Since I have known frights, fury friends, behests,
 Loves, provocations, zeal, a mistress task,
 Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
 Hath set a mark which nature could not reach to
 Without some imposition, sickness in will
 Or wrestling strength in reason, for our love
 And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
 Their best skills tender.] 'Tis a great pity that this fine enu-

meration of the ills of human life, (which for conciseness and beauty may almost vie with the celebrated one in the soliloquy of Hamlet) should at last by the errors of the transcriber or printer vanish into darkness and obscurity. There is hopes that it is now restored by a very small change in the auxiliary verb *hath*, and a transposition of the lines into the order which the sense seems to require. I read

————— a fever, madness,
 Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason;
 'Thath set a mark which nature could not reach to
 Without some imposition. For our love, &c.

The sentiment is the common one,

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco,

'That our own miseries naturally awaken our compassion for those of others.' When therefore he has enumerated the various ills which he has gone thro' he says, That these ills have set a mark of humanity on his heart that nature, *without some imposition*, i. e. without the addition of such experience could not have arrived at. The reader will find another change, instead of making *friends, behests, loves, provocations*, four of the ills of life, as in the former editions, I join them and make only two, *friends behests*, and *love's provocations*; the former is particularly applicable to Theseus; the latter gives much the same idea as Shakespear's pangs of despis'd love. Seward.

This passage is extremely difficult and obscure. Seward's reading and explanation are certainly ingenious, and his slight transposition in the latter part admissible; but the two first lines of the old text are preferable.

³⁵ To Athens for ~~our~~ army.] The correction of *for* into *'fore* is self-evident, and occurred to us all three. Seward.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Enter the Queens with the hearses of their knights, in a funeral solemnity, &c.

Urns and odours bring away,
Vapors, sighs, darken the day!
Our dole more deadly looks than dying!

Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours, thro' the wild air flying:

Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-ey'd Pleasure's foes!

We convent nought else but woes.

We convent, &c.

3 *Queen.* This funeral path brings to your household graves:

Joy feize on you again! Peace sleep with him!

2 *Queen.* And this to yours!

1 *Queen.* Yours this way! Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end!

3 *Queen.* This world's a city full of straying streets;
And death's the market-place, where each one meets.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Jailor and Wooer.

Jailor. I MAY depart with little ³⁶, while I live;
Something I may cast to you, not much. Alas,
The prison I keep, tho' it be for great ones, yet
They seldom come: Before one salmon, you
Shall take a number o' minnows. I am given out

³⁶ *Depart.*] i. e. in this place, *part.* So Ben Jonson, in the Induction to Bartholomew-Fair,

—— the author having now departed with his right.' R.

28 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

To be better lin'd, than it can appear to me
Report is a true speaker: I would I were
Really, that I am deliver'd to be! Marry, what
I have (be't what it will) I will assure
Upon my daughter at the day o' my death.

Woocer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer;
And I'll estate your daughter, in what I
Have promised.

Jailor. Well, we'll talk more of this,
When the solemnity is past. But have you
A full promise of her? When that shall be seen,

Enter Daughter.

I tender my consent.

Woocer. I have, Sir. Here she comes.

Jailor. Your friend and I have chanc'd to name
you here,

On the old business: But no more o' that now!
So soon as the court-hurry is o'er, we'll have
An end of't: I' th' mean time, look tenderly
To the two prisoners! I can tell you they're princes.

Daugh. These strewings are for their chamber. It
is pity they are

In prison, and 'twere pity they should be out.
I do think they have patience to make any
Adversity asham'd: The prison itself is proud
Of them; and they have all the world in their chamber.

Jailor. They're fam'd to be a pair of absolute men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think Fame but flammers
'em;

They stand a grief³⁷ above the reach of report.

³⁷ *They stand a grief*] This is a stiff expression, and only the conjectural reading of the late editions: The old quarto reads, ——— *they stand a grieve.*

Mr. Symphon and I both read and conjecture, *gree*, the old word for *gradus* or *degree*. See Urry's Glossary to Chaucer. Indeed spelling of words was formerly so very uncertain, that *grieve* for a step, might have been in use as well as *gree*, and therefore it is best to restore it.

Seward.

We see no objection to the text, but think it, both in expression and sentiment, every way superior to the proposed restoration.

Jailor.

Jailor. I heard them reported, in the battle
To be the only doers.

Daugh. Nay, most likely;
For they are noble sufferers. I marvel
How they'd have look'd, had they been victors, that
With such a constant nobility enforce
A freedom out of bondage, making Misery
Their mirth, and Affliction a toy to jest at.

Jailor. Do they so?

Daugh. It seems to me,
They've no more sense of their captivity,
Than I of ruling Athens: They eat well,
Look merrily, discourse of many things,
But nothing of their own restraint and disasters.
Yet, sometime, a divided sigh, martyr'd
As 'twere in the deliverance, will break
From one of them; when th' other presently
Gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish
Myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least
A sigher to be comforted.

Woer. I ne'er saw 'em.

Jailor. The duke himself came privately in the night,

Enter Palamon and Arcite above.

And so did they³⁸; what the reason of it is, I
Know not.—Look, yonder they are! that is
Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No, Sir, no; that's Palamon:
Arcite's the lower of the twain; you may
Perceive a part of him.

Jailor. Go to, leave your pointing!
They'd not make us their object: Out of their sight!

³⁸ *The duke himself came privately in the night,*

Enter Palamon and Arcite.

And so did they —] There is a deficiency in the sense here that seems to denote the loss of at least one whole line, nor can I from the context easily guess the purport of it. By striking out, *And so did they*, the whole would be sense, but the measure would be lost. So we must leave it to some more fortunate conjecture.

Seward.

We do not perceive any fault.

Daugh.

30 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Daugh. It is a holiday to look on them!
 Lord, the difference of men! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Palamon and Arcite, in prison.

Pal. How do you, noble cousin?

Arc. How do you, Sir?

Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at Misery,
 And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners
 I fear for ever, cousin.

Arc. I believe it;
 And to that destiny have patiently
 Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. Oh, cousin Arcite,
 Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
 Where are our friends, and kindreds? Never more
 Must we behold those comforts; never see
 The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
 Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
 Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,
 And, as an East wind, leave 'em all behind us
 Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
 Ev'n in the wagging of a wanton leg,
 Out-stript the peoples' praises, won the garlands,
 Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh, never
 Shall we two exercise, like twins of Honour,
 Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses,
 Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now,
 (Better the red-ey'd god of war ne'er wore³⁹)
 Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
 And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;

39 ———our good swords now

(Better the red-ey'd god of war nev'r were)

Bravish'd our sides.] The two mistakes of *were* for *wore*, and *bravish'd* for *ravish'd*, are very easily amended, and the Reader will observe that the second arose from the initial letter of the former line being repeated. I had the concurrence here of both my assistants.

Seward.

These

These hands shall never draw 'em out like light'ning,
To blast whole armies more!

Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: Here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too-timely spring; here Age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks! no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!
The fair-ey'd maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
'Till she for shame see what a wrong sh' has done
To Youth and Nature: This is all our world;
We shall know nothing here, but one another;
Hear nothing, but the clock that tells our woes;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold Winter must inhabit here still!

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite! To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steel'd darts! All valiant uses
(The food and nourishment of noble minds)
In us two here shall perish; we shall die,
(Which is the curse of Honour!) lazily⁴⁰,
Children of Grief and Ignorance.

⁴⁰ (*Which is the curse of Honour*) lastly,
Children of Grief, and Ignorance.] When a word is flat and
unpoetical, and at the same time detrimental to the measure, there is
almost a certainty of its being corrupt. *Lastly* has both these bad
qualities; it is a mere degrading expletive as to the sense, and wants a
syllable to complete the measure. I cannot doubt therefore of the
true word being *lazily*; laziness to a man of spirit being the true
curse

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Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that Fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings;
If the gods please to hold here; a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!

Pal. Certainly,
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twinn'd together: 'Tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much?

Pal. How, gentle cousin?

Arc. Let's think this prison a holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men!
We're young, and yet desire the ways of Honour;
That, liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woos us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? and here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We're one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of Love; we're father, friends, ac-
quaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor

curse of Honour. Hence the sentence becomes a fine climax to that noble spirit of poetry that animates the whole speech. *Seward.*

Seward's emendation here is happy, and we believe gives the genuine text. He supports his conjecture by the following quotation from the *Lovers' Progress*:

—We shall grow old men and feeble,
Which is the scorn of Love and rust of Honour.

Dare

Dare take this from us : Here, with a little patience,
We shall live long, and loving ; no surfeits seek us ;
The hand of War hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth ; were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business ;
Quarrels consume us ; envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance ⁴¹ ; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods : A thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.

Pal. You have made me
(I thank you, cousin Arcite !) almost wanton
With my captivity : What a misery
It is to live abroad, and every where !
'Tis like a beast methinks ! I find the court here,
I'm sure a more content ; and all those pleasures
That wooe the wills of men to vanity,
I see thro' now ; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones ? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
'We had died as they do, ill old men unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the peoples' curses !

⁴¹ ——— *envy of ill men*

Crave our acquaintance.] We have each a different conjecture here, Mr. Theobald reads *craze*, Mr. Symphon, *carve*, and I, *reave* : I know not whether self-partiality makes me prefer the latter. It is a common word in old Authors, though now we seldom use it except in the perfect tense *reft*, as in Mr. Mallet's charming song, the first stanza of which is taken from Fletcher :

' Such is the robe that kings must wear

' When Death has *reft* their crown.'

See Skinner on the word *reave* : *Spoliare*, to *spoil* or *take away*. The two former words, *craze* and *carve*, seem siffer than this. *Seward*.

Reave is a plausible reading, and much better than *craze* or *carve* : but the old text (*crave*) being easy and intelligible, should not be disturbed.

Shall I say more?

Arc. I would hear you still.

Pal. You shall.

Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better than we do, Arcite?

Arc. Sure there cannot.

Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.

Arc. 'Till our deaths it cannot;

Enter Emilia and her Servant.

And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, Sir!

Emi. This garden has a world of pleasures in't⁴².
What flower is this?

Serv. 'Tis call'd Narcissus, madam.

Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himself; were there not maids enough?

Arc. Pray forward!

Pal. Yes.

Emi. Or were they all hard-hearted?

Serv. They could not be to one so fair.

Emi. Thou wouldst not?

Serv. I think I should not, madam.

Emi. That's a good wench!

But take heed to your kindness tho'!

Serv. Why, madam?

Emi. Men are mad things.

Arc. Will you go forward, cousin?

Emi. Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench?

Serv. Yes.

Emi. I'll have a gown full of 'em; and of these;
This is a pretty colour: Will't not do
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?

Serv. Dainty, madam.

⁴² *This garden has a world of pleasures in't.*] This in all the former editions was made the end of *Arcite's* speech; the absurdity was evident to us all, and must have been so to every Reader of the least attention.

Seward.

Arc.

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Arc. Cousin! Cousin! How do you, Sir? Why, Palamon!

Pal. Never 'till now I was in prison, Arcite.

Arc. Why, what's the matter, man?

Pal. Behold, and wonder!

By Heav'n, she is a goddess!

Arc. Ha!

Pal. Do reverence!

She is a goddess, Arcite!

Emi. Of all flowers,

Methinks a rose is best.

Serv. Why, gentle madam?

Emi. It is the very emblem of a maid:

For when the West wind courts her gently⁴³,

How modestly she blows, and paints the sun

With her chaste blushes! when the North comes
near her,

Rude and impatient, then, like Chastity,

She locks her beauties in her bud again,

And leaves him to base briers⁴⁴.

Serv. Yet, good madam,

Sometimes her modesty will blow so far

She falls for it: A maid,

If she have any honour, would be loath

To take example by her.

⁴³ For when the West-wind courts her gently.] As there is a deficiency in measure Mr. Theobald reads,

——— courts her beauties gently.

But the necessity of such an insertion does not appear, as making *gently* three syllables, a thing very common in our Authors, sufficiently fills up the measure.

Seward.

Theobald's variation is best, but neither is necessary: Our Authors are not so precise in their measure.

⁴⁴ It is the very emblem of a maid.

For when the West-wind courts her gently,

How modestly she blows, and paints the sun

With her chaste blushes? When the North comes near her,

Rude and impatient, then like Chastity

She locks her beauties in her bud again,

And leaves him to base briers.] Dr. Farmer (Appendix to Shakespeare, 1773) quotes this speech, and with Seward (line 2) reads *gently* for *gently*. I mention this minuteness of the Doctor, because

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Emi. Thou art wanton.

Arc. She's wondrous fair!

Pal. She's all the beauty extant!

Emi. The sun grows high; let's walk in! Keep these flowers;

We'll see how near Art can come near their colours.
I'm wondrous merry-hearted; I could laugh now.

Serv. I could lie down, I'm sure.

Emi. And take one with you?

Serv. That's as we bargain, madam.

Emi. Well, agree then. [Exit with Serv.]

Pal. What think you of this beauty?

Arc. 'Tis a rare one.

Pal. Is't but a rare one?

Arc. Yes, a matchless beauty.

Pal. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?

Arc. I cannot tell what you have done; I have,
Beswore mine eyes for't! Now I feel my shackles.

Pal. You love her then?

Arc. Who would not?

Pal. And desire her?

Arc. Before my liberty.

Pal. I saw her first.

Arc. That's nothing.

Pal. But it shall be.

Arc. I saw her too.

Pal. Yes; but you must not love her.

Arc. I will not, as you do; to worship her,
As she is heav'nly, and a blessed goddess:
I love her as a woman, to enjoy her;
So both may love.

(line 5) he substitutes *Charity* for *Chastity*, and (line 6) *shuts* for *locks*.
The quotation is made in support of a proposal, by 'an eminent critic,' to alter the word *shakes* to *shuts*, in the following passage in Cymbeline:

———like the tyrannous breathing of the North,

'Shakes all our buds from growing.'

I dare say, the Doctor did not intentionally violate the Poets' text; but think each of the errors very remarkable.

J. N.

Pal.

Pal. You shall not love at all!

Arc. Not love at all? who shall deny me?

Pal. I that first saw her; I that took possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties in her
Reveal'd to mankind! If thou lovest her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her: Friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us, I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her!

Arc. Yes, I love her;
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so; I love her with my soul.
If that will lose you, farewell, Palamon!
I say again, I love; and, in loving her, maintain
I am as worthy and as free a lover,
And have as just a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon, or any living,
That is a man's son.

Pal. Have I call'd thee friend?

Arc. Yes, and have found me so. Why are you
mov'd thus?

Let me deal coldly with you! am not I
Part of your blood, part of your soul? you've told me
That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?

Pal. You may be.

Arc. Why then would you deal so cunningly,
So strangely, so unlike a Noble Kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?

Pal. No; but unjust
If thou pursue that sight.

Arc. Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honour down, and never charge?

Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

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Arc. But say that one
Had rather combat me?

Pal. Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom! else, if thou pursuest her,
Be as that cursed man that hates his country,
A branded villain!

Arc. You are mad.

Pal. I must be,
'Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me!
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.

Arc. Fy, Sir!
You play the child extremely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;
And all this justly,

Pal. Oh, that now, that now
Thy false self, and thy friend, had but this fortune,
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands, I'd quickly teach thee
What 'twere to filch affection from another!
Thou'rt baser in it than a cutpurse!
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't!

Arc. Thou dar'st not, fool; thou canst not; thou
art feeble!
Put my head out? I'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,

Enter Jailor.

And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.

Pal. No more! the Keeper's coming: I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.

Arc. Do!

Jailor. By your leave, gentlemen!

Pal. Now, honest Keeper?

Jailor. Lord Arcite, you must presently to th' duke;
The cause I know not yet.

Arc. I'm ready, Keeper.

Jailor. Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you
Of

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Of your fair cousin's company. [*Exit with Arcite.*]

Pal. And me too,
 Ev'n when you please, of life!—Why is he sent for?
 It may be, he shall marry her; he's goodly,
 And like enough the duke hath taken notice
 Both of his blood and body. But his falshood!
 Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
 Get him a wife so noble, and so fair,
 Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more
 I would but see this fair one. Blessed garden,
 And fruit, and flowers more blessed, that still blossom
 As her bright eyes shine on ye! 'Would I were,
 For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
 Yon little tree, yon blooming apricot!
 How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
 In at her window! I would bring her fruit
 Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure,
 Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her;
 And, if she be not heav'nly⁴⁴, I would make her
 So near the gods in nature, they should fear her;

Enter Jailer.

And then I'm sure she'd love me. How now, Keeper!
 Where's Arcite?

Jailer. Banished. Prince Perithous
 Obtain'd his liberty; but never more,
 Upon his oath and life, must he set foot
 Upon this kingdom.

⁴⁴ *And if she be not heav'nly—*] This and the end of the next speech which may at first sight appear a rant, are inimitably beautiful in a character of such warm passions under a phrensy of love. Our Authors have improv'd upon Chaucer in making Palamon and Arcite such very distinct characters; but Arcite, who is not crown'd with success, becomes by this means the more amiable, and has the reader's wishes in his favour. This is a fault that Chaucer particularly guards against, for he makes the Two Kinsmen under an engagement upon oath, to assist each other when either happened to be in love. Had our Authors inserted this, they had obviated all prejudice against Palamon, and given sufficient matter to kindle his rage and violence.

Seward.

Who entertains any prejudice against Palamon here?

Pal. He's a blessed man!

He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men, that, when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: Arcite shall have a fortune,
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
Yet in the field to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he's a cold coward:
How bravely may he bear himself to win her,
If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways!
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her,
And seek to ravish me.

Jailor. My lord, for you
I have this charge too.

Pal. To discharge my life?

Jailor. No; but from this place to remove your
lordship;

The windows are too open.

Pal. Devils take 'em,

That are so envious to me! Prithee kill me!

Jailor. And hang for't afterward?

Pal. By this good light,
Had I a sword, I'd kill thee.

Jailor. Why, my lord?

Pal. Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news con-
tinually,

Thou art not worthy life! I will not go,

Jailor. Indeed you must, my lord,

Pal. May I see the garden?

Jailor. No.

Pal. Then I'm resolv'd I will not go.

Jailor. I must

Constrain you then; and, for you're dangerous,
I'll clap more irons on you.

Pal. Do, good Keeper!

I'll shake 'em so, you shall not sleep;

I'll make you a new morris! Must I go?

Jailor. There is no remedy,

Pal.

Pal. Farewell, kind window!
 May rude wind never hurt thee! Oh, my lady,
 If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
 Dream how I suffer! Come, now bury me. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Arcite.

Arc. Banish'd the kingdom? 'Tis a benefit,
 A mercy, I must thank 'em for; but banish'd
 The free enjoying of that face I die for,
 Oh, 'twas a studied punishment, a death
 Beyond imagination! Such a vengeance,
 That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
 Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,
 Thou hast the start now; thou shalt stay and see
 Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy
 window,
 And let in life into thee; thou shalt feed
 Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
 That Nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall:
 Good gods, what happiness has Palamon!
 Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her;
 And, if she be as gentle as she's fair,
 I know she's his; he has a tongue will tame
 Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton. Come
 what can come,
 The worst is death; I will not leave the kingdom:
 I know my own is but a heap of ruins,
 And no redress there; if I go, he has her.
 I am resolv'd: Another shape shall make me,
 Or end my fortunes; either way, I'm happy:
 I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter four Country People; one with a garland before them.

1 *Coun.* My masters, I'll be there, that's certain.

2 *Coun.* And I'll be there,

3 *Coun.* And I.

4 *Coun.*

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4 *Coun.* Why then, have with ye, boys! 'tis but a chiding;

Let the plough play to-day! I'll tickle't out
Of the jades' tails tomorrow!

1 *Coun.* I am fure

To have my wife as jealous as a turkey:

But that's all one; I'll go thro', let her mumble.

2 *Coun.* Clap her aboard tomorrow-night, and stow
her,

And all's made up again.

3 *Coun.* Ay, do but put

A feskue in her fist, and you shall see her

Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.

Do we all hold, against the maying!

4 *Coun.* Hold? what

Should ail us!

3 *Coun.* Arcas will be there.

2 *Coun.* And Sennois,

And Rycas; and three better lads ne'er danc'd

Under green tree; and ye know what wenches. Ha!

But will the dainty *domine*, the schoolmaster,

Keep touch, do you think? for he does all, ye know.

3 *Coun.* He'll eat a hornbook, ere he fail: Go to!

The matter is too far driven between

Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now;

And she must see the duke, and she must dance too.

4 *Coun.* Shall we be lusty?

2 *Coun.* All the boys in Athens

Blow wind i'th' breech on us! and here I'll be,

And there I'll be, for our town, and here again,

And there again! Ha, boys, heigh for the weavers!

1 *Coun.* This must be done i'th' woods.

4 *Coun.* Oh, pardon me!

2 *Coun.* By any means; our thing of learning says so;

Where he himself will edify the duke

Most parlously in our behalfs: He's excellent i'th'
woods;

Bring him to th' plains, his learning makes no cry.

3 *Coun.* We'll see the sports; then every man to's
tackle!

And,

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And, sweet companions, let's rehearse by any means,
Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,
And God knows what may come on't!

4 *Coun.* Content: The sports

Once ended, we'll perform. Away, boys, and hold!

Arc. By your leaves, honest friends! Pray you
whither go you?

4 *Coun.* Whither? why, what a question's that!

Arc. Yes, 'tis a question, to me that know not.

3 *Coun.* To the games, my friend.

2 *Coun.* Where were you bred, you know it not?

Arc. Not far, Sir.

Are there such games to-day?

1 *Coun.* Yes, marry are there;

And such as you ne'er saw: The duke himself

Will be in person there.

Arc. What pastimes are they?

2 *Coun.* Wrestling and running. 'Tis a pretty fellow,

3 *Coun.* Thou wilt not go along?

Arc. Not yet, Sir,

4 *Coun.* Well, Sir,

Take your own time. Come, boys!

1 *Coun.* My mind misgives me

This fellow has a veng'ance trick o'th' hip;

Mark, how his body's made for't!

2 *Coun.* I'll be hang'd tho',

If he dare venture; hang him, plumb-porridge!

He wrastle? He roast eggs. Come, let's be gone, lads!

[*Exeunt Countrymen,*

Arc. This is an offer'd opportunity

I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled,

The best men call'd it excellent; and run,

Swifter the wind upon a field of corn⁴⁵

(Curling the wealthy ears) ne'er flew! I'll venture,

And in some poor disguise be there: Who knows

Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,

And happiness prefer me to a place,

Where I may ever dwell in sight of her? [Exit,

⁴⁵ *Swifter than wind.*] Amended by Seward and Symphon.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Jailer's Daughter.

Daugh. Why should I love this gentleman? 'Tis odds
 He never will affect me: I am base,
 My father the mean keeper of his prison,
 And he a prince: To marry him is hopeless,
 To be his whore is witless. Out upon't!
 What pushes are we wenches driven to,
 When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him;
 I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
 He has as much to please a woman in him,
 (If he please to bestow it so) as ever
 These eyes yet look'd on: Next, I pitied him;
 And so would any young wench, o' my conscience,
 That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhead
 To a young handsome man: Then, I lov'd him,
 Extremely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him!
 And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too;
 But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
 Lord, what a coil he keeps ⁴⁶! To hear him
 Sing in an evening ⁴⁷, what a heaven it is!

⁴⁶ *Lord, what a coil he keeps? To hear him.*] This line wants two syllables of its due measure, and the words that I have inserted seem to improve the sense as well as compleat the measure, as they imply a continuance of his singing and her attention to it. *Seward.*

Seward reads, — *To sit and hear him;*
 but these supposed *improvements of the sense*, and arbitrary *comple-
 tions of the measure*, are unwarrantable. *To sit* would rather imply
 sitting in his company, which is not supposed in this place.

⁴⁷ ——— *To hear him*

Sing in an evening, &c.] In *All's Well that Ends Well*, act i.
 sc. i. *Helena* says,

- ' ——— 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
- ' To see him every hour; to sit and draw
- ' His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
- ' In our heart's table: Heart, too capable
- ' Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!
- ' But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
- ' Must sanctify his relics.'

R.
And

And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken
 Was never gentleman: When I come in
 To bring him water in a morning, first
 He bows his noble body, then salutes me thus:
 'Fair, gentle maid, good morrow! may thy goodness
 'Get thee a happy husband!' Once he kiss'd me;
 I lov'd my lips the better ten days after:
 'Would he would do so ev'ry day! He grieves much,
 And me as much to see his misery:
 What should I do, to make him know I love him?
 For I would fain enjoy him: Say I ventur'd
 To set him free? what says the law then?
 Thus much for law, or kindred! I will do it⁴⁸,
 And this night, or tomorrow: He shall love me! [*Ex.*]

S C E N E V.

[*A short flourish of cornets, and shouts within.*
Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, Emilia, and Arcite
with a garland, &c.

Thef. You have done worthily; I have not seen,
 Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews:
 Whate'er you are, you run the best, and wrestle,
 That these times can allow.

Arc. I'm proud to please you.

Thef. What country bred you?

⁴⁸ *For law or kindred: I will do it,*

And this night, or tomorrow he shall love me.] The first verse wants a syllable, and 'tis odd in her to say that he should love her either this night or tomorrow; what she would naturally say, is that she would free him this night, and that would so oblige him, that tomorrow he would love her. I have added one particle and chang'd another, in which I hope I have only restor'd the original.

Seward.

Seward reads,

For law, or kindred: I will do it, ay

And this night; and tomorrow he shall love me.

Our punctuation, we hope, restores the Poet's meaning, without committing any violence on the old text. A similar expression occurs, p. 39 of this play:

— they should fear her;

And then I'm sure she'd love me.

Arc.

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Arc. This; but far off, prince.

Thes. Are you a gentleman?

Arc. My father said so;

And to those gentle uses gave me life ⁴⁹.

Thes. Are you his heir?

Arc. His youngest, Sir.

Thes. Your father

Sure is a happy fire then. What prove you?

Arc. A little of all noble qualities:

I could have kept a hawk, and well have holloa'd

To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise

My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me

Would say it was my best piece; last, and greatest,

I would be thought a soldier.

Thes. You are perfect.

Per. Upon my soul, a proper man!

Emi. He is so.

Per. How do you like him, lady?

Hip. I admire him:

I have not seen so young a man so noble,

(If he say true) of his sort.

Emi. Believe,

His mother was a wondrous handsome woman!

His face methinks goes that way.

Hip. But his body,

And fiery mind, illustrate a brave father.

Per. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden fun,

Breaks thro' his baser garments.

Hip. He's well got sure.

Thes. What made you seek this place, Sir?

Arc. Noble Theseus,

To purchase name, and do my ablest service

To such a well-found wonder as thy worth;

For only in thy court, of all the world,

Dwells fair-ey'd Honour.

Per. All his words are worthy.

⁴⁹ *And to those gentle uses gave me life.] i. e.* Gave me life on purpose to educate me gently: The reading may be defended, but it would certainly be more natural if we read *gave me life, i. e.* brought me up, and dedicated my life to all gentle habits and exercises.

Seward.

Thes.

Thes. Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,
Nor shall you lose your wishes. Perithous,
Dispose of this fair gentleman.

Per. Thanks, Theseus!—

Whate'er you are, you're mine; and I shall give you
To a most noble service, to this lady,
This bright young virgin: Pray observe her goodness.
You've honour'd her fair birth-day with your virtues,
And, as your due, you're hers; kiss her fair hand, Sir.

Arc. Sir, you're a noble giver.—Dearest beauty,
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith! when your servant
(Your most unworthy creature) but offends you,
Command him die, he shall.

Emi. That were too cruel.

If you deserve well, Sir, I shall soon see't:
You're mine; and somewhat better than your rank
I'll use you.

Per. I'll see you furnish'd: And because you say
You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you
This afternoon to ride; but 'tis a rough one.

Arc. I like him better, prince; I shall not then
Freeze in my saddle.

Thes. Sweet, you must be ready;
And you, Emilia; and you, friend; and all;
Tomorrow, by the sun, to do observance
To flow'ry May^{so}, in Dian's wood. Wait well, Sir,
Upon your mistress! Emily, I hope
He shall not go afoot.

Emi. That were a shame, Sir,
While I have horses. Take your choice; and what
You want at any time, let me but know it:
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll find a loving mistress.

Arc. If I do not,

^{so} ————— to do observance

To flow'ry May] Of the custom of going into the woods to
celebrate the introduction of May, and the several rites observed by
different people on that occasion, the reader will see an ample account
in Bourne's Observations on Popular Antiquities. See Brand's edition,
8vo. 1777, printed at Newcastle, p. 255.

48 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Let me find that my father ever hated,
Disgrace and blows !

Thes. Go, lead the way ; you've won it ;
It shall be so : You shall receive all dues
Fit for the honour you have won ; 'twere wrong else,
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,
That, if I were a woman, would be master ;
But you are wise. [*Flourish.*

Emi. I hope too wise for that, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. Let all the dukes, and all the devils roar,
He is at liberty ! I've ventur'd for him ;
And out I've brought him to a little wood
A mile hence. I have sent him, where a cedar,
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane⁵¹
Fast by a brook ; and there he shall keep close,
'Till I provide him files and food ; for yet
His iron bracerlets are not off. Oh, Love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art ! My father
Durst better have endur'd cold iron, than done it.
I love him beyond love, and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safety ! I have made him know it :
I care not ; I am desperate ! If the law
Find me, and then condemn me for't, some wenches,
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge,
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
I purpose, is my way too : Sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here !
If he do, maids will not so easily
Trust men again : And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I've done ; no, not so much as kiss'd me ;
And that, methinks, is not so well ; nor scarcely
Could I persuade him to become a freeman,

⁵¹ *Plane ;*] i. e. The plane-tree.

He made such scruples of the wrong he did
 To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,
 When he considers more, this love of mine
 Will take more root within him: Let him do
 What he will with me, so he use me kindly!
 For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
 And to his face, no man. I'll presently
 Provide him necessaries, and pack my cloaths up,
 And where there is a path of ground I'll venture,
 So he be with me! by him, like a shadow,
 I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoobub
 Will be all o'er the prison: I am then
 Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father!
 Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,
 And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him! [*Ex.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Cornets in sundry places. Noise and ballooing as people
 a-maying.*

Enter Arcite.

Arc. **T**HE duke has lost Hippolita; each took
 A several land. This is a solemn rite
 They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it
 To th' heart of ceremony. Oh, queen Emilia,
 Fresher than May, sweeter
 Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
 Th' enamell'd knacks o'th' mead or garden! yea,
 We challenge too the bank of any nymph,
 That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, oh, jewel
 O'th' wood, o'th' world, hast likewise blest a place
 With thy sole presence⁵².—In thy rumination

⁵² ——— hast likewise blest a pace

With thy sole presence, in thy rumination

That I poor man might eftsoons come between

*And chop on some cold thought, thrice blessed chance, &c.] The
 amendment of the punctuation in this passage, and altering pace to
 place, are by Seward.*

50 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

That I poor man might eftsoons come between,
And chop on some cold thought!—Thrice blessed
chance,

To drop on such a mistress! Expectation
Most guiltless of't! Tell me, oh, lady Fortune,
(Next after Emily my sovereign) how far
I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn
(The prim'st of all the year) presents me with
A brace of horses; two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner! thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be
So near Emilia; me thou deem'st at Thebes,
And therein wretched, altho' free: But if
Thou knew'st my mistress breath'd on me, and that
I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye, oh, coz,
What passion would enclose thee!

*Enter Palamon as out of a bush, with his shackles; bends
his fist at Arcite.*

Pal. Traitor kinsman!

Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,
I, and the justice of my love, would make thee
A confes'd traitor! Oh, thou most perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'st of honour
That e'er bore gentle token⁵³! falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,

⁵³ ——— O thou most perfidious

That ever gently look'd the voids of honour,

That ever bore gentle token.] The reader will, I believe, find
this difficult passage (which had long puzzled us all three) at last
clear'd up by Mr. Sympton to entire satisfaction.

Seward.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. 51

Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a sword
And these house-clogs away——

Arc. Dear cousin Palamon——

Pal. Cozener Arcite, give me language such
As thou hast shew'd me feat!

Arc. Not finding, in
The circuit of my breast, any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleness of answer: 'Tis your passion
That thus mistakes; the which to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty
I cherish, and depend on, howsoe'er
You skip them in me; and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray be pleas'd
To shew in generous terms your griefs, since that
Your question's with your equal, who professes
To clear his own way, with the mind and sword
Of a true gentleman.

Pal. That thou durst, Arcite!

Arc. My coz, my coz, you have been well advertis'd
How much I dare: You've seen me use my sword
Against th' advice of fear. Sure, of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, tho' i'th' sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,

I've seen you move in such a place, which well
Might justify your manhood; you were call'd
A good knight and a bold: But the whole week's not
fair,

If any day it rain! Their valiant temper
Men lose, when they incline to treachery;
And then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly
Were they not tied.

Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to
His ear, which now disdains you!

Pal. Come up to me!
Quit me of these cold gyves⁵⁴, give me a sword

⁵⁴ Gyves.] See note 38 on Beggars' Bush.

52 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

(Tho' it be rusty), and the charity
Of one meal lend me; come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say
That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The trespasss thou hast done me, yea my life,
If then thou carry't; and brave souls in shades,
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from earth, they shall get none but this,
That thou art brave and noble.

Arc. Be content;
Again betake you to your hawthorn-house!
With counsel of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments
Will I file off; you shall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the smell o' th' prison; after,
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but, 'Arcite,
'I am in plight!' there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armour.

Pal. Oh, you Heav'ns, dare any
So noble bear a guilty business? None
But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.

Arc. Sweet Palamon——

Pal. I do embrace you, and your offer: For
Your offer do't I only, Sir; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish
More than my sword's edge on't. [*Wind horns, of cornets.*]

Arc. You hear the horns:
Enter your muse quick⁵⁵, lest this match between's

⁵⁵ *You hear the horns;*

Enter your music lest this match between's

Be crost e'er met.] *Music* is evidently corrupt; I read, *muse* quick; the *muse* of a hare is exactly the idea the context requires. I find this emendation in Mr. Theobald's margin, but as I sent it him I know not whether he had it from me, or hit upon it before.

Seward.

This emendation had been made before by Sir William Davenant, to whom, as it seems a happy conjecture, the merit of it ought to be ascribed. He reads (*Rivals*, act iii. p. 28),

'You hear the horns: Enter your *muse*. Take
'Comfort and be strong.'

R.

Be

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. 53

Be crost ere met. Give me your hand ; farewell !
I'll bring you every needful thing : I pray you
Take comfort, and be strong !

Pal. Pray hold your promise,
And do the deed with a bent brow ! most certain
You love me not ; be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language : By this air,
I could for each word give a cuff ! my stomach
Not reconcil'd by reason.

Arc. Plainly spoken !
Yet pardon me hard language : When I spur
My horse, I chide him not ; content and anger
[*Wind horns.*]
In me have but one face. Hark, Sir ! they call
The scatter'd to the banquet : You must guess
I have an office there.

Pal. Sir, your attendance
Cannot please Heaven ; and I know your office
Unjustly is atchiev'd.

Arc. I've a good title⁵⁶,
I am persuaded : This question, sick between's,
By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea,
And talk of it no more.

Pal. But this one word :
You're going now to gaze upon my mistress ;
For, note you, mine she is——

Arc. Nay, then——

Pal. Nay, pray you !—
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength :
You're going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on ; there you have
A vantage o'er me ; but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell ! [Exeunt.]

⁵⁶ If a good title,

[*I'm persuaded this question, &c.*] The reading and pointing of
former editions. Seward.

SCENE II.

Enter Jailer's Daughter.

Daugh. He has mistook the beck I meant⁵⁷; 'is gone
 After his fancy. 'Tis now well-nigh morning;
 No matter! 'would it were perpetual night,
 And Darkness lord o' th' world!—Hark! 'tis a wolf:
 In me hath Grief slain Fear, and, but for one thing,
 I care for nothing, and that's Palamon:
 I reckon not if the wolves would jaw me, so
 He had this file. What if I halloo'd for him?
 I cannot halloo; if I whoop'd, what then?
 If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
 And do him but that service. I have heard
 Strange howls this live-long night; why may't not be
 They have made prey of him? He has no weapons;
 He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves
 Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
 A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can
 Smell where resistance is. I'll fet it down
 He's torn to pieces; they howl'd many together,
 And then they fed on him: So much for that!
 Be bold to ring the bell; how stand I then?
 All's char'd when he is gone. No, no, I lie;
 My father's to be hang'd for his escape;
 Myself to beg, if I priz'd life so much
 As to deny my act; but that I would not,
 Should I try death by dozens!—I am mop'd:
 Food took I none these two days⁵⁸,
 Sipt some water; I've not clos'd mine eyes,

⁵⁷ *He has mistook the beake I meant.*] Seward alters *beake* to *beck*, which, says he, 'is an old English word, and now in use in all the northern counties; it signifies a brook or river; and some towns, as Welbeck, Holbeck, &c. take their names from it. See Ray's Northern Dialects, and Skinner on the word.'

Davenant here is less successful in his alteration than in other passages: He reads *beach*.
 R.

⁵⁸ *Food took I none these two days,
 Sipt some water, I've not clos'd mine eyes*

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. 55

Save when my lids scower'd off their brine. Alas,
 Dissolve, my life! let not my sense unsettle,
 Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself!
 Oh, state of Nature, fail together in me,
 Since thy best props are warp'd!—So! which way now?
 The best way is, the next way to a grave:
 Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,
 The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl
 Calls in the dawn! all offices are done,
 Save what I fail in: But the point is this,
 An end, and that is all! [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Arcite, with meat, wine, and files.

Arc. I should be near the place. Ho, cousin Palamon!

Enter Palamon.

Pal. Arcite?

Arc. The same: I've brought you food and files.
 Come forth, and fear not; here's no Theseus.

Pal. Nor none so honest, Arcite. —

Arc. That's no matter;
 We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage;
 You shall not die thus beastly; here, Sir; drink!
 I know you're faint; then I'll talk further with you.

Pal. Arcite, thou might'st now poison me.

Arc. I might;

Save when my lids scower'd off their brine.] Here both sense and measure are very deficient; Mr. Sympson reads,

Food took I none these two days, 'cept some water;

But then the second line becomes an hemistich, and seems to be deficient too in sense, as she does not specify how long she had continued sleepless; I fill up both verses with what seems perfectly natural for her to say:

Food took I none these two days, only sipp

Some water, two nights I've not clos'd mine eyes, &c. Seward.

It is not unnatural she should say this; but not seeing the defect in sense as well as measure, we think this way of filling up verses an unwarrantable licence in an editor.

56 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

But I must fear you first. Sit down; and, good now,
No more of these vain parlies! let us not,
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health!

Pal. Do——

Arc. Pray sit down then; and let me entreat you,
By all the honesty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman! 'twill disturb us;
We shall have time enough.

Pal. Well, Sir, I'll pledge you.

Arc. Drink a good hearty draught! it breeds good
blood, man.

Do not you feel it thaw you?

Pal. Stay; I'll tell you
After a draught or two more.

Arc. Spare it not;
The duke has more, coz. Eat now!

Pal. Yes.

Arc. I'm glad
You have so good a stomach.

Pal. I am gladder
I have so good meat to't.

Arc. Is't not mad lodging
Here in the wild woods, cousin?

Pal. Yes, for them
That have wild consciences.

Arc. How tastes your victuals?
Your hunger needs no fause, I see.

Pal. Not much:
But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.
What is this?

Arc. Venison.

Pal. 'Tis a lusty meat.

Give me more wine: Here, Arcite, to the wenches
We have known in our days! The lord-steward's
daughter;

Do you remember her?

Arc. After you, coz.

Pal. She lov'd a black-hair'd man.

Arc.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. 57

Arc. She did so : Well, Sir ?

Pal. And I have heard some call him Arcite ; and—

Arc. Out with it, faith !

Pal. She met him in an arbour :

What did she there, coz ? Play o' th' virginals ?

Arc. Something she did, Sir.

Pal. Made her groan a month for't ;

Or two, or three, or ten.

Arc. The marshal's sister

Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,

Else there be tales abroad : You'll pledge her ?

Pal. Yes.

Arc. A pretty brown wench 'tis ! There was a time
When young men went a-hunting, and a wood,
And a broad beech ; and thereby hangs a tale.—
Heigh-ho !

Pal. For Emily, upon my life ! Fool,
Away with this strain'd mirth ! I say again,
That sigh was breath'd for Emily : Base cousin,
Dar'ft thou break first ?

Arc. You're wide.

Pal. By Heav'n and earth,
There's nothing in thee honest !

Arc. Then I'll leave you :
You are a beast now.

Pal. As thou mak'st me, traitor.

Arc. There's all things neadful ; files, and shirts, and
perfumes :
I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
That that shall quiet all.

Pal. A sword and armour ?

Arc. Fear me not. You are now too foul : Farewell !
Get off your trinkets ; you shall want nought.

Pal. Sirrah ⁵⁹ — —

Arc. I'll hear no more !

[Exit.

Pal. If he keep touch, he dies for't !

[Exit.

⁵⁹ *Sir, &c.*] Former copies,

SCENE IV.

Enter Jailer's Daughter.

Daugh. I'm very cold ; and all the stars are out too,
 The little stars, and all that look like aglets :
 The sun has seen my folly. Palamon !
 Alas, no ; he's in Heav'n !—Where am I now ?—
 Yonder's the sea, and there's a ship ; how't tumbles !
 And there's a rock lies watching under water ;
 Now, now, it beats upon it ! now, now, now !
 There's a leak sprung, a sound one ; how they cry !
 Up with her 'fore the wind⁶⁰, you'll lose all else !
 Up with a course or two, and tack about, boys !
 Good night, good night ; you're gone !—I'm very
 hungry :

'Would I could find a fine frog ! he would tell me
 News from all parts o'th' world ; then would I make
 A carrack of a cockle-shell, and sail
 By East and North-east to the king of pigmies,
 For he tells fortunes rarely. Now my father,
 Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice
 Tomorrow-morning ; I'll say never a word.

S O N G.

For I'll cut my green coat⁶¹, a foot above my knee ;
 And I'll clip my yellow locks, an inch below mine eye.
 Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

⁶⁰ Upon *her before the wind*.] Mr. Sympfon thinks this not true
 sea language, and puts what I believe is,

Up with her 'fore the wind——

Mr. Theobald reads,

Spoon her before the wind,——

Either of them will do.

Seward.

⁶¹ *For I'll cut, &c.*] Davenant altered this song in the following
 manner :

- For straight my green gown into breeches I'll make,
- And my long yellow locks much shorter I'll take.
- Sing down a-down, &c.
- Then I'll cut me a switch, and on that ride about,
- And wander and wander 'till I find him out.
- With a heigh down, &c.'

R.
 He's

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. 59

He's buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
And I'll go seek him, thro' the world that is so wide.

Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

Oh, for a prick now like a nightingale⁶²,
To put my breast against! I shall sleep like a top
else. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Gerrold, four Countrymen (and the Bavian),
two or three Wenches, with a Taborer.*

Ger. Fy, fy!

What tediousity and disensanity
Is here among ye! Have my rudiments
Been labour'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye,
And, by a figure, ev'n the very plumb-broth
And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye,
And do ye still cry *where*, and *how*, and *wherefore*?
Ye most coarse freeze capacities, ye sleave judg-
ments⁶³,

⁶² *Oh, for a prick now, like a nightingale,
To put my breast against.*] This allusion is very frequent in our
ancient poets: From several examples which might be produced, we
shall select the following, from a poem written by Fletcher's cousin,
which at present is scarcely known:

- ' So Philomel, perch't on an aspin sprig,
- ' Weeps all the night her lost virginitie,
- ' And sings her sad tale to the merrie twig,
- ' That dances at such joyfull miserie,
- ' Ne ever lets sweet rest invade her eyes:
- ' But *leaning on a thorn* her dainty chest,
- ' For fear soft sleep should steal into her breast,
- ' Expresses in her song grief not to be exprest.'

Christ's Victorie and Triumph in Heaven and Earth over and after
Death. By Giles Fletcher, 2d edit. 4to. 1632, p. 68. R.

⁶³ *Ye jave judgments.*] Whether *jave* be some sort of coarse
cloth as well as *freeze*, or a mistake of the press, must be uncertain to
all who are unacquainted with the word. Supposing it the latter, I have
two conjectures to offer, first, *ye bays judgments*, or *ye sleave judgments*.
Sleave is the term the silk-weavers use for the ravell'd knotty gouty
parts of the silk, from whence Shakespeare has taken an extremely
beautiful metaphor that has been hitherto generally misunderstood, and
therefore

60 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Have I said *thus let be*, and *there let be*,
 And *then let be*, and no man understand me?
Prob Deum, medius fidius; ye are all dunces!
 For why? here stand I; here the duke comes; there
 are you,

Close in the thicket; the duke appears, I meet him,
 And unto him I utter learned things,
 And many figures; he hears, and nods, and hums,
 And then cries *rare!* and I go forward; at length
 I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you,
 As once did Meleager and the boar,
 Break comely out before him, like true lovers,
 Cast yourselves in a body decently,
 And sweetly, by a figure, trace, and turn, boys!

1 *Coun.* And sweetly we will do it, master Gerrold.

2 *Coun.* Draw up the company. Where's the taborer?

3 *Coun.* Why, Timothy!

Tab. Here, my mad boys; have at ye!

Ger. But I say where's their women?

4 *Coun.* Here's Friz and Maudlin.

2 *Coun.* And little Luce, with the white legs, and
 bouncing Barbary.

1 *Coun.* And freckled Nell, that never fail'd her
 master.

Ger. Where be your ribands, maids? Swim with
 your bodies,

And carry it sweetly, and deliverly;
 And now and then a favour, and a frisk!

Nell. Let us alone, Sir.

Ger. Where's the rest o'th' music?

therefore dislik'd and ev'n discarded from the text as spurious by
 Mr. Pope and the Oxford edition. It is in *Macbeth*, in the fine
 scene after the murder of the king;

'Sleep that knits up the ravell'd *sleeve* of care.'

It should have been *sleeve*. The trouble that this *ravell'd knotty
 silk* gives the knitter or weaver: And the confusion and embarrass-
 ment of the *sleeve* itself, makes it an exceeding proper emblem of
 the perplexities and uneasiness of care and trouble. See Skinner on
 the word. I owe the emendation in Shakespeare to an ingenious
 friend,

Seward.

3 *Coun.*

THE TWO NOBLE KINS MEN. 61

3 *Coun.* Dispers'd as you commanded.

Ger. Couple then,

And see what's wanting. Where's the Bavian?

My friend, carry your tail without offence

Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure

You tumble with audacity, and manhood!

And when you bark, do it with judgment.

Bav. Yes, Sir.

Ger. *Quo usque tandem?* Here's a woman wanting.

4 *Coun.* We may go whistle; all the fat's i'th' fire!

Ger. We have,

As learned authors utter, wash'd a tile;

We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.

2 *Coun.* This is that scornful piece, that scurvy
hilding,

That gave her promise faithfully she would be here,
Cicely, the sempster's daughter!

The next gloves that I give her shall be dog's skin!

Nay, an she fail me once—You can tell, Arcas,

She swore, by wine and bread, she would not break.

Ger. An eel and woman,

A learned poet says, unless by th' tail

And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.

In manners this was false position.

1 *Coun.* A fire ill take her⁶⁴! does she flinch now?

3 *Coun.* What

Shall we determine, Sir?

Ger. Nothing;

Our business is become a nullity,

Yea, and a woful, and a piteous nullity!

4 *Coun.* Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,

⁶⁴ *A fire ill take her.*] This may be defended, but as the expression is not a very common or eligible one, and the dialogue is with a schoolmaster who says of himself that,

He humbles with a ferula the tall ones,

I hope I only restore the original in reading,

A feril take her.

Seward.

We believe there is no such word as *feril*. May we not understand by *fire ill* a MIGHTY *ill*, a SEVERE *punishment*? A similar use of *fire* adjectively is frequent.

62 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Now to be frampal⁶⁴, now to piss o'th' nettle!
Go thy ways; I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee!

Enter Jailer's Daughter.

Daugh. The George alow came from the South,
From the coast of Barbary-a.

And there he met with brave gallants of war,
By one, by two, by three-a.

Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants!

And whether now are you bound-a?

Oh, let me have your company

'Till I come to the Sound-a!

There was three fools, fell out about an howlet;

The one said 'twas an owl,

The other he said nay,

The third he said it was a hawk,

And her bells were cut away.

3 *Coun.* There is a dainty mad woman, magister⁶⁵,
Comes i'th' nick; as mad as a March hare!

If we can get her dance, we're made again:

I warrant her, she'll do the rarest gambols!

1 *Coun.* A mad woman? We are made, boys!

Ger. And are you mad, good woman?

Daugh. I would be sorry else;

Give me your hand.

Ger. Why?

Daugh. I can tell your fortune:

You are a fool. Tell ten: I've poz'd him. Buz!

Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you do,

Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho?

I know you; you're a tinker: Sirrah tinker⁶⁶,

⁶⁴ *Frampal.*] See note 30 on Wit at Several Weapons.

⁶⁵ *There's a dainty mad woman, Mr.*] As most, and I believe all the Countrymens speeches are in verse, I fancy *Mr.* stood for *Magister* here. The schoolmaster's first speech and the greatest part of this scene was printed as prose. But I have found it running easily into measure, which Fletcher's drollery frequently does. *Seward.*

⁶⁶ *Sir, ha, Tinker.*] Former copies.

Stop no more holes, but what you should !

Ger. Dii boni !

A tinker, damsel ?

Daugh. Or a conjurer :

Raise me a devil now, and let him play

Quipassa, o'th' bells and bones !

Ger. Go, take her,

And fluently persuade her to a peace⁶⁷ :

Atque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis—

Strike up, and lead her in !

2 *Coun.* Come, las, let's trip it !

Daugh. I'll lead.

[*Wind horns.*

3 *Coun.* Do, do.

Ger. Persuasively, and cunningly ; away, boys !

[*Exeunt all but Gerrold.*

I hear the horns : Give me some meditation,

And mark your cue. Pallas inspire me !

*Enter Theseus, Perithous, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite,
and train.*

Thes. This way the stag took.

Ger. Stay, and edify !

Thes. What have we here ?

Per. Some country-sport, upon my life, Sir.

Thes. Well, Sir, go forward ; we will edify.

Ladies, sit down ! we'll stay it.

Ger. Thou doughty duke, all hail ! all hail, sweet ladies !

Thes. This is a cold beginning.

Ger. If you but favour, our country pastime made is.

We are a few of those collected here,

That ruder tongues distinguish villager ;

And to say verity, and not to fable,

We are a merry rout, or else a rabble,

Or company, or, by a figure, chorus,

That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.

⁶⁷ *Persuade her to a peace.*] I think we should read *appease* ; i. e. be quiet, or silent.

R.

And

64 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

And I, that am the rectifier of all,
 By title Pedagogus, that let fall
 The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
 And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
 Do here present this machine, or this frame:
 And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame
 From Dis to Dedalus, from post to pillar,
 Is blown abroad; help me, thy poor well-willer,
 And with thy twinkling eyes, look right and straight
 Upon this mighty *morr*—of mickle weight;
Is—now comes in, which being glew'd together
 Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came hither,
 The body of our sport of no small study.
 I first appear, tho' rude, and raw, and muddy,
 To speak before thy noble Grace, this tenor:
 At whose great feet I offer up my penner.
 The next, the lord of May, and lady bright,
 The chambermaid, and servingman by night,
 That seek out silent hanging: Then mine host,
 And his fat spouse, that welcome to their cost
 The galled traveller, and with a beck'ning
 Informs the tapster to inflame the reck'ning:
 Then the beast-eating clown, and next the fool,
 The Bavian, with long tail, and eke long tool;
Cum multis aliis, that make a dance;
 Say ay, and all shall presently advance.

Thes. Ay, ay, by any means, dear *domine*!

Per. Produce.

Ger. *Intrate filii*! Come forth, and foot it.

Enter Countrymen, &c. They dance.

Ladies, if we have been merry⁶⁸,
 And have pleas'd ye with a derry,
 And a derry, and a down,
 Say the Schoolmaster's no clown.
 Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too,
 And have done as good boys should do,

⁶⁸ *Ladies, if we have, &c.*] We have ventured to prefix the Schoolmaster's name to this speech. It has always been given to *Peribous*.
 Give

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. 65

Give us but a tree or twain
For a Maypole, and again,
Ere another year run out,
We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

Thef. Take twenty, *domine*.—How does my sweet-heart?

Hip. Never so pleas'd, Sir.

Emi. 'Twas an excellent dance;

And, for a preface, I never heard a better.

Thef. Schoolmaster, I thank you. One see 'em all rewarded!

Per. And here's something to paint your pole withal.

Thef. Now to our sports again!

Ger. May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,
And thy dogs be swift and strong!
May they kill him without letts,
And the ladies eat's dowsets!

Come, we are all made! *[Wind horns.]*

Dii Deaque omnes! ye have danc'd rarely, wench.
[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Palamon from the bush.

Pal. About this hour my cousin gave his faith
To visit me again, and with him bring
Two swords, and two good armours; if he fail
He's neither man, nor soldier. When he left me,
I did not think a week could have restor'd
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
And crest-fall'n with my wants: I thank thee, Arcite,
Thou'rt yet a fair foe; and I feel myself,
With this refreshing, able once again
To out-dure danger. To delay it longer
Would make the world think, when it comes to
hearing,
That I lay fatting, like a swine, to fight,
And not a soldier: Therefore, this blest morning
Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses,

66 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

If it but hold, I kill him with; 'tis justice:
So, Love and Fortune for me! Oh, good-morrow!

Enter Arcite, with armours and swords.

Arc. Good-morrow, Noble Kinsman!

Pal. I have put you
To too much pains, Sir.

Arc. That too much, fair cousin,
Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.

Pal. 'Would you were so in all, Sir! I could wish you
As kind a Kinsman, as you force me find
A beneficial foe, that my embraces
Might thank you, not my blows.

Arc. I shall think either,
Well done, a noble recompense.

Pal. Then I shall quit you.

Arc. Defy me in these fair terms, and you shew
More than a mistress to me: No more anger,
As you love any thing that's honourable!
We were not bred to talk, man; when we're arm'd,
And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us!
And then to whom the birthright of this beauty
Truly pertains (without upbraidings, scorns,
Despisings of our persons, and such poutings
Fitter for girls and schoolboys) will be seen
And quickly, yours, or mine. Wilt please you arm,
Sir?

Or if you feel yourself not fitting yet,
And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll stay, cousin,
And every day discourse you into health,
As I am spar'd: Your person I am friends with,
And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her,
Tho' I had died; but loving such a lady,
And justifying my love, I must not fly from't.

Pal. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,
That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill thee:
I'm well, and lusty; chuse your arms!

Arc. Chuse you, Sir!

Pal.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. 67

Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it
To make me spare thee?

Arc. If you think so, cousin,
You are deceiv'd; for, as I am a soldier,
I'll not spare you!

Pal. That's well said!

Arc. You will find it.

Pal. Then, as I am an honest man, and love
With all the justice of affection,
I'll pay thee soundly! This I'll take.

Arc. That's mine then;
I'll arm you first.

Pal. Do. Pray thee tell me, cousin,
Where got'st thou this good armour?

Arc. 'Tis the duke's;
And, to say true, I stole it. Do I pinch you?

Pal. No.

Arc. Is't not too heavy?

Pal. I have worn a lighter;
But I shall make it serve.

Arc. I'll buckle't close.

Pal. By any means.

Arc. You care not for a grand-guard?

Pal. No, no; we'll use no horses: I perceive
You would fain be at that fight.

Arc. I'm indifferent.

Pal. Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle
Thro' far enough!

Arc. I warrant you.

Pal. My casque now!

Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?

Pal. We shall be the nimbler.

Arc. But use your gauntlets tho': Those are o'th'
least;

Prithee take mine, good cousin!

Pal. Thank you, Arcite!

How do I look? am I fall'n much away?

Arc. Faith, very little; Love has us'd you kindly.

Pal. I'll warrant thee, I'll strike home.

68 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Arc. Do, and spare not!

I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.

Pal. Now to you, Sir!

Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite,
Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.

Arc. That was a very good one; and that day,
I well remember, you out-did me, cousin;
I never saw such valour: When you charg'd
Upon the left wing of the enemy,
I spurr'd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.

Pal. You had indeed;
A bright-bay, I remember.

Arc. Yes. But all
Was vainly labour'd in me; you out-went me,
Nor could my wishes reach you: Yet a little
I did by imitation.

Pal. More by virtue;
You're modest, cousin.

Arc. When I saw you charge first,
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
Break from the troop.

Pal. But still before that flew
The lightning of your valour. Stay a little!
Is not this piece too straight?

Arc. No, no; 'tis well.

Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword;
A bruise would be dishonour.

Arc. Now I'm perfect.

Pal. Stand off then!

Arc. Take my sword! I hold it better.

Pal. I thank you, no; keep it; your life lies on it:
Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more
For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me!

[*They bow several ways; then advance and stand.*]

Arc. And me, my love! Is there aught else to say?

Pal. This only, and no more: Thou art mine
aunt's son,

And that blood we desire to shed is mutual;

In

In me, thine, and in thee, mine: My sword
Is in my hand, and if thou killest me
The gods and I forgive thee! If there be
A place prepar'd for those that sleep in honour,
I wish his weary soul that falls may win it!

Fight bravely, cousin: Give me thy noble hand!

Arc. Here, Palamon! This hand shall never more
Come near thee with such friendship.

Pal. I commend thee.

Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward;
For none but such dare die in these just trials⁶⁹.

Once more, farewell, my cousin!

Pal. Farewell, Arcite! [*Fight.*

[*Horns within; they stand.*]

Arc. Lo, cousin, lo! our folly has undone us!

Pal. Why?

Arc. This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you;
If we be found, we're wretched! Oh, retire,
For Honour's sake! and safely presently⁷⁰

⁶⁹ *If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,*

For none but such dare die in these just trials.] Mr. Symphon thinks this a strange sentiment, and indeed it must appear so, till we recollect that our scene lies in the land of *knight-errantry* rather than in Athens: That our Authors follow Chaucer, and dress their heroes after the manners of his age, when trials by the sword were thought just, and the conquer'd always suppos'd guilty and held infamous. In this light the sentiment is proper, though it would certainly be more in character in Palamon's mouth, whose enthusiastic zeal for the justice of his cause, would be the proper father of such a sentiment. Perhaps therefore the original might have run thus,

Pal. I commend thee.

If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,

For none but such dare die in these just trials.

Instead of returning this with the like violence, Arcite (with a look where *disdain* and *tendernefs* struggle awhile and then settle to a firm resolution) answers,

Once more farewell, my cousin.

But if this change of the speakers takes place, it might be necessary to give the former speech of Palamon to Arcite, and make Palamon only speak the last line of it. It is very common to have whole scenes confus'd thus in their speakers.

Seward.

We cannot see any need of change.

⁷⁰ ————— and safely presently

Into your bush again.] The two adverbs, *safely presently* in conjunction, are very unlike our Authors; by putting a comma between

72 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Into your bush again, Sir! We shall find
Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,
If you be seen you perish instantly,
For breaking prison; and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt: Then all the world will scorn us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.

Pal. No, no, cousin;
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second trial!
I know your cunning, and I know your cause.
He that faints now, shame take him! Put thyself
Upon thy present guard——

Arc. You are not mad?

Pal. Or I will make th' advantage of this hour
Mine own; and what to come shall threaten me,
I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,
I love Emilia! and in that I'll bury
Thee, and all crosses else!

Arc. Then come what can come,
Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die as discourse, or sleep: Only this fears me,
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life!

Pal. Look to thine own well, Arcite!

[*Fight again. Horns.*]

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous, and train.

Thes. What ignorant and mad malicious traitors
Are you, that, 'gainst the tenor of my laws,
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
Without my leave, and officers of arms?
By Castor, both shall die!

them they may suit the hurry of the speaker. But it seems much more probable that the first is a mistake, and that the true reading is,

*Ob, retire
For Honour's sake, and safety, presently
Into the bush again,——*

Mr. Theobald concurred with me in this emendation. *Seward.*

But being merely conjectural, and not necessary, is not admissible.

Pal.

Pal. Hold thy word, Theseus!

We're certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee, and of thy goodness: I am Palamon,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison;
Think well what that deserves! and this is Arcite;
A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falser ne'er seem'd friend: This is the man
Was begg'd and banish'd; this is he contemns thee,
And what thou dar'st do; and in this disguise,
Against this known edict, follows thy sister,
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia
(Whose servant, if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to, justly
I am); and, which is more, dares think her his!
This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
I call'd him now to answer: If thou be'st,
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
Say, 'Fight again!' and thou shalt see me, Theseus,
Do such a justice, thou thyself wilt envy;
Then take my life! I'll woo thee to't.

Per. Oh, Heaven,
What more than man is this!

Thes. I've sworn.

Arc. We seek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theseus! 'Tis to me
A thing as soon to die, as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd. Where this man calls me traitor,
Let me say thus much: If in love be treason,
In service of so excellent a beauty,
As I love most, and in that faith will perish;
As I have brought my life here to confirm it;
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest;
As I dare kill this cousin, that denies it;
So let me be most traitor, and you please me.
For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and if *she* say traitor,
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.

72 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Pal. Thou shalt have pity of us both, oh, Theseus,
 If unto neither thou shew mercy; stop,
 As thou art just, thy noble ear against us;
 As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul,
 Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,
 Let's die together, at one instant, duke!
 Only a little let him fall before me,
 That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.

Thes. I grant your wish; for, to say true, your cousin
 Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
 More mercy than you found, Sir, your offences
 Being no more than his. None here speak for 'em!
 For, ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.

Hip. Alas, the pity! now or never, sister,
 Speak, not to be denied: That face of yours
 Will bear the curses else of after-ages,
 For these lost cousins!

Emi. In my face, dear sister,
 I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin;
 The misadventure of their own eyes kills 'em:
 Yet that I will be woman, and have pity,
 My knees shall grow to th' ground but I'll get mercy.
 Help me, dear sister! in a deed so virtuous,
 The powers of all women will be with us.
 Most royal brother——

Hip. Sir, by our tie of marriage——

Emi. By your own spotless honour——

Hip. By that faith,

That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me——

Emi. By that you would have pity in another,
 By your own virtues infinite——

Hip. By valour,

By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you——

Thes. These are strange conjurings!

Per. Nay, then I'll in too:

By all our friendship, Sir, by all our dangers,
 By all you love most, wars, and this sweet lady——

Emi. By that you would have trembled to deny,
 A blushing maid——

Hip.

Hip. By your own eyes, by strength,
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus——

Per. To crown all this, by your most noble soul,
Which cannot want due mercy! I beg first.

Hip. Next, hear my prayers!

Emi. Last, let me entreat, Sir!

Per. For mercy!

Hip. Mercy!

Emi. Mercy on these princes!

Thes. You make my faith reel: Say I felt
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?

Emi. Upon their lives; but with their banishments.

Thes. You're a right woman, sister; you have pity,
But want the understanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment: Can these two live,
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
They'll fight about you; hourly bring your honour
In public question with their swords: Be wise then,
And here forget 'em! it concerns your credit,
And my oath equally: I have said, they die!
Better they fall by th' law, than one another.
Bow not my honour.

Emi. Oh, my noble brother,
That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;
Your reason will not hold it: If such vows
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.
Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours,
Of more authority, I'm sure more love;
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.

Thes. What is it, sister?

Per. Urge it home, brave lady!

Emi. That you would ne'er deny me any thing
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting:
I tie you to your word now; if you fail in't,
Think how you maim your honour;
(For now I'm set a-begging, Sir, I'm deaf

74 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

To all but your compassion!) how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name, opinion⁷¹!
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruel wisdom! do men prune
The straight young boughs, that blush with thousand
blossoms,

Because they may be rotten? Oh, duke Theseus,
The goodly mothers that have groan'd for these,
And all the longing maids that ever lov'd,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,
And, in their funeral songs for these two cousins,
Despise my cruelty, and cry woe-worth me,
'Till I am nothing but the scorn of women:
For Heav'n's sake save their lives, and banish 'em!

Thes. On what conditions?

Emi. Swear 'em never more

To make me their contention, or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
To one another.

Pal. I'll be cut a-pieces

Before I take this oath! Forget I love her?
Oh, all ye gods, despise me then! Thy banishment
I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
Our swords, and cause along: Else, never trifle,
But take our lives, duke! I must love, and will;
And for that love, must and dare kill this cousin,
On any piece the earth has!

Thes. Will you, Arcite,
Take these conditions?

Pal. He's a villain then!

⁷¹ ————— *how their lives*

*Might breed the ruin of my name; opinion,
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?]* Opinion is often
used by the old writers in the sense of reputation, in which sense it is
here to be taken. Macbeth says,

- * We will proceed no further in this business:
- * He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
- * Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
- * Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
- * Not cast aside so soon.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. 75

Per. These are men!

Arc. No, never, duke; 'tis worse to me than begging,
To take my life so basely. Tho' I think
I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
The honour of affection, and die for her,
Make death a devil!

Thes. What may be done? for now I feel compassion.

Per. Let it not fall again, Sir!

Thes. Say, Emilia,

If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
Content to take the other to your husband?

They cannot both enjoy you; they are princes
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever Fame yet spoke of; look upon 'em,
And if you can love, end this difference!

I give consent: Are you content too, princes?

Both. With all our souls.

Thes. He that she refuses
Must die then.

Both. Any death thou canst invent, duke.

Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,
And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.

Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
And soldiers sing my epitaph.

Thes. Make choice then!

Emi. I cannot, Sir; they're both too excellent:
For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.

Hip. What will become of 'em?

Thes. Thus I ordain it;

And, by mine honour, once again it stands,
Or both shall die!—You shall both to your country;
And each within this month, accompanied
With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
In which I'll plant a pyramid: And whether,
Before us that are here, can force his cousin
By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,
He shall enjoy her; the other lose his head⁷²,

⁷² ——— *The other lose his head,*

And all his friends.] Chaucer's doom on this occasion is only
banishment, and our Authors altered it to render the catastrophe
more

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And all his friends: Nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor think he dies with interest in this lady:
Will this content ye?

Pal. Yes. Here, cousin Arcite,
I'm friends again 'till that hour.

Arc. I embrace you.

Thes. Are you content, sister?

Emi. Yes: I must, Sir;
Else both miscarry.

Thes. Come, shake hands again then;
And take heed, as you're gentlemen, this quarrel
Sleep 'till the hour prefix'd, and hold your course!

Pal. We dare not fail thee, Theseus.

more interesting. As to the probability of their procuring each three seconds upon such odd terms, it may shock us to suppose any such gallant idiots; but even so low as our Authors age it was reckon'd cowardise to refuse any man, even a stranger, to be a second in almost any duel whatever, of which there is a most inimitable burlesque in the *Little French Lawyer*. Mankind were mad after Knight-Errantry; and the reader must catch a little of the spirit himself, or he'll lose a great part of the beauties of this play; he must kindle with the flames of military glory, think life a small stake to hazard in such a combat, and death desirable to the conquer'd as a refuge from shame. While the *judicial trials* by the *duello* were part of our laws, this was really the spirit of our ancestors. I have a treatise now before me of Mr. Selden, wrote in 1610, probably about the very time of our Authors publishing this play, where these *duello trials* are very learnedly traced, with all their forms and ceremonies from the Norman conquest to James the First, in whose reign they still continued part of the laws of our land, and seem to have been not out of fashion; for we find by all the writers of that age, how common the private extrajudicial duel then was, and this author, after reciting the decrees of two popes against such trials, and the thunder, as he calls it, of the Council of Trent, with a very serious face subjoins: 'To those which were the observant
' sonnes of the Roman church, this and the other decrees extend their
' inhibitions; but the English customs never permitted themselves to
' be subjected to such clergy-canons; alwaies (under parliament cor-
' rection) retaining, as whatsoever they have by long use or allow-
' ance approv'd, so this of the duel.'—I am told by lawyers, that this superstitious and barbarous law has never to this day met with *parliament correction*, but has by custom only sunk into obsolescence. Our ancestors in this instance as well as that of our calendar, most resolutely avoided the example of Papists, even where the latter were evidently right.

Seward.

Thes.

Thes. Come, I'll give ye
Now usage like to princes, and to friends.
When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here;
Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bier. [*Exeunt,*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Jailor and a Friend.

Jailor. **H**EAR you no more? Was nothing said
of me

Concerning the escape of Palamon?
Good Sir, remember!

1 Friend. Nothing that I heard;
For I came home before the business
Was fully ended: Yet I might perceive,
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons; for Hippolita,
And fair-ey'd Emily, upon their knees
Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the duke
Methought stood staggering whether he should follow
His rash oath, or the sweet compassion
Of those two ladies; and to second them,
That truly noble prince Perithous,
Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope
All shall be well: Neither heard I one question
Of your name, or his 'scape.

Enter Second Friend.

Jailor. Pray Heav'n, it hold so!

2 Friend. Be of good comfort, man! I bring you
news,

Good news.

Jailor. They're welcome.

2 Friend. Palamon has clear'd you,
And got your pardon, and discover'd how

And

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And by whose means he 'scap'd, which was your
Daughter's,

Whose pardon is procur'd too; and the prisoner
(Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness)
Has given a sum of money to her marriage,
A large one, I'll assure you.

Jailor. You're a good man,
And ever bring good news.

1 Friend. How was it ended?

2 Friend. Why, as it should be; they that never
begg'd

But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly granted.
The prisoners have their lives.

1 Friend. I knew 'twould be so.

2 Friend. But there be new conditions, which you'll
hear of

At better time.

Jailor. I hope they're good.

2 Friend. They're honourable;
How good they'll prove, I know not.

Enter Wooer.

1 Friend. 'Twill be known.

Wooer. Alas, Sir, where's your Daughter?

Jailor. Why do you ask?

Wooer. Oh, Sir, when did you see her?

2 Friend. How he looks!

Jailor. This morning.

Wooer. Was she well? was she in health, Sir?
When did she sleep?

1 Friend. These are strange questions.

Jailor. I do not think she was very well; for, now
You make me mind her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An innocent⁷³! and I was very angry.

⁷³ *An innocent.*] In the northern parts of this kingdom, the common appellation of an idiot is an innocent to this day.

R.

But

But what of her, Sir?

Woer. Nothing but my pity;
But you must know it, and as good by me
As by another that less loves her.

Jailor. Well, Sir?

1 Friend. Not right?

2 Friend. Not well?

Woer. No, Sir; not well:

'Tis too true, she is mad.

1 Friend. It cannot be.

Woer. Believe, you'll find it so.

Jailor. I half suspected

What you have told me; the gods comfort her!
Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miscarrying on his 'scape,
Or both.

Woer. 'Tis likely.

Jailor. But why all this haste, Sir?

Woer. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great lake that lies behind the palace ⁷⁴,
From the far shore, thick set with reeds and sedges,
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive
I gave my ear; when I might well perceive
'Twas one that sung, and, by the smallness of it,
A boy or woman. I then left my angle

⁷⁴ *As I late, &c.*] This description bears a striking resemblance
to the following in *Hamlet*:

- ' There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
- ' That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream:
- ' There with fantastic garlands did she come,
- ' Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
- ' That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
- ' But our cold maids do dead mens' fingers call them:
- ' There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
- ' Clambering to hang, an envious fliver broke;
- ' When down her weedy trophies and herself
- ' Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths spread wide,
- ' And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
- ' Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
- ' As one incapable of her own distress,
- ' Or like a creature native, and indued
- ' Unto that element.'

80 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not
 Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
 Had so encompass'd it: I laid me down
 And listen'd to the words she sung; for then,
 Thro' a small glade cut by the fishermen,
 I saw it was your Daughter.

Sailor. Pray go on, Sir!

Woer. She sung much, but no sense; only I heard
 her

Repeat this often: 'Palamon is gone,
 'Is gone to th' wood to gather mulberries;
 'I'll find him out tomorrow.'

Friend. Pretty soul!

Woer. 'His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken;
 'And what shall I do then? I'll bring a beavy,
 'A hundred black-ey'd maids that love as I do,
 'With chaplets on their heads, of daffadillies,
 'With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roses,
 'And all we'll dance an antick 'fore the duke,
 'And beg his pardon.' Then she talk'd of you, Sir;
 That you must lose your head tomorrow-morning,
 And she must gather flowers to bury you,
 And see the house made handsome: Then she sung
 Nothing but 'Willow, willow, willow'⁷⁴; and between
 Ever was, 'Palamon, fair Palamon!'

And 'Palamon was a tall young man!' The place
 Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless tresses,
 A wreath of bull-rush rounded⁷⁵; about her stuck
 Thousand fresh-water flowers of several colours;
 That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph
 That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
 Newly dropt down from Heav'n! Rings she made
 Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
 The prettiest posies; 'Thus our true love's tied;
 'This you may loose, not me;' and many a one:
 And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,
 And with the same breath smil'd, and kist her hand.

⁷⁴ *Willow, &c.*] See Othello. The song here alluded to is printed
 in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry. R.

⁷⁵ *A wreak of bull-rush.*] Corrected in 1750.

2 *Friend*. Alas, what pity 'tis!

Wooser. I made in to her;

She saw me, and straight fought the flood; I sav'd her,
And set her safe to land; when presently

She slipt away, and to the city made,

With such a cry, and swiftnefs, that believe me

She left me far behind her: Three, or four,

I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em

I knew to be your brother; where she stay'd,

And fell, scarce to be got away; I left them with her.

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

And hither came to tell you. Here they are!

Daugh. May you never more enjoy the light, &c.

Is not this a fine song?

Brother. Oh, a very fine one!

Daugh. I can sing twenty more.

Brother. I think you can.

Daugh. Yes, truly can I; I can sing the Broom,
And Bonny Robin⁷⁶. Are not you a tailor?

Brother. Yes.

Daugh. Where's my wedding-gown!

Brother. I'll bring it tomorrow.

Daugh. Do, very early⁷⁷; I must be abroad else,
To call the maids, and pay the minstrels;
For I must lose my maidenhead by cock-light;
'Twill never thrive else.

Oh, fair, oh, sweet, &c. [Sings.

Brother. You must ev'n take it patiently.

Tailor. 'Tis true.

Daugh. Good e'en, good men! Pray did you ever
hear

⁷⁶ *Bonny Robin*.] *Opuelia*, in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, sings part of this song.

⁷⁷ *Do, very rarely*.] I had put *early* into the text here before I received Mr. Sympton's reading *rearily*, i. e. betimes in the morning. If there is such a word, it is undoubtedly the true one; but as he quotes no authority, and I can find none in my Glossaries, I must let *early* remain, which Mr. Theobald has likewise put in his margin.

Seward.

82 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Of one young Palamon?

Jailor. Yes, wench, we know him.

Daugh. Is't not a fine young gentleman?

Jailor. 'Tis love!

Brother. By no means cros her; she is then dis-
temper'd

Far worse than now she shews.

1 Friend. Yes, he's a fine man.

Daugh. Oh, is he so? You have a sister?

1 Friend. Yes.

Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell her so,
For a trick that I know: You had best look to her,
For if she see him once, she's gone; she's done,
And undone in an hour. All the young maids
Of our town are in love with him; but I laugh at 'em,
And let 'em all alone; is't not a wise course?

1 Friend. Yes.

Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with-
child by him,

There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,
Close as a cockle; and all these must be boys,
He has the trick on't; and at ten years old
They must be all gelt for musicians,
And sing the Wars of Theseus.

2 Friend. This is strange.

Daugh. As ever you heard; but say nothing.

1 Friend. No.

Daugh. They come from all parts of the dukedom
to him:

I'll warrant you, he had not so few last night
As twenty to dispatch; he'll tickle't up
In two hours, if his hand be in.

Jailor. She's lost,

Past all cure!

Brother. Heav'n forbid, man!

Daugh. Come hither; you're a wise man.

1 Friend. Does she know him?

2 Friend. No; 'would she did!

Daugh. You're master of a ship?

Jailor.

Jailor. Yes.

Daugh. Where's your compass?

Jailor. Here.

Daugh. Set it to th' North;

And now direct your course to th' wood, where Palamon

Lies longing for me; for the tackling

Let me alone: Come, weigh my hearts, cheerly!

All. Owgh, owgh, owgh! 'tis up, the wind is fair,
Top the bowling; out with the main-fail!

Where is your whistle, master?

Brother. Let's get her in.

Jailor. Up to the top, boy.

Brother. Where's the pilot?

1 Friend. Here.

Daugh. What ken'st thou?

2 Friend. A fair wood.

Daugh. Bear for it, master; tack about! [*Sings.*

When Cinthia with her borrow'd light, &c. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Emilia with two pictures.

Emi. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must
open

And bleed to death for my sake else: I'll chuse,

And end their strife; two such young handsome men

Shall never fall for me: Their weeping mothers,

Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,

Shall never curse my cruelty. Good Heav'n,

What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature,

With all her best endowments, all those beauties

She sows into the births of noble bodies,

Were here a mortal woman, and had in her

The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless

She would run mad for this man: What an eye!

Of what a fiery sparkle, and quick sweetness,

Has this young prince! here Love himself sits smiling;

Just such another wanton Ganymede

84 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Set Jove afire with⁷⁷, and enforc'd the god
 Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him
 A shining constellation! what a brow,
 Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,
 Arch'd like the great-ey'd Juno's, but far sweeter,
 Smoother than Pelops' shoulder! Fame and Honour,
 Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
 Pointed in Heav'n, should clap their wings, and sing
 To all the under-world, the loves and fights
 Of gods, and such men near 'em. Palamon
 Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow;
 He's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
 As if he'd lost his mother⁷⁸; a still temper,
 No stirring in him, no alacrity;
 Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile.

77 ——— here Love himself sits smiling,

Just such another wanton Ganymede,

Set Love afire with, and enforc'd the god

Snatch up the goodly boy, —] This is certainly corrupt; every body must see that *Jove* is somewhere left out. But, says Mr. Symphon, suppose we read,

Set Jove afire with ———

it is still not sense, he therefore proposes,

Jove such another wanton Ganymede

Set Love afire with, ———

But this, I fear will hardly be thought good English. I had long since discover'd what still seems the real mistake, *fire* like *hour*, *your*, &c. is often made two syllables by our Authors; the actors and transcribers not knowing this, thought the verse wanted a syllable, and probably intruded the particle *with* to supply it, not observing how much it embarrass'd the construction. *Love* for *Jove* seems a mere accidental error of the press. I read therefore,

Just such another wanton Ganymede

Set Jove afire, and enforc'd the god, &c.

There is another way of correcting this, by the insertion of a nominative case in the end of the second line, as

———— here Love himself sits smiling,

Just such another wanton Ganymede he

Set Jove afire with, ———

The former seems far preferable.

Seward.

78 *As if he'd lost his mother.*] This seems directly opposite to the sense intended, the effeminacy of Palamon compared with Arcite. Perhaps we should read, *As he had not lost his mother*, i. e. the mother in his mind.

Yet

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. 85

Yet these that we count errors, may become him;
 Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heav'nly.
 Oh, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?
 I am a fool, my reason is lost in me!
 I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly
 That women ought to beat me. On my knees
 I ask thy pardon, Palamon! Thou art alone,
 And only beautiful; and these thy eyes,
 These the bright lamps of beauty, that command
 And threaten love, and what young maid dare cross 'em?
 What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
 Has this brown manly face! Oh, Love, this only
 From this hour is complexion; lie there, Arcite!
 Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipsy,
 And this the noble body—I am fotted,
 Utterly lost! my virgin's faith has fled me⁷⁹,
 For if my brother but ev'n now had ask'd me
 Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for Arcite;
 Now if my sister, more for Palamon.
 Stand both together! Now, come, ask me, brother;
 Alas, I know not! ask me, now, sweet sister;
 I may go look! What a mere child is fancy,
 That having two fair gawds of equal sweetness,
 Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!

Enter a Gentleman.

How now, Sir?

Gent. From the noble duke your brother,
 Madam, I bring you news: The knights are come!

Emi. To end the quarrel?

Gent. Yes.

Emi. 'Would I might end first!

What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
 That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd
 With blood of princes? and my chastity
 Be made the altar, where the lives of lovers
 (Two greater and two better never yet
 Made mothers' joy) must be the sacrifice
 To my unhappy beauty?

⁷⁹ *My virgin faith has fled me.]* So reads Seward.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, and attendants.

Thes. Bring 'em in

Quickly, by any means! I long to see 'em.—
Your two contending lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair knights: Now, my fair sister,
You must love one of them.

Emi. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

Enter Messenger.

Thes. Who saw 'em?

Per. I a while.

Gent. And I.

Thes. From whence come you, Sir?

Mess. From the knights.

Thes. Pray speak,

You that have seen them, what they are.

Mess. I will, Sir,
And truly what I think: Six braver spirits
Than these they've brought, (if we judge by the
outside)

I never saw, nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince
(His very looks so say him); his complexion
Nearer a brown, than black; stern, and yet noble,
Which shews him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers;
The circles of his eyes shew far within him⁸⁰,
And as a heated lion, so he looks; —
His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining

⁸⁰ *The circles of his eyes shew fair within him,*

And as a heated lion, so he looks.] He is describ'd of a very dark-brown complexion, with raven-black hair, of a noble but withal of so stern a look, that his eyes were like those of a heated lion. To every part of this description the adjective *fair* is diametrically opposite, not only as to the colour, but to the sternness and fierceness of his looks, *fair* conveying the idea of openness and mildness. But the corruption consists only in the addition of a single vowel, which being removed, the expression regains its original strength and propriety:

The circles of his eyes shew far within him.

Seward.

Like

Like raven's wings; his shoulders broad, and strong;
Arms long and round⁸¹; and on his thigh a sword
Hung by a curious baldrick⁸², when he frowns
To seal his will with; better, o' my conscience,
Was never soldier's friend.

Thes. Th'haft well describ'd him.

Per. Yet a great deal short,
Methinks, of him that's first with Palamon.

Thes. Pray speak him, friend.

Per. I guess he is a prince too,
And, if it may be, greater; for his show
Has all the ornament of honour in't.
He's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy; he has felt,
Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his own; in's face appears
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes;
And when he's angry, then a settled valour
(Not tainted with extremes) runs thro' his body,
And guides his arm to brave things; fear he cannot,
He shews no such soft temper; his head's yellow,
Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick twin'd, like ivy tops,
Not to undo with thunder; in his face
The livery of the warlike maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him;
And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,
As if she ever meant to crown his valour⁸³;
His nose stands high, a character of honour,
His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.

⁸¹ Arm'd long and round.] Former editions. Seward.

⁸² Baldrick.] See note 49 on Beggars' Bush.

⁸³ ——— fits Victory,

As if she ever meant to correct his valour;] How does victory correct valour? The word is undoubtedly corrupt, and equally hurts both the measure and sense. *Crown* is what the context evidently requires, and tho' it differs much in its letters from the old reading, yet it is rather a proof what great mistakes printers sometimes make, than an argument against its being admitted for the genuine text.

Seward.

88 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Emi. Must these men die too?

Per. When he speaks, his tongue
Sounds like a trumpet; all his lineaments
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean;
He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold;
His age some five and twenty.

Mess. There's another,
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any; fairer promises
In such a body yet I never look'd on.

Per. Oh, he that's freckle-fac'd?

Mess. The same, my lord:
Are they not sweet ones?

Per. Yes, they're well.

Mess. Methinks,
Being so few, and well dispos'd, they shew
Great, and fine art in Nature. He's white-hair'd,
Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour
Next to an auburn; tough, and nimble set,
Which shews an active soul; his arms are brawny;
Lin'd with strong sinews; to the shoulder-piece
Gently they swell, like women new-conceiv'd,
Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting
Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still,
But, when he stirs, a tiger; he's grey-ey'd,
Which yields compassion where he conquers; sharp
To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's swift to make 'em his; he does no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round-fac'd, and when he smiles
He shews a lover, when he frowns, a soldier;
About his head he wears the winner's oak,
And in it stuck the favour of his lady;
His age, some six and thirty. In his hand
He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with silver.

Thef. Are they all thus?

Per. They're all the sons of honour.

Thef. Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em!
Lady, you shall see men fight now.

Hip. I wish it,

But

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. 89

But not the cause, my lord: They would shew bravely
Fighting about the titles of two kingdoms⁸⁴;

'Tis pity Love should be so tyrannous.

Oh, my soft-hearted sifter, what think you?

Weep not, till they weep blood, wench! it must be.

Thes. You've steel'd 'em with your beauty. Ho-
nour'd friend,

To you I give the field; pray order it,

Fitting the persons that must use it!

Per. Yes, Sir.

Thes. Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay

(Their fame has fir'd me so) till they appear;

Good friend, be royal!

Per. There shall want no bravery.

Emi. Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever wins

Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Jailor, Wooer, and Doctor.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the
moon

Than at other some, is it not?

Jailor. She is

Continually in a harmless distemper;

Sleeps little, altogether without appetite,

Save often drinking; dreaming of another

World, and a better; and what broken piece

Of matter foe'er she's about, the name

Palamon lards it; that she farces ev'ry

Enter Daughter.

Business withal, fits it to every question.

⁸⁴ But not the cause, my lord, they would shew

Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms;] As two syllables are
somewhere wanting in these lines, and the sense as well as measure is
improved by inserting the word *fighting*, which is evidently under-
stood in the construction of the passage as hitherto printed, 'tis hoped
that the genuine text is only restored.

Seward.

Look,

90 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Look, where she comes ! you shall perceive her behaviour.

Daugh. I have forgot it quite ; the burden on't
Was *down-a down-a* ; and penn'd by no worse man than
Giraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster : He's as
Fantastical too, as ever he may go upon's legs ;
For in the next world will Dido see Palamon,
And then will she be out of love with Æneas.

Doctor. What stuff's here ? poor soul !

Jailor. Ev'n thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this charm, that I told you of ; you
must

Bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue,
Or no ferry : Then if it be your chance to come
Where the blessed spirits, (as there's a sight now) we
maids

That have our livers perish'd, crack'd to pieces
With love, we shall come there, and do nothing
All day long but pick flowers with Proserpine ;
Then will I make Palamon a nosegay ;
Then let him—mark me—then !

Doctor. How prettily she's amiss ! note her a little
further !

Daugh. Faith, I'll tell you ; sometime we go to
barley-break,

We of the blest'd ⁸⁵ : Alas, 'tis a sore life
They have i'th' other place, such burning, frying,
Boiling, hissing, howling, chatt'ring, cursing,
Oh, they have shrewd measure ; take heed !
If one be mad, or hang, or drown themselves,
Thither they go ; Jupiter bless us ! and there
Shall we be put in a caldron of lead
And usurers' grease, amongst a whole million of cut-
purfes,

And there boil like a gammon of bacon
That will never be enough.

⁸⁵ *Faith I'll tell you, sometime we go to the barley-break, we of the
blessed ; alas, 'tis a sore life they have i' th' other place, such burn-
ing, frying, boiling, hissing, howling, chatt'ring, cursing, &c.] The
printers*

Doctor. How her brain coins!

Daugh. Lords and courtiers, that have got maids
with-child,

They are in this place; they shall stand in fire
Up to the navel, and in ice up to th' heart,
And there th' offending part burns, and the deceiving
part

Freezes: In troth, a very grievous punishment,
As one would think, for such a trifle! believe me,
One would marry a leprous witch, to be rid on't,
I'll assure you.

Doctor. How she continues this fancy!

'Tis not an engrafted madness, but a most thick
And profound melancholy.

Daugh. To hear there

A proud lady, and a proud city-wife, howl together!
I were a beast, an I'd call it good sport: One
Cries, *Oh, this smoke!* another, *this fire!* one cries,
Oh, that ever I did it behind the arras!

And then howls; th' other curses a suing fellow,
And her garden-house.

[*Sings.*] I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c.

[*Exit Daugh.*]

Jailor. What think you of her, Sir?

Doctor. I think she has a perturbed mind,
Which I cannot minister to.

Jailor. Alas, what then?

Doctor. Understand you she ever affected any man;
Ere she beheld Palamon?

Jailor. I was once, Sir,

In great hope she had fix'd her liking on
This gentleman, my friend.

printers here, contrary to their usual custom, have divided the lines
of this whole scene as if they were verse, though it is evidently all
prose.

Seward.

The printers having divided the lines as verse, is a strong presumption
of their having been so written. They often run verse into prose,
but we remember no instance of the reverse. A kind of loose mea-
sure, often used by our Authors, was probably intended here; as such
we have given it, endeavouring to make out the verse as nearly as
possible according to the division of lines in the old books.

Woor.

Wooser. I did think so too;
 And would account I had a great pen'worth on't,
 To give half my state, that both she and I
 At this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms.

Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath
 distemper'd

The other senses; they may return and settle again
 To execute their preordained faculties;
 But they are now in a most extravagant vagary.
 This you must do: Confine her to a place where the light
 May rather seem to steal in, than be permitted.
 Take upon you (young Sir, her friend) the name
 Of Palamon; say you come to eat with her,
 And to commune of love; this will catch her attention;
 For this her mind beats upon; other objects,
 That are inserted 'tween her mind and eye,
 Become the pranks and friskins of her madness;
 Sing to her such green songs of love, as she
 Says Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her,
 Stuck in as sweet flowers as the season
 Is mistress of, and thereto make an addition
 Of some other compounded odours, which
 Are grateful to the sense: All this
 Shall become Palamon, for Palamon
 Can sing, and Palamon is sweet,
 And ev'ry good thing; desire to eat with her,
 Carve her, drink to her, and still among
 Intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance
 Into her favour; learn what maids have been
 Her companions, and play-pheers⁸⁵; and let them
 Repair to her with Palamon in their mouths,
 And appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him:
 It is a falsehood she is in, which is
 With falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her
 To eat, to sleep, and reduce what are now
 Out of square in her, into their former law
 And regiment⁸⁶: I have seen it approv'd,

⁸⁵ Play-pheers.] See note 95 on this play.

⁸⁶ Regiment.] Thus the old quarto, and right, signifying government. *Regimen* (which other copies exhibit) conveys another idea.

How many times I know not; but to make
The number more, I have great hope in this.
I will, between the passages of this project,
Come in with my appliance. Let us put it
In execution; and hasten the success,
Which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort. [*Exe.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Theseus, Perithous, Hippolita, and attendants.

Thes. **N**OW let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers! let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling incense
To those above us! Let no due be wanting!

[*Flourish of cornets.*]

They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very pow'rs that love 'em.

Enter Palamon, Arcite, and their Knights.

Per. Sir, they enter.

Thes. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow that nearness out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like
Before the holy altars of your helpers
(The all-fear'd gods) bow down your stubborn bodies!
Your ire is more than mortal; so your help be!
And as the gods regard ye, fight with justice!
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.

Per. Honour crown the worthiest!

[*Exeunt Thes. and train.*]

Pal. The glass is running now that cannot finish
'Till one of us expire: Think you but thus;

That

94 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

That were there aught in me which strove to shew
Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye
Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,
I would destroy th' offender; coz, I would,
Tho' parcel of myself! then from this gather
How I should tender you!

Arc. I am in labour
To push your name, your antient love, our kindred
Out of my memory; and i'th' self-same place
To seat something I would confound: So hoist we
The sails, that must these vessels port⁸⁷ ev'n where
The heav'nly Limiter pleases!

Pal. You speak well:
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin!
This I shall never do again.

Arc. One farewell!

Pal. Why, let it be so: Farewell, coz!

Arc. Farewell, Sir! [*Exe. Pal. and his Knights.*
Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension,
Which still is further off it, go with me
Before the god of our profession! There
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too!
Yea, the speed also! to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails: You know my prize
Must be dragg'd out of blood! force and great feat
Must put my garland on, where she will stick
The queen of flow'rs; our intercession then
Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron
Brim'd with the blood of men; give me your aid
And bend your spirits towards him!— [*They kneel.*
Thou mighty one, that with thy pow'r hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple⁸⁸; whose approach

⁸⁷ *The sails, that must these vessels port.*] This reading, so different from the Poet's meaning, is in several of the last editions.

⁸⁸ *Green Neptune into purple,*

Comets prewarn, whose harvock in vast field, &c.] With this great deficiency of sense and measure has this passage been hitherto printed.

Comets prewarn; whose havock in vast field
 Unearthed skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
 The teeming Ceres' foyzon⁸⁹; who dost pluck
 With hand armipotent⁹⁰ from forth blue clouds
 The mason'd turrets; that both mak'ft and break'ft
 The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
 Young'ft follower of thy drum⁹¹, instruct this day
 With military skill, that to thy laud
 I may advance my streamer, and by thee
 Be stil'd the lord o'th' day! Give me, great Mars,
 Some token of thy pleasure!

*[Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there
 is heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder,
 as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise,
 and bow to the altar.]*

Oh, great corrector of enormous times,
 Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
 Of dusty and old titles, that heal'ft with blood
 The earth when it is sick, and cur'ft the world
 O'th' pleurisy of people; I do take
 Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
 To my design march boldly. Let us go! *[Exeunt.]*

printed. The sense is easily restor'd, because tho' half the sentence
 is lost, the two remaining words, *Comets prewarn*, sufficiently point
 out the meaning; for that *Comets prewarn or foretel wars* is the vul-
 gar as well as poetical creed; thus Milton,

' ——— and like a comet burn'd,
 ' That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
 ' In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
 ' Shakes pestilence and war.'

The *rage*, the *ravage*, the *devastations* of Mars will give the idea
 requir'd; but among these and many other words that would suit the
 sense, only two have occur'd that supply both sense and measure,
viz. approach and destructions, the former is certainly the best word,
 therefore bids very fair for having been the original. *Seward.*

⁸⁹ *Foyzon.*] i. e. *Abundance*. This word also occurs in the
Tempest, act ii. sc. i.

⁹⁰ *Armenypotent.*] Corrected by Seward; who observes that '*Ar-
 mi/potent*' is apply'd to Mars by Chaucer in the same tale of Palamon
 and Arcite.'

⁹¹ *Youngest follower.*] Seward reads, *Young follower.*

Enter

Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former observance.

Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
To-day extinct: Our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: Then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard! To the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party! [*Here they kneel.*]
Hail, sovereign queen of secrets! who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,
To weep unto a girl⁹²; that hast the might
Ev'n with an eye-glance to choak Mars's drum,
And turn th' alarm to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that may'st force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce
Stale Gravity to dance; the polled bachelor⁹³,
(Whose youth, like wanton boys thro' bonfires⁹⁴,
Have skipt thy flame) at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love. What godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To Phœbus thou
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heav'nly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him; the huntress

⁹² *And weep unto a girl.*] Mr. Theobald's margin says *into*, i. e. 'till he become tender as a girl. But surely to become a whining lover and weep unto a girl, is an idea more proper to the context. I cannot indeed make it connect grammatically with the former part of the sentence, without changing *and* to *to*. Seward.

⁹³ *The pould bachelor.*] Varied by Seward; who says, 'Pould is what we now spell *poll'd*, depilatus; bald-headed. Chaucer's word is *pilled*, as 'The Pardoner with his *Pilled Poll*.'

⁹⁴ *Whose youth like wanton boys thro' bonfires.*] Seward, to assist the measure, reads,

Whose freaks of youth like wanton boys through bonfires;
which most materially injures the sense.

All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
 Her bow away, and sigh; take to thy grace
 Me thy vow'd soldier! who do bear thy yoke
 As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
 Than lead itself, stings more than nettles:
 I've never been foul-mouth'd against thy law;
 Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none, would not
 Had I ken'd all that were; I never practis'd
 Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
 Of liberal wits; I never at great feasts
 Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd
 At simpring Sirs that did; I have been harsh
 To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd 'em
 If they had mothers? I had one, a woman,
 And women 'twere they wrong'd. I knew a man
 Of eighty winters, (this I told them) who
 A lass of fourteen bridged; 'twas thy power
 To put life into dust; the aged cramp
 Had screw'd his square foot round,
 The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
 Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes
 Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
 In him seem'd torture; this anatomy
 Had by his young fair ppeer a boy⁹⁵, and I
 Believ'd it was his, for she swore it was,
 And who would not believe her? Brief! I am
 To those that prate, and have done, no companion;
 To those that boast, and have not, a desier;
 To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer:
 Yea, him I do not love, that tells close offices
 The foulest way, nor names concealments in
 The boldest language⁹⁶; such a one I am,

⁹⁵ *Ppeer*;] i. e. *Companion*. Coles's Dict. 1677, where it is marked as then obsolete.—The word occurs in Titus Andronicus, act iv. sc. i. In the *Silent Woman*, Morose says,

'—her that I mean to chuse for my *bed-ppeer*.'

In this play, p. 92, *play-pbeers* are spoken of.

⁹⁶ *Nor names, &c.*] This clause is hard; taken with the preceding and subsequent, all together they imply, 'He does not love the man who speaks too grossly of his success in love, or does not defend secrecy in amours; the last of which he ever maintained.'

98 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. Oh, then, most soft sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure!

[*Here music is heard, doves are seen to flutter, they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.*

Oh, thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
In mortal bosoms, whose chace is this world,
And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
For this fair token! which being laid unto
Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance [*They bow.*
My body to this business. Let us rise
And bow before the goddess! Time comes on. [*Exe.*

[*Still music of records.*

Enter Emilia in white, her hair about her shoulders, a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver binc, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odors, which being set upon the altar, her maid standing aloof, she sets fire to it; then they curt'sy and kneel.

Emi. Oh, sacred, shadowy, cold and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow⁹⁷, who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe; I here thy priest
Am humbled 'fore thine altar. Oh, vouchsafe,
With that thy rare green eye⁹⁸, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin!
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear

97 ———— *And pure*

As wind-fann'd snow.] Very similar to this are a passage in the Double Marriage, and one in Coriolanus: The reader may find them both in vol. vii. p. 157, of this work. In Comus also, Milton gives a most nervous eulogium on Chastity.

⁹⁸ *With that thy rare green eye.*] Seward reads, '*shewn eye, i. e. extremely shining.*' We believe the old text genuine.

(Which

(Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port⁹⁹
 Ne'er enter'd wanton sound) to my petition,
 Season'd with holy fear! This is my last
 Of vestal office; I'm bride-habited,
 But maiden-hearted; a husband I have 'pointed,
 But do not know him; out of two I should
 Chuse one, and pray for his success, but I
 Am guiltless of election of mine eyes;
 Were I to lose one, (they are equal precious)
 I could doom neither; that which perish'd should
 Go to't unsentenc'd: Therefore, most modest queen,
 He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me
 And has the truest title in't, let him
 Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
 The file and quality I hold I may
 Continue in thy band!

*[Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the
 place ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.]*

See what our general of ebbs and flows
 Out from the bowels of her holy altar
 With sacred act advances! But one rose?
 If well inspir'd, this battle shall confound
 Both these brave knights, and I a virgin flower
 Must grow alone unpluck'd.

*[Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and
 the rose falls from the tree.]*

99 ——— *thine ear*

——— *into whose port.]* Mr. Theobald reads, *porch*, and
 quotes Hamlet:

' Into the *porches* of my ears did pour
 ' The leprous distilment.'

Mr. Theobald follows several great critics, particularly Dr. Bentley,
 in thinking an author's use of a metaphor at one time is a reason
 why he should repeat the same, when it is again applicable; but per-
 haps the very reverse is true: A good poet will always avoid tautology,
 if he can, and will not repeat his own or any other person's expres-
 sion, if another occurs full as good. Thus *port* in this place being
 full as good a word as *porch*, for the sake of novelty would be most
 probably prefer'd to it.

Seward.

Porch seems the more probable reading, and Theobald's argument
 appears truer than Seward's; but as *port* is sense, and authorized by
 the old books, it should not be removed from the text.

100 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

The flower is fall'n, the tree descends! Oh, mistress,
Thou here dischargest me; I shall be gather'd,
I think so; but I know not thine own will:
Unclasp thy mystery! I hope she's pleas'd;
Her signs were gracious. [*They curt'sey, and exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Doctor, Jailer, and Wooer (in habit of Palamon).

Doctor. Has this advice I told you done any good
upon her?

Wooer. Oh, very much: The maids that kept her
company

Have half persuaded her that I'm Palamon;
Within this half-hour she came smiling to me,
And ask'd me what I'd eat, and when I'd kiss her:
I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.

Doctor. 'Twas well done! twenty times had been
far better;

For there the cure lies mainly.

Wooer. Then she told me
She'd watch with me to-night, for well she knew
What hour my fit would take me.

Doctor. Let her do so;
And when your fit comes, fit her home, and presently!

Wooer. She'd have me sing.

Doctor. You did so?

Wooer. No.

Doctor. 'Twas very ill done then;
You should observe her ev'ry way.

Wooer. Alas,
I have no voice, Sir, to confirm her that way.

Doctor. That's all one, if you make a noise:
If she entreat again, do any thing;
Lie with her, if she ask you.

Jailer. Hoa there, Doctor!

Doctor. Yes, in the way of cure.

Jailer. But first, by your leave,
I'th' way of honesty!

Doctor.

Doctor. That's but a niceness:
Ne'er cast your child away for honesty;
Cure her first this way; then, if she will be honest,
She has the path before her.

Jailor. Thank you, Doctor!

Doctor. Pray bring her in, and let's see how she is.

Jailor. I will, and tell her
Her Palamon stays for her: But, Doctor,
Methinks you are i'th' wrong still. [Exit.

Doctor. Go; go! You fathers are fine fools: Her
honesty?

An we should give her physick till we find that——

Woer. Why, do you think she is not honest, Sir?

Doctor. How old is she?

Woer. She's eighteen.

Doctor. She may be;

But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose:

Whate'er her father says, if you perceive

Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,

Videlicet, the way of flesh—you have me?

Woer. Yes, very well, Sir.

Doctor. Please her appetite,

And do it home; it cures her, *ipso facto*,

The melancholy humour that infects her.

Woer. I am of your mind, Doctor.

Enter Jailor, Daughter, and Maid.

Doctor. You'll find it so. She comes; pray hu-
mour her¹⁰⁰!

Jailor. Come; your love Palamon stays for you,
child;

And has done this long hour, to visit you.

Daugh. I thank him for his gentle patience;
He's a kind gentleman, and I'm much bound to him.
Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me?

Jailor. Yes.

Daugh. How do you like him?

Jailor. He's a very fair one.

¹⁰⁰ *Pray honour her.*] Amended in 1750.

102 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Daugh. You never saw him dance?

Jailor. No.

Daugh. I have often;

He dances very finely, very comely;

And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him!

He turns you like a top.

Jailor. That's fine indeed.

Daugh. He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour.

And that will founder the best hobby-horse

(If I have any skill) in all the parish;

And gallops to the tune¹⁰¹ of Light o' love¹⁰²:

What think you of this horse?

Jailor. Having these virtues,

I think he might be brought to play at tennis.

Daugh. Alas, that's nothing.

Jailor. Can he write and read too?

Daugh. A very fair hand; and casts himself th'
accounts

Of all his hay and provender; that hostler

Must rise betime that cozens him. You know

The chesnut mare the duke has?

Jailor. Very well.

Daugh. She's horribly in love with him, poor beast;

But he is like his master, coy and scornful.

Jailor. What dowry has she?

Daugh. Some two hundred bottles¹⁰³

And twenty strike of oats: But he'll ne'er have her;

He lisps in's neighing, able to entice

A miller's mare; he'll be the death of her.

Doctor. What stuff she utters!

Jailor. Make curt'sy; here your love comes!

Woer. Pretty soul,

How do you? That's a fine maid! there's a curt'sy!

Daugh. Yours to command, i'th' way of honesty.

How far is't now to th' end o'th' world, my masters?

¹⁰¹ Gallops to the tune.] Corrected by Theobald and Seward.

¹⁰² Light o' love] This appears to have been a very popular tune, and is frequently mentioned by our Authors and their contemporaries.

¹⁰³ Bottles;] i. e. Bottles of hay; some spell it pottles. Seward.

Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.

Daugh. Will you go with me?

Woer. What shall we do there, wench.

Daugh. Why, play at stool-ball:

What is there else to do?

Woer. I am content,

If we shall keep our wedding there.

Daugh. 'Tis true;

For there I will assure you we shall find

Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture

To marry us, for here they're nice and foolish;

Besides, my father must be hang'd tomorrow,

And that would be a blot i'th' business.

Are not you Palamon?

Woer. Do not you know me?

Daugh. Yes; but you care not for me: I have nothing

But this poor petticoat, and two coarse smocks.

Woer. That's all one; I will have you.

Daugh. Will you surely?

Woer. Yes; by this fair hand, will I.

Daugh. We'll to-bed then.

Woer. Ev'n when you will.

Daugh. Oh, Sir, you'd fain be nibbling¹⁰⁴.

Woer. Why do you rub my kifs off?

Daugh. 'Tis a sweet one,

And will perfume me finely 'gainst the wedding.

Is not this your cousin Arcite?

Doctor. Yes, sweetheart;

And I am glad my cousin Palamon

Has made so fair a choice.

Daugh. Do you think he'll have me?

Doctor. Yes, without doubt.

Daugh. Do you think so too?

Failor. Yes.

Daugh. We shall have many children.—Lord, how you're grown!

¹⁰⁴ *Daugh.* *Oh, Sir, you'd fain be nibbling.*] Seward says, 'This seems evidently to belong to the Father, who cannot easily consent to the remedy propos'd by the Doctor;' but we think it doubtful.

104 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

My Palamon I hope will grow too finely,
Now he's at liberty: Alas, poor chicken,
He was kept down with hard meat, and ill lodging,
But I will kiss him up again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What do you here?
You'll lose the noblest fight that e'er was seen.

Jailor. Are they i'th' field?

Mess. They are:
You bear a charge there too.

Jailor. I'll away straight.
I must ev'n leave you here.

Doctor. Nay, we'll go with you;
I will not lose the fight.

Jailor. How did you like her?

Doctor. I'll warrant you within these three or four days
I'll make her right again. You must not from her,
But still preserve her in this way.

Woer. I will.

Doctor. Let's get her in.

Woer. Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner;
And then we'll play at cards.

Daugh. And shall we kiss too?

Woer. A hundred times.

Daugh. And twenty?

Woer. Ay, and twenty.

Daugh. And then we'll sleep together?

Doctor. Take her offer.

Woer. Yes, marry will we.

Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.

Woer. I will not, sweet.

Daugh. If you do, love, I'll cry. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous, and attendants.

Emi. I'll no step further.

Per. Will you lose this fight?

Emi.

Emi. I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly,
 Than this decision: Ev'ry blow that falls
 Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
 The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
 A bell, than blade: I will stay here:
 It is enough, my hearing shall be punish'd
 With what shall happen, ('gainst the which there is
 No deafing) but to hear, not taint mine eye
 With dread sights it may shun.

Per. Sir, my good lord,
 Your sister will no further.

Thes. Oh, she must:
 She shall see deeds of honour in their kind¹⁰⁵,
 Which sometime shew well-pencil'd: Nature now
 Shall make and act the story, the belief
 Both seal'd with eye and ear. You must be present;
 You are the victor's meed, the price and garland
 To crown the question's title.

Emi. Pardon me;
 If I were there, I'd wink.

Thes. You must be there;
 This trial is as 'twere i'th' night, and you
 The only star to shine.

Emi. I am extinct;
 There is but envy in that light, which shews
 The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
 The dam of Horror, who does stand accurs'd
 Of many mortal millions, may ev'n now,
 By casting her black mantle over both
 That neither could find other, get herself
 Some part of a good name, and many a murder
 Set off whereto she's guilty.

¹⁰⁵ *She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,*

Which sometime shew well pencil'd.] Deeds of honour are not only sometimes but at all times well pencil'd, i. e. worthy to be engrav'd on the memory, sometime therefore is probably a corrupt reading, and time shall as probably the true one, as it gives the sense requir'd by the context. *Seward.*

The old text is right, and the logical distinction between *sometimes* and *all times* ridiculous. The sense is clear, without any reason to suspect corruption, or demand alteration,

Hip. You must go.

Emi. In faith, I will not.

Thes. Why, the knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye : Know, of this war
You are the treasure, and must needs be by
To give the service pay.

Emi. Sir, pardon me ;
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itself.

Thes. Well, well then, at your pleasure !
Those that remain with you could wish their office
To any of their enemies.

Hip. Farewell, sister !
I'm like to know your husband 'fore yourself,
By some small start of time : He whom the gods
Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot !

[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, &c.*]

Emi. Arcite is gently visag'd ; yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath ; Mercy, and manly courage,
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect ; his brow
Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on ;
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts ; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object ; melancholy
Becomes him nobly ; so does Arcite's mirth ;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if Mirth did make him sad,
And Sadness, merry ; those darker humours that
Stick misbecomingly on others¹⁰⁶, on him
Live in fair dwelling.

[*Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a charge.*]

¹⁰⁶ ——— those darker humours that

Stick misbecomingly on others, on them

Live in fair dwelling.] Arcite does not appear to have any of
the melancholy or darker humours ; these therefore seem only appli-
cable to Palamon, and make it probable that we should read *on him*,
instead of *on them*.

Seward.

Hark,

Hark, how yon spurs¹⁰⁷ to spirit do incite
 The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me;
 And yet may Palamon wound Arcite, to
 The spoiling of his figure. Oh, what pity
 Enough for such a chance! If I were by,
 I might do hurt; for they would glance their eyes
 Toward my seat, and in that motion might
 Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence¹⁰⁸,
 Which crav'd that very time; it is much better
 [*Cornets. Cry within, A Palamon!*
 I am not there; oh, better never born
 Than minister to such harm!—What is the chance?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The cry's a Palamon.

¹⁰⁷ *Hark, how yon spurs.*] We have not, for several plays past, amused our Readers with an account of the amendments which the Editors of 1750 pretend to have made, in order to enhance the idea of their own ingenuity: We have not, however, discontinued that information for want of matter (there has all along been abundance!) but for fear of its becoming troublesome. After so long a recess, it may not be disagreeable to resume the character of Detectors, and reveal the Falshoods told of the play now before us.

In the passage quoted at the head of this note, they pretend to have altered *your* to *yon*; p. 46, l. 12, *seat* to *feet*; p. 49, l. 28, A jewel to O jewel; p. 53, l. 7, *on't* to *out*, though Davenant, as well as our old quarto, reads *out*; p. 78, l. last, *and* innocent to *an* innocent; p. 95, l. 4, *when* to *with*; p. 96, l. 19, *state* to *stale*; p. 97, l. 24, *sphere* to *pheer*; and p. 103, l. last, to have added the word *grown*.—Every one of these passages stands right in the first quarto, which their own notes prove they were possessed of.

¹⁰⁸ *Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence.*] Mr. Sympson would read *defence*, but *ward* and *defence* is the same thing. *Offence* is the reverse to *ward*, as weapons of offence and defence. To forfeit an offence therefore, is to miss the opportunity of striking some advantageous blow, that might give the victory. The weapon used in the legal duello in England was only a baton or truncheon, and this was design'd by the Authors to be understood of the present combat. It is extremely beautiful to have this duel perform'd behind the scenes, yet within hearing. All battles on the stage make, as Shakespeare says, but *bravols ridiculous*. Here is a method of concealing all the awkwardness of such combats, and keeping the attention of the audience upon the full stretch. It was an art well known to the Greek tragedians, as in the famous instance of Clytemnestra's murder, who is heard to deprecate her son's vengeance behind the scenes, and Electra upon the stage continues to irritate it.

Seward.

Emi.

Emi. Then he has won. 'Twas ever likely :
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the prim'st of men. I prithee run,
And tell me how it goes.

[*Shout, and cornets ; cry, A Palamon !*

Serv. Still Palamon.

Emi. Run and enquire. Poor servant, thou hast lost !
Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left : Why so, I know not ;
I had no end in't ¹⁰⁸ ; Chance would have it so.

[*Another cry and shout within, and cornets.*

On the sinister side the heart lies ; Palamon
Had the best-boding chance. 'This burst of clamour
Is sure the end o' th' combat.

Enter Servant.

Serv. They said that Palamon had Arcite's body
Within an inch o' th' pyramid, that the cry
Was general a Palamon ; but anon,
Th' assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold tilers at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emi. Were they metamorphos'd
Both into one—Oh, why ? there were no woman
Worth so compos'd a man ! Their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them ¹⁰⁹, gives
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness,

[*Cornets. Cry within, Arcite, Arcite !*
To any lady breathing.—More exulting ?
Palamon still ?

Serv. Nay, now the sound is Arcite.

Emi. I prithee lay attention to the cry ;

[*Cornets. A great shout, and cry, Arcite, victory !*

¹⁰⁸ *I had no end in't ; else chance would have it so.* Former editions: Mr. Symphon would read *less, i. e. unless*: And that too was my first conjecture. But more probably the particle *else* may be a mere interpolation, for the sense and measure are better without it.

Seward.

¹⁰⁹ *Their nobleness, &c.* This line is now first restored from the old quarto. The consequent deficiency of sense greatly distresses Seward.

Set both thine ears to th' business.

Serv. The cry is
Arcite, and victory! Hark! Arcite, victory!
The combat's consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind-instruments.

Emi. Half-fights saw
That Arcite was no babe: God's 'lid, his richness
And costliness of spirit look'd thro' him! it could
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters,
That drift winds force to raging. I did think
Good Palamon would miscarry; yet I knew not
Why I did think so: Our reasons are not prophets,
When oft our fancies are. They're coming off:
Alas, poor Palamon! [Corns.

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, Arcite as victor,
attendants, &c.*

Thes. Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking, and unsettled. Fairest Emilia,
The gods, by their divine arbitrament,
Have given you this knight: He is a good one
As ever struck at head. Give me your hands!
Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
A love that grows as you decay!

Arc. Emilia,
To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.

Thes. Oh, lov'd sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed: Surely the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should shew i' th' world too godlike! His behaviour
So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was
To him a fow of lead: If I could praise
Each part of him to th' all I've spoke, your Arcite
Did not lose by't; for he that was thus good,
Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard

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Two emulous Philomels ¹¹⁰ beat the ear o'th' night
 With their contentious throats, now one the higher,
 Anon the other, then again the first,
 And by and by out-breasted ¹¹¹, that the sense
 Could not be judge between 'em : So it far'd
 Good space between these Kinsmen ; 'till Heav'ns did
 Make hardly one the winner. Wear the garland
 With joy that you have won ! For the subdu'd,
 Give them our present justice, since I know
 Their lives but pinch 'em ; let it here be done.
 The scene's not for our seeing : Go we hence,
 Right joyful, with some sorrow ! Arm your prize ¹¹²,
 I know you will not lose her. Hippolita,
 I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
 The which it will deliver.

[*Flourish.*]

Emi. Is this winning ?

Oh, all you heav'nly powers, where is your mercy ?
 But that your wills have said it must be so,
 And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
 This miserable prince, that cuts away
 A life more worthy from him than all women,
 I should, and would die too.

Hip. Infinite pity,
 That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one,
 That two must needs be blind for't !

Thef. So it is.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹¹⁰ *Two emulous Philomels.*] I cannot pass by this simile without begging the reader to give a due attention to it, as it may rank with the most beautiful descriptions of the nightingale that are met with in Virgil and Milton. It is also totally different from all the attitudes of this angel of night that those poets, who were so enamour'd of her song, have ever painted her in. It may be further observ'd that those similes strike the most, which, in their own natures, seem totally averse to their archetype, but are join'd to it in perfect union by the art of the poet. What, at first sight, could be more unlike than the fury of a combat to the singing of nightingales ? Yet how charmingly are they marry'd together ? They who are conversant in Homer, Virgil, Spencer, Milton, &c. will be able to recollect many instances of the like nature.

Seward.

¹¹¹ *Out-breasted.*] See not 28 on the Pilgrim.

¹¹² *Arm your prize ;*] i. e. Take the lady, whom you have won, by the hand.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Enter Palamon and his Knights pinion'd, Jailor, Executioner, and Guard.

Pal. There's many a man alive that hath out-liv'd
The love o'th' people; yea, i'th' self-same state
Stands many a father with his child: Some comfort
We have by so considering; we expire,
And not without mens' pity; to live still,
Have their good wishes; we prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For grey approachers; we come tow'rds the gods
Young, and unwarp'd¹¹³, not halting under crimes
Many and stale; that sure shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em,
For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen,
Whose lives (for this poor comfort) are laid down,
You've sold 'em too, too cheap.

I Knight. What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary
As to us death is certain; a grain of honour

¹¹³ *Young and unwapper'd.*] *i. e.* says Mr. Symphon, young and unfrighten'd. He quotes no authority, nor can I find one in my Dictionaries. Mr. Theobald concurs with me in reading *unwarp'd*, which, supposing the former word to be true English and to give the idea mentioned, rather better agrees with the sense, and much better with the measure of the context. Thus Valerio, in *A Wife for a Month*, says in the like circumstances,

To die a young man is to be an angel;

Our yet good parts put wings unto our souls.

And again,

As it [age] encreases, so vexations,

Griefs of the mind, pains of the feeble body,

Rheums, coughs, catarrs; we're but our living coffins.

Besides, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous,

And we are earth again.—— See the whole scene, act ii.

P. S. I find in the Glossary to Urry's Chaucer, *wapid* and *awhapid*, daunted, astonished. This is probably the same word that Mr. Symphon may have somewhere found spelt *wapper'd*. Seward.

They

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They not o'er-weigh us.

2 Knight. Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tott'ring Fortune,
Who at her certain't reels!

3 Knight. Come; who begins?

Pal. Ev'n he that led you to this banquet, shall
Taste to you all. Ah-ha, my friend, my friend!
Your gentle Daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll see't done now for ever. Pray how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.

Faior. Sir, she's well restor'd,
And to be married shortly.

Pal. By my short life,
I am most glad on't! 'tis the latest thing
I shall be glad of; prithee tell her so:
Commend me to her, and to piece her portion
Tender her this.

1 Knight. Nay, let's be offerers all!

2 Knight. Is it a maid?

Pal. Verily, I think so;
A right good creature, more to me deserving
Than I can quit or speak of!

All Knights. Commend us to her. [*Give their purses.*]

Faior. The gods requite you all,
And make her thankful!

Pal. Adieu! and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking. [*Lies on the block.*]

1 Knight. Lead, courageous cousin!

2 Knight. We'll follow cheerfully.

[*A great noise within, crying, Run, save, hold!*]

Enter in haste a Messenger.

Mess. Hold, hold! oh, hold, hold, hold!

Enter Perithous in haste.

Per. Hold, hoa! it is a cursed haste you made,
If you have done so quickly.—Noble Palamon,
The gods will shew their glory in a life

That

That thou art yet to lead.

Pal. Can that be, when

Venus I've said is false? How do things fare?

Per. Arise, great Sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most dearly sweet and bitter ¹¹⁴!

Pal. What

Hath wak'd us from our dream?

Per. Lift then! Your cousin,
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did first bestow on him, a black one, owing
Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note; which superstition
Here finds allowance: On this horse is Arcite,
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins ¹¹⁵
Did rather tell than trample; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his rider
To put pride in him: As he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to th' music
His own hoofs made (for, as they say, from iron
Came music's origin) what envious flint,

¹¹⁴ *That are most early sweet and bitter.*] Mr. Sympfon and I agree in rejecting *early* as a corruption, but he reads *rarely sweet*, and I *dearly*. The adverb *dearly* in the sense of *exceedingly* or *extremely*, seems particularly beautiful when expressive of any of the tender passions, whether of joy or sorrow, and after I had inserted it in my notes, I found in the last speech of this Play a confirmation of it:

— for whom —
*But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
As glad of Arcite: —*

The repeated use of the same adverb, in the same sense, is not an instance of that tautology spoke of in the last note of the first scene of this Play, for a metaphor repeated differs much from simple words. Words, when they occur twice, must generally have the same ideas fixed to them; but metaphors always containing double ideas, with a similitude between them, or, as has been frequently observ'd, being short similes, they should be as seldom repeated as possible; as the same simile should not be used twice.

Seward.

Dearly is, we think, right: But poor Seward is a little gruelled with his own doctrine of tautology.

¹¹⁵ *Calkins;*] i. e. *Hoofs*, we suppose, from the Latin *calx*. — There are some hard and odd passages, mixed with much poetical expression, in this description.

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Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd
 With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
 Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,
 I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire,
 Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder
 His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
 Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
 And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
 At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
 Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
 Of boisterous and rough jadry, to dis-seat
 His lord that kept it bravely: When nought serv'd,
 When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor
 diff'ring plunges
 Dis-root his rider whence he grew, but that
 He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs on
 end he stands,
 That Arcite's legs being higher than his head,
 Seem'd with strange art to hang: His victor's wreath
 Even then fell off his head; and presently
 Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poize
 Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living,
 But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for
 The surge that next approaches: He much desires
 To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears!

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite in a chair.

Pal. Oh, miserable end of our alliance!
 The gods are mighty!—Arcite, if thy heart,
 Thy worthy manly heart, be yet unbroken,
 Give me thy last words! I am Palamon,
 One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take Emilia,
 And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand;
 Farewell! I've told my last hour. I was false ¹¹⁶,

¹¹⁶ *I was false.*] I believe the reader will not be easily convinc'd, that Arcite had been false. But our Authors seem to have been so possess'd of the story from Chaucer, that they even forgot that they had inserted an essential part of it, the oath between the Two Kin-

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Yet never treacherous : Forgive me, cousin !

One kiss from fair Emilia ! 'Tis done :

Take her. I die !

[Dies.]

Pal. Thy brave soul seek Elysium !

Emi. I'll close thine eyes, prince ; blessed souls
be with thee !

Thou art a right good man ; and while I live
This day I give to tears.

Pal. And I to honour.

Thes. In this place first you fought ; even very here
I sunder'd you : Acknowledge to the gods
Our thanks that you are living.

His part is play'd, and, tho' it were too short,
He did it well : Your day is lengthen'd, and
The blisful dew of Heaven does arrose you¹¹⁷ ;
The powerful Venus well hath grac'd her altar,
And given you your love ; our master Mars
Has vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention : So the deities
Have shew'd due justice. Bear this hence !

Pal. Oh, cousin,

That we should things desire, which do cost us
The loss of our desire ! that nought could buy
Dear love, but loss of dear love !

Thes. Never Fortune

Did play a subtler game : The conquer'd triumphs,
The victor has the loss ; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,

men never to rival, but always to assist each other in love. This, as
was before observ'd, would justify Palamon's anger and render him
the more amiable character.

Seward.

The characters of Palamon and Arcite are finely discriminated.
Palamon is certainly the aggrieved party ; yet there is a gallantry in
Arcite that redeems his falshood ; and a passion in Palamon that
renders him still more amiable and interetting from the very infirmity
of his temper.—Either Seward, or his Printer, have made a mistake
here ; for our Authors *have NOT inserted* the oath.

¹¹⁷ *Arowwe* you ;] i. e. *Water*, *sprinkle* ; bedew from the French,
arroser.

Seward.

It should then be spelt *arrofe* : *Arouse* is an English word of very
different import.

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Your Kinsman hath confess'd the right o' th' lady
 Did lie in you ; for you first saw her, and
 Even then proclaim'd your fancy ; he restor'd her,
 As your stol'n jewel, and desir'd your spirit
 To send him hence forgiven : The gods my justice
 Take from my hand, and they themselves become
 The executioners. Lead your lady off ;
 And call your lovers ¹¹⁸ from the stage of death,
 Whom I adopt my friends ! A day or two
 Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
 The funeral of Arcite ! in whose end
 The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
 And smile with Palamon ; for whom an hour,
 But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
 As glad of Arcite ; and am now as glad,
 As for him sorry. Oh, you heav'nly charmers ¹¹⁹,
 What things you make of us ! For what we lack
 We laugh, for what we have are sorry still ;
 Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
 For that which is, and with You leave dispute
 That are above our question ! Let's go off,
 And bear us like the time ! *[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

¹¹⁸ *Your LOVERS ;*] *i. e.* The knights who assisted you.

¹¹⁹ *Heav'nly charmers.*] *i. e.* Enchanters, ruling us at their will,
 whose operations are beyond our power to conceive, till we see the
 effects of them. *Seward.*

So in Othello, act iii. scene iv.

‘ ——— That handkerchief

‘ Did an Egyptian to my mother give :

‘ She was a charmer, and could almost read

‘ The thoughts of people.’

R.

E P I L O G U E.

I WOULD now ask ye how ye like the play;
 But, as it is with schoolboys cannot say,
 I'm cruel fearful! Pray yet stay a while,
 And let me look upon ye! No man smile?
 Then it goes hard, I see: He that has
 Lov'd a young handsome wench then, shew his face!
 'Tis strange if none be here; and if he will
 Against his conscience, let him hiss, and kill
 Our market! 'Tis in vain, I see, to stay ye;
 Have at the worst can come, then! Now what say ye?
 And yet mistake me not: I am not bold,
 We've no such cause. If the Tale we have told
 (For 'tis no other) any way content ye,
 (For to that honest purpose it was meant ye)
 We have our end; and ye shall have ere long
 I dare say many a better, to prolong
 Your old loves to us: We, and all our might,
 Rest at your service. Gentlemen, good night!
[Flourish.]

THIS whole Play, Mr. Seward observes, 'abounds with such
 • sublimity of sentiment and diction, that were the beauties to be
 • mark'd with asterisks, after Mr. Pope and Mr. Warburton's man-
 • ner, scarce a page would be left uncover'd with them.'

The capital defect in the Piece is hinted at in these words of the
 Epilogue,

——— *If the TALE we have told*
 (For 'tis NO OTHER) ——

It is indeed rather a *Tale* than a *Drama*, particularly towards the
 conclusion, which has perhaps so long prevented its representation on
 the stage; where some scenes of it would produce a great effect, tho'
 there are in this Dramatick Tale many excellent passages, more cal-
 culated to please the reader than spectator. The mixture of Gothick
 with antient manners was the common vice of the writers of the age
 in which it was wrote. It is, however, a most noble Play, re-
 plete with animated discourse, and sublime touches of poetry.

THE Two Noble Kinsmen, on the authority of the title-page to the first edition, has been looked on as the production of Shakespeare and Fletcher; but not being able to find any satisfactory proof (nor indeed presumptive, except that it contains many passages not unworthy of him) that the former was joint Author of it, we acknowledge we doubt the tradition of his being at all concerned in the piece. Little stress can be laid on the title-page in question (the only shadow of authority), which bears evident marks of the craft of a publisher, and was not printed till nine years after the death of Fletcher, and sixteen after Shakespeare's. Seward, however takes it for granted to be the production of the Poets to whom it has been attributed; of which he does not mention a doubt, but says,

I. 'It will be an entertainment to the curious to distinguish the hand of Shakespeare from that of Fletcher. The only external evidence that I ever heard of, is a tradition of the playhouse, that the first act only was wrote by Shakespeare, and this Mr. Warburton says in his Preface to that Author. If it is true it does great honour to Fletcher, for though there are many excellent things in that act, it is in every respect much inferior to the four others. Had it fallen within Mr. Warburton's province to have examin'd the internal evidence, I know no man so capable of striking light out of obscurity. I shall lay before the Reader the reasons which make me doubt the authenticity of this tradition, and shall endeavour to prove that either Shakespeare had a very great hand in all the acts of this play, particularly in the whole charming character of the Jailor's Daughter, or else that Fletcher more closely imitated him in this than in any other part of his works.'

II. The prison scene between Palamon and Arcite 'is, says Seward, 'more worthy of Shakespeare than any long one in the first act. It is in Shakespeare's SECOND-BEST manner, or in Fletcher's BEST, and these are not easily distinguishable. If the Reader will consult the first scene of the two brothers with their supposed father coming out of the cave in Cymbeline, and the description of the Spartan hounds by Theseus in Midsummer-Night's Dream, he will find a great similitude of sentiment, stile and spirit: Add

to these the following lines in Richard II. Mowbray being banish'd thus complains of his want of foreign languages ;
 " Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
 " Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips,
 " And dull unfeeling barren Ignorance
 " Must be the jailor to attend on me."

All but the second of these are noble lines, though so great a man as Mr. Pope discarded them from the text. The end of Arcite's former speech (which Milton very closely follows, bewailing his blindness, in his Hymn to Light) and the lines referr'd to in the emendation above, have the sublimity of these lines of Mowbray without the quaintness of thought that disgraces one of them, notwithstanding its similitude to the *σπῆρος ὀδοντῶν* of Homer. These reasons may induce one to place this scene to Shakespeare. Here, however, arise DOUBTS: ' On the other hand, the simile of a wild boar in chase to the Parthian archer (who by a bold poetic liberty is called the Parthian quiver), the bristles and darts sticking on his back to the arrows on the archer's shoulder, and the frequent and furious turnings of the boar to the Parthian's turning to shoot as he flies. This noble simile is a favourite of Fletcher's, and he uses it in another play that seems to have been wrote before this. And I believe it no where occurs in Shakespeare. As to the anachronism of making Parthian archers talk'd of in Theseus's time, it is an impropriety that both Shakespeare and Fletcher are equally guilty of.'

III. Speaking of the Jailor's Daughter, ' The Aurora of Guido has not more strokes of the same hand which drew his Bacchus and Ariadne, than the sweet description of this pretty maiden's love-distracted has to the like distraction of Ophelia in Hamlet: That of Ophelia ending in her death, is like the Ariadne more moving, but the images here, like those in Aurora, are more numerous, and equally exquisite in grace and beauty. May we not then pronounce, that either this is Shakespeare's, or that Fletcher has here equal'd him in his very BEST manner?'

IV. In p. 115, the Reader will find Mr. Seward propose a mode of justification for Palamon's anger; after which he adds, ' This seems the whole that is wanting (which might be added in three lines) to render this play equal to Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Twelfth-Night, As You Like it, and all the plays of the SECOND CLASS of Shakespeare; and to The Maid's Tragedy, The False One, The

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‘ Bloody Brother, A King and No King, Philaster, The
 ‘ Double Marriage, and the rest of the FIRST-RATE plays of
 ‘ Beaumont and Fletcher.’

V. The description of female friendship, p. 21, & *seq.*
 he says, ‘ was probably Shakespeare’s, and in his SECOND, if
 ‘ not in his very BEST manner, which will evidently appear
 ‘ by its preference, which it may justly claim to the like de-
 ‘ scription in *Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, act iii. scene viii.

“ We, Hermia, like two artificial gods
 “ Created with our needles both one flower,
 “ Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
 “ Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 “ As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds
 “ Had been incorporate; so we grew together,
 “ Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 “ But yet an union in partition,
 “ Two lovely berries molded on one stem;
 “ Or with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
 “ Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 “ Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.”

VI. Relative to the madness of the Jailor’s Daughter,
 ‘ There are, says Seward, such characterising strokes, and
 ‘ such strong features of both Ophelia and Lear in their
 ‘ phrensies, that one cannot but believe that the same
 ‘ pencil drew them all.’

VII. We will now mention a DOUBT or two more. ‘ If the
 ‘ Reader will please to consult the soliloquy of Richard II.
 ‘ in prison, he will find several strokes much resembling
 ‘ some in this scene, [the prison scene between Palamon and
 ‘ Arcite] ‘ and whilst he compares them may be apt to ascribe
 ‘ them both to the same hand; but the following lines out
 ‘ of Fletcher’s *Lovers’ Progress* may again stagger our opi-
 ‘ nion and make us as apt to ascribe the whole scene to Flet-
 ‘ cher. Lidian, a young lover in a fit of despair, turns
 ‘ hermit, and thus describes the happiness of solitude;

“ ———— These wild fields are my gardens;
 “ The crystal rivers they afford their waters,
 “ And grudge not their sweet streams to quench afflic-
 tions,
 “ The hollow rocks their beds, which tho’ they’re hard
 “ (The emblems of a doting lover’s fortune)
 “ Yet they are quiet, and the weary slumbers
 “ The eyes catch there, softer than beds of down;
 “ The birds my bell to call me to devotions;
 “ My book the story of my wand’ring life,

“ In

“ In which I find more hours due to Repentance

“ Than Time hath told me yet.”

“ See the whole dialogue, act iv. scene iii.”

VIII. Again, ‘ What was said of the difficulty of judging whether Shakespeare or Fletcher had the greatest hand in the scene of the Two Kinsmen in prison, is applicable to this, [the temple scene] and indeed to all the scenes in which they appear. Fletcher frequently writes as well, and Shakespeare perhaps alone of all our dramattick poets can be said ever to have wrote better.’

IX. Again, ‘ This Schoolmaster and his fellow-comedians seem very like the farcical clowns in *Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, and other plays of Shakespeare; yet it seems probable that Fletcher had the greatest share of this, as the quotation from Tully’s Oration against Catiline, and all the Latinisms of the Schoolmaster seem wrote by one who was more ready in Latin quotations than Shakespeare; who, notwithstanding all the pains which learned men have taken to prove the contrary, seems to have had no more Latin than falls to the share of a very young school-boy, the Grammar and a little of Ovid. At the same time, I allow him an excellent scholar in English, French, and Italian, which comprehend a vast extent of literature.’

X. Shakespeare’s supposed want of erudition, Mr. Seward considers as an argument for some other particular parts being attributed to Fletcher: Thus, after observing that the method of concealing combats was an art well known to the Greek tragedians, he says, ‘ I don’t remember either in Shakespeare or Fletcher any instance of this kind before this combat. As Fletcher was a scholar, and Shakespeare not one in Greek, the former was probably the Author here.’

XI. Again, speaking of Theseus’s address to the First Queen, wherein he mentions Juno’s mantle, Seward says, ‘ As there is more display of learning in this speech than is usually seen in Shakespeare’s, may we not probably suppose this scene to have been Fletcher’s, contrary to the receiv’d opinion.’

XII. The modesty of the expression, ‘ Weak as we are,’ in the Prologue, makes Seward think it ‘ probable, that the play was acted before the death of Shakespeare, and that it was wrote in conjunction as much as those which Beaumont joined in.’ And the modesty of promising, in the Epilogue, ‘ many a better play,’ says he, ‘ strengthens the probability of the two great Authors having nearly an equal share of the play. Had Fletcher finished a work of Shakespeare’s, he would probably have spoke in a different stile.’

I. Seward

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I. Seward is rather unfortunate in his beginning; for Warburton does not even mention *The Two Noble Kinsmen* in the Preface.—Pope speaks of it in his Preface, in the following manner: ‘———if that Play be his, as there goes a tradition it was, (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our Author than some of those which have been received as genuine):’ An assertion which that great man would not have made had he ever read Fletcher with attention.—Mr. Steevens ranks this Play in the same list with *Lochrine*, *London Prodigal*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, and the other plays ascribed to Shakespeare by Catalogues and Editions whose authority has not been sufficient to gain the several pieces there mentioned a place among the Dramas at present received as Shakespeare’s; and except the posthumous title-page of 1634, there is indeed no kind of authority.

II. III. IV. Seward is very fond of the idea of Fletcher’s BEST manner resembling Shakespeare’s SECOND-BEST; but we cannot help thinking it childish to account the poetry of those scenes which he cites, Shakespeare’s SECOND-BEST. Whether they were his work or Fletcher’s, they are most excellent; and might have been produced by either, or by Beaumont. That Shakespeare is, taken altogether, superior to our Authors, is certain; but there often occur passages in their plays far beyond the promise of the subject, and equal to the pen of any writer antient or modern; as may be evinced by numberless passages in *Philaster*, the *Maid’s Tragedy*, *King and No King*, *Bonduca*, *Wife for a Month*, *Cupid’s Revenge*, &c. &c. &c. notwithstanding what is above quoted from the Preface of that great man, Mr. Pope.

V. In our opinion, there is more ease, spirit, and nature, in the description in the *Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, than in that of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*. However, if it be otherwise, Fletcher has confessedly so much poetical merit, that to attribute his most exquisite beauties to Shakespeare, is doing him an injury. And in this injury we are sorry to find Dr. Farmer has taken part, who, speaking of Emilia’s fine comparison of a maid to a rose, which he highly praises, says, ‘I have no doubt those lines were written by Shakespeare.’ And because the speech of Theseus, p. 25, is particularly beautiful, Seward thinks that it ‘looks extremely like the hand of Shakespeare.’

VI. Though there is much poetical fancy in the phrensy of the *Jailer’s Daughter*, we cannot with Mr. Seward think it

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it equal to the *natural* madness painted by Shakespeare. Like the assumed distraction of Hamlet and Edgar,

‘ Tho’ this be madness, yet there’s method in’t ;’

more *apparent* method than in the drawing of Ophelia and Lear.

VII. VIII. IX. Nothing need be said of the DOUBTS.

X. XI. What is here said, tending to invalidate Shakespeare’s claim, is apart from the argument ; but we may, however, just remark, that there are many speeches in Shakespeare as much abounding with learned allusions as any part of Theseus’s address.

XII. That the Play was ‘ wrote in conjunction,’ we will readily suppose ; but no kind of information can be derived from either Prologue or Epilogue *who* the associate was.

We have now gone through all that Mr. Seward has said on this subject ; wherein we cannot find one plausible argument for ascribing to Shakespeare any part of the Two Noble Kinsmen ; which certainly abounds with the peculiar beauties and defects that distinguish the rest of this Collection, and should, in our opinion, (if a joint work) be attributed to the same Authors. There are too, many particular passages and expressions in this Play, which bear a striking similarity to others wrote between them : Of this sort are TRACE, *and turn, boys !* p. 60 : On the same mob-occasion, the same expression occurs in Philaster. In that play too, the Prince talks of discoursing from *a pyramid, to all the under-world* : So here, p. 84, Emilia says, in one of the most beautiful passages of the Play,

‘ ——— Fame and Honour,

‘ Methinks, from hence, as from *a promontory*

‘ Pointed in Heav’n, should clap their wings, and sing

‘ *To all the under-world*———.’

And various others might be quoted. Writers often unknowingly copy themselves, as well as other Authors ; and tho’ it might here be answer’d, that Fletcher is allowed to have wrote in both, and the similar passages may be his ; yet Beaumont (who had a great share in Philaster) is *as likely* to have produced them *in both* as his Associate. And (what is rather remarkable) it will appear to any attentive Reader, that the chief similarities are to pieces in which Beaumont is universally allowed to have been connected, not where his assistance is doubted.—Had Shakespeare been considered as one of the joint Authors, is it not natural to suppose, that a play of so much excellence would have found a place in the Collection of his Dramas published by Hemings and Condell ?

but

124 THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

but they have neither admitted the piece, nor taken the least notice of Shakespeare's being at all concerned in it. We must not, indeed, rest too much upon this, as it is certain they omitted *Troilus and Cressida*, a play, however, of much less eminence: On the whole, we think that there ought to be more authority than an uncertain tradition, to take the credit of this Play from Beaumont and Fletcher, the joint Authors of so many other excellent dramas, written very much in the style and spirit of the Play before us. Place Shakespeare's name before several other of these Dramas, how many critics, like Seward, would labour to ascertain the particular passages that came from his hand!



THIERRY AND THEODORET.



*Strike, Sir, Strike!
And if in my poor death fair France may merit,
Give me a thousand blows! be killing me
A thousand days!*

Act IV.

H. Hooker del.

J. Collyer sculp.

Published as the Act directed by T. Sherlock, Bow Street, April 11, 1778.

THE
T R A G E D Y
OF

THIERRY AND THEODORET.

The first edition of this Play was printed in quarto, 1621, without the name of either Author. The edition of 1648, ascribes it to Fletcher; and that of 1649, to both writers. Dr. Hyde, in the Bodleian Catalogue, assigns it to Ben Jonson, without any authority whatever. It was formerly performed frequently, but of late years has been entirely laid aside.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Thierry, }
Theodoret, } *brothers, kings of France and Austrasia.*

Martell, *a soldier, friend to Theodoret.*

Protaldye, *gallant to Brunhalt.*

Bawdber, }
Lecure, } *two pandars.*

De Vitry, *a disbanded officer.*

Revellers.

Courtiers.

Huntsmen.

W O M E N.

Brunhalt, *mother to Thierry and Theodoret.*

Ordella, *the king of Arragon's daughter, married to
Thierry.*

Memberge, *Theodoret's daughter.*

Ladies.

SCENE, FRANCE.

T H E

T R A G E D Y

O F

THIERRY AND THEODORET.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Theodoret, Brunbalt, and Bawdber.

Brunbalt. **T**AX me with these hot taintures¹?

Theod. You're too sudden;

I do but gently tell you what be-
comes you,

And what may bend your honour! how these courses,
Of loose and lazy pleasures, not suspected,
But done and known; your mind that grants no limit,
And all your actions follow, which loose people,
That see but thro' a mist of circumstance,
Dare term ambitious; all your ways hide fores

¹ *Tax me with these hot tainters?*] Theobald would read, *hot* TAINTS. The oldest quarto exhibits *tainturs*; we therefore prefer *taintures*; and though we do not remember meeting with the word, it is more expressive of the sense of *tajnts* (here required) than *tainters*.

Opening

Opening in the end to nothing but ulcers².
 Your instruments like these may call the world,
 And with a fearful clamor, to examine
 Why, and to what we govern. From example,
 If not for Virtue's sake, you may be honest:
 There have been great ones, good ones, and 'tis
 necessary,
 Because you are yourself, and by yourself,
 A self-piece from the touch of power and justice,
 You should command yourself. You may imagine
 (Which cozens all the world, but chiefly women)
 The name of greatness glorifies your actions;
 And strong power, like a pent-house, promises
 To shade you from opinion: Take heed, mother!
 And let us all take heed! these most abuse us:
 The sins we do people behold thro' optics,
 Which shew them ten times more than common vices,
 And often multiply them: Then what justice
 Dare we inflict upon the weak offenders,
 When we are thieves ourselves?

Brun. This is Martell,
 Studied and penn'd unto you; whose base person,
 I charge you by the love you owe a mother,
 And as you hope for blessings from her prayers,
 Neither to give belief to, nor allowance!
 Next, I tell you, Sir, you from whom obedience
 Is so far fled that you dare tax a mother,
 Nay, further, brand her honour with your slanders,
 And break into the treasures of her credit,

² *Opening in the end to nothing but ulcers.*] The ancient English poets were certainly not sufficiently cautious of properly accenting their verses, insomuch that it may be doubted whether they thought the rule of accenting the even syllables (*viz.* the second, fourth, sixth, eighth and tenth) a necessary part of our measure. This line has the accent upon all the odd syllables, and, tho' the thought is poetry, it is not verse at all. Our Authors indeed in general have such good ears, and this is so easily made right measure, that it may probably be a corruption, and the original have run

To nothing opening in the end but ulcers.

See the rule above more fully explain'd, with the exception it admits, in a note in the first scene of Wit Without Money. *Seward.*

Your easiness is abused, your faith freighted
 With lies, malicious lies; your merchant Mischief;
 He that ne'er knew more trade than tales, and tumbling
 Suspicions into honest hearts: What you or he,
 Or all the world dare lay upon my worth,
 This for your poor opinions! I am she,
 And so will bear myself, whose truth and whiteness
 Shall ever stand as far from these detections
 As you from duty. Get you better servants,
 People of honest actions, without ends,
 And whip these knaves away! they eat your favours,
 And turn 'em unto poisons. My known credit,
 Whom all the courts o' this side Nile have envied,
 And happy she could cite me³, brought in question,
 Now in my hours of age and reverence,
 When rather superstition should be render'd?
 And by a rush that one day's warmth
 Hath shot up to this swelling? Give me justice,
 Which is his life!

Theod. This is an impudence;
 And he must tell you, that 'till now, mother,
 Brought you a son's obedience, and now breaks it
 Above the sufferance of a son.

Baw. Bless us!
 For I do now begin to feel myself
 Tucking into a halter⁴, and the ladder
 Turning from me, one pulling at my legs too.

Theod. These truths are no man's tales, but all
 mens' troubles;
 They are, tho' your strange greatness would out-stare
 'em:
 Witness the daily libels, almost ballads,

³ *And happy she could cite me.*] Corrected in 1750.

⁴ ———— *feel myself*

Turning into a halter, and the ladder

Turning from me.] Turning into a halter, is no very natural
 expression. The common word of being tuck'd in a halter seems
 probably the true reading. *Seward.*

130 THE TRAGEDY OF

In every place almost, in every province^s,
Are made upon your lust; tavern discourses;
Crowds cram'd with whispers; nay, the holy temples
Are not without your curses. Now you would blush;
But your black tainted blood dare not appear,
For fear I should fright that too.

Brun. Oh, ye gods!

Theod. Do not abuse their names! they see your
actions:

And your conceal'd sins, tho' you work like moles,
Lie level to their justice.

Brun. Art thou a son?

Theod. The more my shame is of so bad a mother,
And more your wretchedness you let me be so.
But, woman, (for a mother's name hath left me,
Since you have left your honour) mend these ruins,
And build again that broken fame; and fairly,
(Your most intemperate fires have burnt) and quickly,
Within these ten days, take a monastery,
A most strict house; a house where none may whisper,
Where no more light is known but what may make
you

Believe there is a day; where no hope dwells,
Nor comfort but in tears——

Brun. Oh, misery!

Theod. And there to cold repentance, and starv'd
penance,

Tie your succeeding days: Or curse me, Heaven,
If all your gilded knaves, brokers, and bedders,
Even he you built from nothing, strong Protaldye,
Be not made ambling geldings! all your maids,
If that name do not shame 'em, fed with sponges

^s *In every place, almost in every province*] Every place being much more minutely particular than every province, the almost seems improperly plac'd here. It is not very material but rather more correct to read,

In every place almost of every province,
i. e. In every corner of every province of our kingdom. Seward.

We apprehend the error to be merely in the punctuation, and the Poet to have meant, 'in almost every place, in every province at least.'

To suck away their rankness ! and yourself
Only to empty pictures and dead arras
Offer your old desires !

Brun. I will not curse you,
Nor lay a prophecy upon your pride,
Tho' Heav'n might grant me both ; unthankful, no !
I nourish'd you ; 'twas I, poor I, groan'd for you ;
'Twas I felt what you suffer'd ; I lamented
When sickness or sad hours held back your sweetness ;
'Twas I pay'd for your sleeps⁶ ; I watch'd your wakings ;
My daily cares and fears that rid, play'd, walk'd,
Discours'd, discover'd, fed and fashion'd you
To what you are ; and am I thus rewarded ?

Theod. But that I know these tears, I could dotc
on 'em,
And kneel to catch 'em as they fall, then knit 'em
Into an armlet, ever to be honour'd :
But, woman, they are dangerous drops, deceitful,
Full of the weeper, anger and ill nature.

Brun. In my last hours despis'd ?

Theod. That text should tell
How ugly it becomes you to err thus :
Your flames are spent, nothing but smoke maintains
you ;

And those your favour and your bounty suffers⁷,
Lie not with you, they do but lay lust on you,
And then embrace you as they caught a palsy ;
Your power they may love, and like Spanish jennets
Commit with such a gust——

Baw. I would take whipping,

⁶ 'Twas I pay'd for your sleeps.] To watch another while he's sleeping cannot simply be said to *pay* for his sleep ; a metaphor of that nature would require a further explanation, as, I pay'd for your sleep at the price of my own watchings. As nothing of that nature appears, it is most probable that it is the meer omission of a letter, it is therefore restored, *pray'd*. *Seward.*

⁷ — your favour and your bounty suffers.] *Seward* conjectured we should read *fosters* ; and *Symphon succours* ; but *suffers*, in the sense of *permits*, is intelligible.

And pay a fine now!

[*Exit.*

Theod. But were you once disgrac'd,
Or fall'n in wealth, like leaves they would fly from you,
And become browse for every beast. You will'd me
To stock myself with better friends, and servants;
With what face dare you see me, or any mankind,
That keep a race of such unheard-of relics,
Bawds, lechers, leeches, female fornications,
And children in their rudiments to vices,
Old men to shew examples, and (lest Art
Should lose herself in act) to call back Custom?
Leave these, and live like Niobe! I told you how;
And when your eyes have dropt away remembrance
Of what you were, I am your son: Perform it! [*Exit.*

Brun. Am I a woman, and no more power in me
To tie this tiger up? a soul to no end?
Have I got shame, and lost my will? Brunhalt,
From this accursed hour forget thou bor'st him,
Or any part of thy blood gave him living!
Let him be to thee an antipathy,
A thing thy nature sweats at, and turns backward;
Throw all the mischiefs on him that thyself,
Or women worse than thou art, have invented,
And kill him drunk, or doubtful!

Enter Bawdber, Protaldye, and Lecure.

Baw. Such a sweat
I never was in yet! clipt of my minstrels,
My toys to prick up wenches withal? uphold me;
It runs like snow-balls thro' me!

Brun. Now, my varlets,
My slaves, my running thoughts, my executions!

Baw. Lord, how she looks!

Brun. Hell take ye all!

Baw. We shall be gelt.

Brun. Your mistress,
Your old and honour'd mistress, you tir'd curtals,
Suffers for your base sins! I must be cloister'd,
Mew'd up to make me virtuous: Who can help this?
Now

THIERRY AND THEODORET. 133

Now you stand still, like statues! Come, Protaldye!
One kiss before I perish, kiss me strongly!
Another, and a third!

Lec. I fear not gelding,
As long as she holds this way.

Brun. The young courser,
That unlick'd lump of mine, will win thy mistress⁸:
Must I be chaste, Protaldye?

Prot. Thus, and thus, lady!

Brun. It shall be so: Let him seek fools for vestals!
Here is my cloister.

Lec. But what safety, madam,
Find you in staying here?

Brun. Th'hast hit my meaning:
I will to Thierry, son of my blessings,
And there complain me, tell my tale so subtilly,
That the cold stones shall sweat, and statues mourn;
And thou shalt weep, Protaldye, in my witness;
And these forswear.

Baw. Yes; any thing but gelding!
I am not yet in quiet, noble lady:
Let it be done to-night, for without doubt
Tomorrow we are capons!

Brun. Sleep shall not seize me,
Nor any food befriend me but thy kisses,
Ere I forsake this desert. I live honest?
He may as well bid dead men walk! I humbled,
Or bent below my power? let night-dogs tear me,
And goblins ride me in my sleep to jelly,
Ere I forsake my sphere!

Lec. This place you will.

Brun. What's that to you, or any,

⁸ *Will win thy mistress.*] The word *win* does not seem very expressive, tho' as it bears some affinity to the *courser* in the former line, I shall not change it, but suppose it may mean, win her from her evil courses. Were a change necessary, we might use *chain*, *confine* (cutting of *w* in *will*) or *ginn*, perhaps the best word of all, and the nearest to the old reading, for the two first editions read *winne*.

Seaward.

Perhaps we should read, *wean*.

134 THE TRAGEDY OF

Ye drofs⁹, ye powder'd pigsbones, rhubarb clifters!
Must you know my designs? a college of you
The proverb makes but fools.

Prot. But, noble lady——

Brun. You are a faucy afs too! Off I will not,
If you but anger me, 'till a sow-gelder
Have cut you all like colts: Hold me, and kifs me!
For I am too much troubled. Make up my treasure,
And get me horses private; come, about it! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Theodoret, Martell, &c.

Theod. Tho' I assure myself, Martell, your counsel
Had no end but allegiance and my honour,
Yet I am jealous, I have pass'd the bounds
Of a son's duty: For, suppose her worse
Than your report, not by bare circumstance
But evident proof confirm'd, has given her out¹⁰;
Yet since all weakneses in a kingdom are
No more to be severely punish'd, than
The faults of kings are, by the Thunderer,
As oft as they offend, to be reveng'd;
If not for piety, yet for policy,
Since some are of necessity to be spar'd,
I might, and now I wish I had not look'd
With such strict eyes into her follies.

Mart. Sir,
A duty well discharg'd is never follow'd
By sad repentance; nor did your highness ever
Make payment of the debt you ow'd her, better

⁹ *Ye drofs.*] Not finding *drofs* in any glossary, I am forc'd to treat it as corrupt, and suppose *drofs* or *dolt* to have been the original.

Seward.

¹⁰ *Than you report, not by bare circumstance*

But evident proof confirm'd, has given her out.] The grammar seems deficient here, but it is easily cur'd two ways, the most probable I shall insert, but it might be,

Than you report, not that bare circumstance.

Seward.

Than

Than in your late reproofs, not of her, but
 Those crimes that made her worthy of reproof.
 The most remarkable point in which kings differ
 From private men, is that they not alone
 Stand bound to be in themselves innocent,
 But that all such as are allied to them
 In nearness, or dependence, by their care
 Should be free from suspicion of all crime:
 And you have reap'd a double benefit
 From this last great act: First, in the restraint
 Of her lost pleasures " you remove th' example
 From others of the like licentiousness;
 Then when 'tis known that your severity
 Extended to your mother, who dares hope for
 The least indulgence or connivance in
 The easiest slips that may prove dangerous
 To you, or to the kingdom?

Theod. I must grant
 Your reasons good, Martell, if, as she is
 My mother, she had been my subject, or
 That only here she could make challenge to
 A place of being: But I know her temper,
 And fear (if such a word become a king)
 That in discovering her, I have let loose
 A tigress, whose rage being shut up in darkness,
 Was grievous only to herself; which, brought
 Into the view of light, her cruelty,
 Provok'd by her own shame, will turn on him
 That foolishly presum'd to let her see
 The loath'd shape of her own deformity.

Mart. Beasts of that nature, when rebellious threats
 Begin to appear only in their eyes,
 Or any motion that may give suspicion
 Of the least violence, should be chained up;

" Of her lost pleasures.] *Lost* might possibly be interpreted, *abandoned*, lost to all goodness. But as *loose* seems the natural word, it was probably the true one. Seward.

Lost will certainly admit of Seward's first interpretation: It seems therefore arbitrary to change the text.

136 THE TRAGEDY OF

Their fangs and teeth, and all their means of hurt,
Par'd off; and knock'd out; and so made unable
To do ill, they would soon begin to loath it.
I'll apply nothing; but had your Grace done,
Or would do yet, what your less-forward zeal
In words did only threaten, far less danger
Would grow from acting it on her, than may
Perhaps have being from her apprehension
Of what may once be practis'd: For, believe it,
Who, confident of his own power, presumes
To spend threats on an enemy, that hath means
To shun the worst they can effect, gives armour
To keep off his own strength; nay, more, disarms
Himself, and lies unguarded 'gainst all harms
Or doubt or malice may produce.

Theod. 'Tis true:

And such a desperate cure I would have us'd,
If the intemperate patient had not been
So near me as a mother; but to her,
And from me, gentle ungnents only were
To be applied: And as physicians,
When they are sick of fevers, eat themselves
Such viands as by their directions are
Forbid to others, tho' alike diseas'd;
So she, considering what she is, may challenge
Those cordials to restore her, by her birth
And privilege, which at no suit must be
Granted to others.

Mart. May your pious care
Effect but what it aim'd at! I am silent.

Enter De Vitry.

Theod. What laugh'd you at, Sir?

Vitry. I have some occasion,
I should not else; and the same cause perhaps
That makes me do so, may beget in you
A contrary effect.

Theod. Why, what's the matter?

Vitry. I see, and joy to see, that sometimes poor men
(And

(And most of such are good) stand more indebted
For means to breathe to such as are held vicious,
Than those that wear, like hypocrites, on their
foreheads

Th' ambitious titles of just men and virtuous.

Mart. Speak to the purpose!

Vitry. Who would e'er have thought

The good old queen, your highness' reverend mother,
Into whose house (which was an academe,
In which all principles of lust were practis'd)
No soldier might presume to set his foot;
At whose most blessed intercession
All offices in the state were charitably
Conferr'd on pandars, o'er-worn chamber-wrestlers,
And such physicians as knew how to kill
With safety, under the pretence of saving,
And such-like children of a monstrous peace;
That she, I say, should at the length provide
That men of war, and honest younger brothers,
That would not owe their feeding to their codpiece,
Should be esteem'd of more than moths¹² or drones,
Or idle vagabonds.

Theod. I am glad to hear it;

Prithee what course takes she to do this?

Vitry. One

That cannot fail: She and her virtuous train,
Wi' her jewels, and all that was worthy the carrying,
The last night left the court; and, as 'tis more
Than said, for 'tis confirm'd by such as met her,
She's fled unto your brother.

Theod. How!

Vitry. Nay, storm not;

For if that wicked tongue of hers hath not
Forgot its pace, and Thierry be a prince
Of such a fiery temper as report
Has given him out for, you shall have cause to use
Such poor men as myself; and thank us too
For coming to you, and without petitions:

¹² More than mothers or drones.] Corrected in 1750.

138 THE TRAGEDY OF

Pray Heav'n reward the good old woman for't!

Mart. I foresaw this.

Theod. I hear a tempest coming,
That sings mine and my kingdom's ruin. Haste,
And cause a troop of horse to fetch her back!
Yet stay! why should I use means to bring in
A plague that of herself hath left me? Muster
Our soldiers up! we'll stand upon our guard;
For we shall be attempted.—Yet forbear!
The inequality of our powers will yield me
Nothing but loss in their defeature: Something
Must be done, and done suddenly. Save your
labour!

In this I'll use no counsel but mine own:
That course, tho' dangerous, is best. Command
Our daughter be in readiness to attend us!
Martell, your company! and, honest Vitry,
Thou wilt along with me?

Vitry. Yes, any where;
To be worse than I'm here, is past my fear.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Thierry, Brunbalt, Bawdber, and Lecure.

Thi. **Y**OU are here in a sanctuary; and that viper
(Who, since he hath forgot to be a son,
I much disdain to think of as a brother)
Had better, in despite of all the gods,
To have raz'd their temples, and spurn'd down their
altars,

Than in his impious abuse of you,
To have call'd on my just anger.

Brun. Princely son,
And in this worthy of a nearer name,
I have, in the relation of my wrongs,

Been

THIERRY AND THEODORET. 139

Been modest, and no word my tongue deliver'd
To express my insupportable injuries,
But gave my heart a wound: Nor has my grief
Being from what I suffer¹³; but that he,
Degenerate as he is, should be the actor
Of my extremes, and force me to divide
The fires of brotherly affection¹⁴,
Which should make but one flame.

Tbi. That part of his,
As it deserves, shall burn no more, if or
The tears of orphans, widows, or all such
As dare acknowledge him to be their lord,
Join'd to your wrongs, with his heart-blood have
power

To put it out: And you, and these your servants,
Who in our favours shall find cause to know,
In that they left not you, how dear we hold them,
Shall give Theodoret to understand
His ignorance of the prizeless jewel which
He did possess in you, mother, in you;
Of which I am more proud to be the owner¹⁵,
Than if th' absolute rule of all the world
Were offer'd to this hand. Once more, you're wel-
come!

Which with all ceremony due to greatness
I would make known, but that our just revenge
Admits not of delay. Your hand, lord-general!

¹³ — Nor has my grief,

Being from what I suffer.] The comma at *grief* should be out, for it confounds the meaning; which is, that 'her grief does not take its *being* merely from her sufferings, but, &c.' It is not at first obvious that the word *being* is here used as a substantive, and the comma leads the Reader further astray.

¹⁴ — to divide

The fires of brotherly affection.] Mr. Theobald has very justly put in the margin, Eteocles and Polynices. The metaphor is a noble allusion to the remarkable poetic fiction of the flames of their funeral pyre, dividing and flying asunder.

Seward.

¹⁵ *To be the donor.*] *Owner* seem'd at first sight self-evidently the true reading both to Mr. Symphon and myself.

Seward.

Enter Protaldye, with soldiers.

Brun. Your favour and his merit, I may say,
Have made him such; but I am jealous how
Your subjects will receive it.

Thi. How! my subjects?
What do you make of me? Oh, Heav'n! my
subjects?

How base should I esteem the name of prince,
If that poor dust were any thing before
The whirlwind of my absolute command!
Let 'em be happy, and rest so contented,
They pay the tribute of their hearts and knees
To such a prince, that not alone has power
To keep his own, but to encrease it; that,
Altho' he hath a body may add to
The fam'd night-labour of strong Hercules,
Yet is the master of a continence
That so can temper it, that I forbear
Their daughters, and their wives; whose hands, tho'
strong,

As yet have never drawn by unjust mean
Their proper wealth into my treasury!—
But I grow glorious—and let them beware
That, in their least repining at my pleasures,
They change not a mild prince (for, if provok'd,
I dare and will be so) into a tyrant!

Brun. You see there's hope that we shall rule
again,
And your fall'n fortunes rise.

Raw. I hope your highness
Is pleas'd that I should still hold my place with you;
For I have been so long us'd to provide you
Fresh bits of flesh since mine grew stale, that surely
If cashier'd now, I shall prove a bad caterer
In the fish-market of cold Chastity.

Lec. For me, I am your own; nor, since I first
Knew what it was to serve you, have remember'd
I had a soul, but such an one whose essence

Depended

Depended wholly on your highness' pleasure;
And therefore, madam——

Brun. Rest assur'd you are
Such instruments we must not lose!

Lec. Barw. Our service!

Tbi. You've view'd them then? what's your opinion of them?

In this dull time of peace, we have prepar'd 'em
Apt for the war; ha?

Prot. Sir, they have limbs
That promise strength sufficient, and rich armours,
The soldier's best-lov'd wealth: More, it appears
They have been drill'd, nay, very prettily drill'd;
For many of them can discharge their musquets
Without the danger of throwing off their heads,
Or being offensive to the standers-by,
By sweating too much backwards: Nay, I find
They know the right and left-hand file, and may,
With some impulsion, no doubt be brought
To pass the *A, B, C*, of war, and come
Unto the horn-book.

Tbi. Well, that care is yours;
And see that you effect it!

Prot. I am slow
To promise much; but if within ten days,
By precepts and examples, not drawn from
Worm-eaten precedents, of the Roman wars,
But from mine own, I make them not transcend
All that e'er yet bore arms, let it be said
Protaldye brags, which would be unto me
As hateful as to be esteem'd a coward!
For, Sir, few captains know the way to win him,
And make the soldier valiant. You shall see me¹⁶
Lie with them in their trenches, talk, and drink,
And be together drunk; and, what seems stranger,
We'll sometimes wench together, which, once practis'd,
And with some other care and hidden arts¹⁷,

¹⁶ *You shall seeme.*] Former editions. Corrected by all. Seward.

¹⁷ *And with some other care and hidden acts.*] Mr. Symphon concurr'd with me in reading *arts* for *acts*, but there seems another corruption

They being all made mine, I'll breathe into them
 Such fearless resolution and such fervor,
 That, tho' I brought them to besiege a fort
 Whose walls were steeple-high, and cannon-proof,
 Not to be undermin'd, they should fly up
 Like swallows; and, the parapet once won,
 For proof of their obedience, if I will'd them,
 They should leap down again; and what is more,
 By some directions they should have from me,
 Not break their necks.

Thi. This is above belief.

Brun. Sir, on my knowledge, tho' he hath spoke
 much,
 He's able to do more.

Lec. She means on her.

Brun. And howsoever in his thankfulness,
 For some few favours done him by myself,
 He left Austracia; not Theodoret,
 Tho' he was chiefly aim'd at, could have laid,
 With all his dukedom's power, that shame upon him,
 Which in his barbarous malice to my honour,
 He swore with threats t' effect.

Thi. I cannot but
 Believe you, madam.—Thou art one degree
 Grown nearer to my heart, and I am proud
 To have in thee so glorious a plant
 Transported hither: In thy conduct, we
 Go on assur'd of conquest; our remove
 Shall be with the next sun.

Enter Theodoret, Memberge, Martell, and De Vitry.

Lec. Amazement leave me!

'Tis he.

Bawd. We are again undone!

Prot. Our guilt

ruption in the line; *care*, 'tis true, is sense, but *rare* is so much better suited to the ridiculous brags of Protaldye, that I have but little doubt of its being the true reading.

Seward.

This is plausible; but the old reading, being sense, should stand:

Hath

Hath no assurance nor defence.

Bawd. If now

Your ever-ready wit fail to protect us,
We shall be all discover'd.

Brun. Be not so

In your amazement and your foolish fears !
I am prepar'd for't.

Theod. How ! not one poor welcome,
In answer of so long a journey made
Only to see you, brother ?

Thi. I have stood

Silent thus long, and am yet unresolv'd
Whether to entertain thee on my sword,
As fits a parricide of a mother's honour ;
Or whether, being a prince, I yet stand bound
(Tho' thou art here condemn'd) to give thee hearing,
Before I execute. What foolish hope,
(Nay, pray you forbear) or desperate madness rather,
(Unless thou com'st assur'd, I stand in debt
As far to all impiety as thyself)
Has made thee bring thy neck unto the axe ?
Since looking only here, it cannot but
Draw fresh blood from thy fear'd-up conscience,
To make thee sensible of that horror, which
They ever bear about them, that like Nero—
Like, said I ? thou art worse ; since thou dar'st strive
In her defame to murder thine alive.

Theod. That she that long since had the boldness to
Be a bad woman, (tho' I wish some other
Should so report her) could not want the cunning,
Since they go hand in hand, to lay fair colours
On her black crimes, I was resolv'd before ;
Nor make I doubt but that she hath imposon'd
Your good opinion of me, and so far
Incens'd your rage against me, that too late
I come to plead my innocence.

Brun. To excuse

Thy impious scandals rather !

Prot. Rather forc'd with fear

To be compell'd to come.

Thi. Forbear!

Theod. This moves not me; and yet, had I not been
Transported on my own integrity,
I neither am so odious to my subjects,
Nor yet so barren of defence, but that
By force I could have justified my guilt,
Had I been faulty: But since Innocence
Is to itself an hundred thousand guards,
And that there is no son, but tho' he owe
That name to an ill mother, but stands bound
Rather to take away with his own danger
From th' number of her faults, than for his own
Security, to add unto them: This,
This hath made me to prevent th' expence
Of blood on both sides; the injuries, the rapes,
(Pages, that ever wait upon the war)
The account of all which, since you are the cause,
Believe it, would have been requir'd from you;
Rather I say to offer up my daughter,
Who living only could revenge my death,
With my heart-blood a sacrifice to your anger,
Than that you should draw on your head more curses
Than yet you have deserv'd.

Thi. I do begin

To feel an alteration in my nature,
And, in his full-sail'd confidence, a shower
Of gentle rain, that falling on the fire
Of my hot rage hath quench'd it. Ha! I would
Once more speak roughly to him, and I will;
Yet there is something whispers to me, that
I have said too much: How is my heart divided
Between the duty of a son, and love
Due to a brother! Yet I am sway'd here,
And must ask of you, how 'tis possible
You can affect me, that have learn'd to hate
Where you should pay all love?

Theod. Which, join'd with duty,
Upon my knees I should be proud to tender,

Had

Had she not us'd herself so many swords
To cut those bonds that tied me to it.

Thi. Fy,
No more of that!

Theod. Alas, it is a theme
I take no pleasure to discourse of: 'Would
It could as soon be buried to the world,
As it should die to me! nay more, I wish
(Next to my part of Heav'n) that she would spend
The last part of her life so here, that all
Indifferent judges might condemn me for
A most malicious slanderer, nay, text it
Upon my forehead¹⁸. If you hate me; mother,
Put me to such a shame; pray you do! Believe it,
There is no glory that may fall upon me,
Can equal the delight I should receive
In that disgrace; provided the repeal
Of your long-banish'd virtues, and good name,
Usher'd me to it.

Thi. See, she shews herself
Aneasy mother, which her tears confirm!

Theod. 'Tis a good sign; the comfortablest rain
I ever saw.

Thi. Embrace!—Why, this is well:
May never more but love in you, and duty
On your part, rise between you!

Baw. Do you hear, lord-general?
Does not your new-stamp'd honour on the sudden
Begin to grow sick?

Prot. Yes; I find it fit,
That, putting off my armour, I should think of
Some honest hospital to retire to.

Baw. Sure,

¹⁸ *Nay, texde it*

Upon my forehead.] So quartos; folio, *texte*; and Seward, *tax*.
We should surely read *text*, in the sense of *write*, *mark*. To *text*,
as it is technically understood, is to write in that kind of hand which
lawyers distinguish by the name of a *text-hand*, and which is used in
those writings intended to last a long time: To *text*, therefore, means
to make a deep and lasting impression.

R.

146 THE TRAGEDY OF

Altho' I am a bawd, yet being a lord,
They cannot whip me for't: What's your opinion?

Lec. The beadle will resolve you, for I cannot:
There's something that more near concerns myself
That calls upon me.

Mart. Note but yonder scarabes¹⁹,
That liv'd upon the dung of her base pleasures;
How from the fear that she may yet prove honest
Hang down their wicked heads!

Vitry. What's that to me?
Tho' they and all the polecats of the court,
Were truss'd together, I perceive not how
It can advantage me a cardecue,
To help to keep me honest. [A horn.]

Enter a Post.

Tbi. How! from whence?

Post. These letters will resolve your Grace.

Tbi. What speak they?— [Reads.]
How all things meet to make me this day happy!
See, mother, brother, to your reconcilment
Another blessing, almost equal to it,
Is coming tow'rds me! my contracted wife
Ordella, daughter of wise Datarick,
The king of Arragon, is on our confines:
Then, to arrive at such a time, when you
Are happily here to honour with your presence
Our long-deferr'd, but much-wish'd nuptial,
Falls out above expression! Heav'n be pleas'd
That I may use these blessings pour'd on me
With moderation!

Brun. Hell and furies aid me,
That I may have power to avert the plagues,
That press upon me!

Tbi. Two days' journey, say'st thou?
We will set forth to meet her. In the mean time,
See all things be prepar'd to entertain her:
Nay, let me have your companies! there's a forest

¹⁹ *Scrabs.*] See note 49 on Elder Brother.

In the midway shall yield us hunting sport,
To ease our travel ! I'll not have a brow
But shall wear mirth upon it ; therefore clear them !
We'll wash away all sorrow in glad feasts ;
And th' war we meant to men, we'll make on beasts.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Brun. Barw. Prot. Lec.*

Brun. Oh, that I had the magick to transform you
Into the shape of such, that your own hounds
Might tear you piece-meal ! Are you so stupid ?
No word of comfort ? Have I fed your mouths²⁰
From my excess of moisture, with such cost,
And can you yield no other retribution,
But to devour your maker ? pandar, sponge,
Impoisoner, all grown barren ?

Prot. You yourself,
That are our mover, and for whom alone
We live, have fail'd yourself, in giving way
To th' reconciliation of your sons.

Lec. Which if
You had prevented, or would teach us how
They might again be sever'd, we could easily
Remove all other hind'rances that stop
The passage of your pleasures.

Barw. And for me,
If I fail in my office to provide you
Fresh delicacies, hang me !

Brun. Oh, you are dull, and find not
The cause of my vexation ; their reconciliation
Is a mock castle built upon the sand
By children, which, when I am pleas'd to o'erthrow,
I can with ease spurn down.

Lec. If so, from whence
Grows your affliction ?

Brun. My grief comes along
With the new queen, in whose grace all my power
Must suffer shipwreck : For me now,

²⁰ *Have I fed your mothers*] This is the second time that *mothers*
has been intruded into the text. *Mouths* is here pretty evidently the
true word, and appear'd so to all three.

Seward.

148 THE TRAGEDY OF

That hitherto have kept the first, to know
A second place, or yield the least precedence
To any other, 's death! to have my sleeps
Less enquir'd after, or my rising up
Saluted with less reverence, or my gates
Empty of suitors, or the king's great favours
To pass thro' any hand but mine, or he
Himself to be directed by another,
Would be to me—Do you understand me yet?
No means to prevent this?

Prot. Fame gives her out
To be a woman of a chastity
Not to be wrought upon; and therefore, madam,
For me, tho' I have pleas'd you, to attempt her
Were to no purpose.

Brun. Tush, some other way!

Baw. Faith, I know none else; all my bringing-up
Aim'd at no other learning.

Lec. Give me leave!

If my art fail me not, I have thought on
A speeding project.

Brun. What is't? but effect i,
And thou shalt be my Æsculapius;
Thy image shall be set up in pure gold,
To which I will fall down, and worship it.

Lec. The lady is fair?

Brun. Exceeding fair.

Lec. And young?

Brun. Some fifteen at the most.

Lec. And loves the king with equal ardour?

Brun. More; she dotes on him.

Lec. Well then; what think you if I make a drink,
Which, given unto him on the bridal-night,
Shall for five days so rob his faculties
Of all ability to pay that duty
Which new-made wives expect, that she shall swear
She is not match'd to a man?

Prot. 'Twere rare!

Lec. And then,

THIERRY AND THEODORET. 149

If she have any part of woman in her,
 She'll or fly out, or at least give occasion
 Of such a breach which ne'er can be made up;
 Since he that to all else did never fail
 Of as much as could be perform'd by man,
 Proves only ice to her.

Brun. 'Tis excellent!

Baw. The phyfician
 Helps ever at a dead lift: A fine calling,
 That can both raife and take down: Out upon thee!

Brun. For this one service, I am ever thine!
 Prepare't; I'll give it him myself. For you, Protaldye,
 By this kiss, and our promis'd sport at night,
 I do conjure you to bear up, not minding
 The opposition of Theodoret,
 Or any of his followers: Whatfo'er
 You are, yet appear valiant, and make good
 Th' opinion that is had of you! For myself,
 In the new queen's remove being made secure,
 Fear not, I'll make the future building sure. [*Exeunt.*]

Wind horns. Enter Theodoret and Thierry.

Theod. This stag stood well, and cunningly.

Thi. My horse,

I'm sure, has found it, for his sides are blooded
 From flank to shoulder. Where's the troop?

Enter Martell.

Theod. Pass'd homeward,
 Weary and tir'd as we are. Now, Martell;
 Have you remember'd what we thought of?

Mart. Yes, Sir; I've singled him²¹; and if there be

²¹ *Yes, Sir, I have singled him.*] As *single* was a word new to me, I conjectur'd *singled him*, i. e. I know where to find him alone; and find that Mr. Theobald had propos'd the same conjecture: But upon looking into Skinner, I find *single* a fisherman's term, which he explains by *scindere*; I suppose therefore it means *cutting up, dissecting*; but then this could not have been the case, the dissection was to come; and it seems necessary that the future tense should be restor'd, *I'll single him.* *Seeward.*

This conjecture is not without ingenuity; but *single* appears to be genuine, as we afterwards find that Protaldye is *singled*, or *left alone*.

150 THE TRAGEDY OF

Any desert in's blood, beside the itch,
Or manly heat, but what decoctions,
Leeches, and cullises have cram'd into him,
Your lordship shall know perfect.

Tbi. What is that?

May not I know too?

Theod. Yes, Sir; to that end
We cast the project.

Tbi. What is't?

Mart. A design, Sir²²,
Upon the gilded flag your Grace's favour
Has stuck up for a general; and to inform you
(For this hour he shall pass the test) what valour,
Staid judgment, soul, or safe discretion,
Your mother's wandring eyes, and your obedience,
Have flung upon us; to assure your knowledge,
He can be, dare be, shall be, must be nothing
(Load him with piles of honours, set him off
With all the cunning foils that may deceive us!)
But a poor, cold, unspirited, unmanner'd,
Unhonest, unaffected, undone fool,
And most unheard-of coward; a mere lump,
Made to load beds withal, and, like a night-mare,
Ride ladies that forget to say their prayers;
One that dares only be diseased, and in debt;
Whose body mews more plaisters every month²³,
Than women do old faces!

Tbi. No more! I know him;
I now repent my error: Take your time,
And try him home, ever thus far reserv'd,
You tie your anger up!

Mart. I lost it else, Sir.

Tbi. Bring me his sword fair-taken without violence,
(For that will best declare him)——

Theod. That's the thing.

Tbi. And my best horse is thine.

²² *A desire, Sir.]* We all three concurr'd in changing this to
design. *Seward.*

²³ *Whose body mews more plaisters.]* *Mews*; i. e. *beds*. A term
in falconry,

THIERRY AND THEODORET. 151

Mart. Your Grace's servant ! [Exit.

Theod. You'll hunt no more, Sir ?

Thi. Not to-day ; the weather

Is grown too warm ; besides, the dogs are spent :

We'll take a cooler morning. Let's to horse,

And halloo in the troop ! [Exeunt. Wind horns.

Enter Two Huntsmen.

1 Huntsf. Ay, marry, Twainer,
This woman gives indeed ; these are the angels
That are the keepers' saints !

2 Huntsf. I like a woman
That handles the deer's dowsets with discretion,
And pays us by proportion.

1 Huntsf. 'Tis no treason
To think this good old lady has a stump yet
That may require a coral.

2 Huntsf. And the bells too ;

Enter Protaldye.

Sh'has lost a friend of me else. But here's the clerk :
No more, for fear o'th' bell-ropes !

Prot. How now, keepers ?
Saw you the king ?

1 Huntsf. Yes, Sir ; he's newly mounted,
And, as we take't, ridden home.

Prot. Farewell then ! [Exeunt keepers.

Enter Martell.

Mart. My honour'd lord, fortune has made me happy
To meet with such a man of men to side me.

Prot. How, Sir ? I know you not,
Nor what your fortune means.

Mart. Few words shall serve :
I am betray'd, Sir ; innocent and honest,
Malice and violence are both against me,
Basely and foully laid for ; for my life, Sir !
Danger is now about me, now in my throat, Sir.

Prot. Where, Sir ?

Mart. Nay, I fear not;
And let it now pour down in storms upon me,
I've met a noble guard.

Prot. Your meaning, Sir?
For I have present business.

Mart. Oh, my lord,
Your honour cannot leave a gentleman,
At least a fair design of this brave nature,
To which your worth is wedded, your profession
Hatch'd in, and made one piece, in such a peril.
There are but six, my lord.

Prot. What six?

Mart. Six villains;
Sworn, and in pay to kill me.

Prot. Six?

Mart. Alas, Sir,
What can six do, or six score, now you're present?
Your name will blow 'em off: Say they have shot too,
Who dare present a piece; your valour's proof, Sir.

Prot. No, I'll assure you, Sir, nor my discretion,
Against a multitude. 'Tis true, I dare fight
Enough, and well enough, and long enough;
But wisdom, Sir, and weight of what is on me,
(In which I am no more mine own, nor your's, Sir,
Nor, as I take it, any single danger,
But what concerns my place) tells me directly,
Beside my person, my fair reputation,
If I thrust into crowds, and seek occasions,
Suffers opinion. Six? why, Hercules
Avoided two, man: Yet, not to give example,
But only for your present danger's sake, Sir,
Were there but four, Sir, I car'd not if I kill'd them;
They'll serve to set my sword.

Mart. There are but four, Sir;
I did mistake them: But four such as Europe,
Excepting your great valour——

Prot. Well consider'd!
I will not meddle with 'em; four, in honour,
Are equal with four score: Besides, they're people
Only

Only directed by their fury.

Mart. So much nobler
Shall be your way of justice,

Prot. That I find not.

Mart. You will not leave me thus?

Prot. I would not leave you; but, look you, Sir,
Men of my place and business must not
Be question'd thus.

Mart. You cannot pass, Sir,
Now they have seen me with you, without danger:
They are here, Sir, within hearing. Take but two!

Prot. Let the law take 'em! take a tree, Sir—
I'll take my horse—that you may keep with safety,
If they have brought no hand-saws. Within this hour
I'll send you rescue, and a toil to take 'em.

Mart. You shall not go so poorly. Stay! but one, Sir!

Prot. I have been so hamper'd with these rescues,
So hew'd and tortur'd, that the truth is, Sir,
I've mainly vow'd against 'em: Yet, for your sake,
If, as you say, there be but one, I'll stay
And see fair play o' both sides.

Mart. There is no
More, Sir, and, as I doubt, a base one too.

Prot. Fy on him! Go lug him out by th' ears!

Mart. Yes,
This is he, Sir; the basest in the kingdom.

Prot. Do you know me?

Mart. Yes, for a general-fool,
A knave, a coward, an upstart stallion bawd,
Beast, barking puppy, that dares not bite.

Prot. The best man best knows patience.

Mart. Yes,
This way, Sir; now draw your sword, and right you,
[Kicks him]

Or render it to me; for one you shall do!

Prot. If wearing it may do you any honour,
I shall be glad to grace you; there it is, Sir!

Mart. Now get you home, and tell your lady
mistress,

Sh'has

Sh' has shot up a sweet mushroom! quit your place too,
 And say you are counsell'd well; thou wilt be beaten else
 By thine own lanceprisadoes²⁴, (when they know thee)
 That tuns of oil of roses will not cure thee:
 Go, get you to your foining work at court,
 And learn to sweat again, and eat dry mutton!
 An armour like a frost will search your bones
 And make you roar, you rogue! Not a reply,
 For if you do, your ears go off!

Prot. Still patience!

[*Exeunt.*]

Loud musick. A banquet set out.

*Enter Thierry, Ordella, Brunbalt, Theodoret, Lecure,
 Bawdber, &c.*

Thi. It is your place; and tho' in all things else
 You may and ever shall command me, yet
 In this I'll be obey'd.

Ord. Sir, the consent
 That made me yours, shall never teach me to
 Repent I am so: Yet be you but pleas'd
 To give me leave to say so much; the honour
 You offer me were better given to her,
 To whom you owe the power of giving.

Thi. Mother,
 You hear this, and rejoice in such a blessing
 That pays to you so large a share of duty.
 But, fy! no more! for as you hold a place
 Nearer my heart than she, you must sit nearest
 To all those graces that are in the power
 Of majesty to bestow.

Brun. Which I'll provide
 Shall be short-liv'd. *Lecure!*

Lec. I have it ready.

Brun. 'Tis well; wait on our cup,

Lec. You honour me.

Thi. We're dull;
 No object to provoke mirth?

Theod. Martell,

²⁴ *Lanceprisadoes*] See note 1 on Rollo.

THIERRY AND THEODORET. 155

If you remember, Sir, will grace your feast
With something that will yield matter of mirth,
Fit for no common view.

Tbi. Touching Protaldye?

Theod. You have it.

Brun. What of him? I fear his baseness, [*Aside.*
In spite of all the titles that my favours
Have cloth'd him with²⁵, will make discovery
Of what is yet conceal'd.

Enter Martell.

Theod. Look, Sir; he has it!
Nay, we shall have peace, when so great a soldier
As the renown'd Protaldye will give up
His sword, rather than use it.

Brun. 'Twas thy plot,
Which I will turn on thine own head! [*Aside.*

Tbi. Pray you speak;
How won you him to part from't?

Mart. Won him, Sir?
He would have yielded it upon his knees,
Before he would have hazarded the exchange
Of a fillip of the forehead: Had you will'd me,
I durst have undertook he should have sent you
His nose, provided that the loss of it
Might have sav'd the rest of his face. He is, Sir,
The most unutterable coward that e'er Nature
Bless'd with hard shoulders; which were only given him
To th' ruin of bastinadoes.

Tbi. Possible?

Theod. Observe but how she frets!

Mart. Why, believe it,
But that I know the shame of this disgrace
Will make the beast to live with such, and never
Presume to come more among men; I'll hazard
My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
Should scourge him hither like a parish-top,

²⁵ Have cloth'd him, which will make discovery,] Former editions.
Mr. Sympsou concurr'd in the correction.

Seward.

And make him dance before you.

Brun. Slave, thou liest !

Thou dar'st as well speak treason in the hearing
Of those that have the power to punish it,

As the least syllable of this before him :

But 'tis thy hate to me.

Mart. Nay, pray you, madam ;
I have no ears to hear you, tho' a foot
To let you understand what he is.

Brun. Villain——

Theod. You are too violent.

Enter Protaldye.

Prot. The worst that can come
Is blanketing ; for beating, and such virtues,
I have been long acquainted with.

Mart. Oh, strange !

Baw. Behold the man you talk of !

Brun. Give me leave !

Or free thyself—think in what place you are—
From the foul imputation that is laid
Upon thy valour—be bold ; I'll protect you—
Or here I vow—deny it or swear it—
These honours which thou wear'st unworthily—
Which be but impudent enough, and keep them—
Shall be torn from thee, with thy eyes.

Prot. I have it.—

My valour ? is there any here, beneath
The stile of king, dares question it ?

Thi. This is rare !

Prot. Which of my actions, which have still been noble,
Has render'd me suspected ?

Thi. Nay, Martell,
You must not fall off.

Mart. Oh, Sir, fear it not ;
D'you know this sword ?

Prot. Yes.

Mart. 'Pray you on what terms
Did you part with it ?

Prot.

Prot. Part with it, say you?

Mart. So.

Tbi. Nay, study not an answer; confess freely!

Prot. Oh, I remember't now: At the stag's fall,
As we to-day were hunting, a poor fellow,
(And, now I view you better, I may say
Much of your pitch) this silly wretch I spoke of,
With his petition falling at my feet,
(Which much against my will he kiss'd) desir'd,
That as a special means for his preferment
I would vouchsafe to let him use my sword,
To cut off the stag's head.

Brun. Will you hear that?

Baw. This lie bears a similitude of truth.

Prot. I, ever courteous (a great weakness in me),
Granted his humble suit.

Mart. Oh, impudence!

Tbi. This change is excellent.

Mart. A word with you:

Deny it not! I was that man disguis'd;
You know my temper, and, as you respect
A daily cudgeling for one whole year,
Without a second pulling by the ears,
Or tweaks by th' nose, or the most precious balm
You us'd of patience, (patience, do you mark me?)
Confess before these kings with what base fear
Thou didst deliver it.

Prot. Oh, I shall burst!

And if I have not instant liberty
To tear this fellow limb by limb, the wrong
Will break my heart, altho' Herculean,
And somewhat bigger! There's my gage! pray you here
Let me redeem my credit!

Tbi. Ha, ha! Forbear!

Mart. Pray you let me take it up; and if I do not,
Against all odds of armour and of weapons,
With this make him confess it on his knees,
Cut off my head.

Prot. No, that's my office.

Baw.

Baw. Fy!

You take the hangman's place?

Ord. Nay, good my lord,
Let me atone this difference! do not suffer
Our bridal night to be the centaurs' feast.
You are a knight, and bound by oath to grant
All just suits unto ladies: For my sake,
Forget your suppos'd wrong!

Prot. Well, let him thank you!
For your sake, he shall live, perhaps a day;
And, may be, on submission, longer.

Theod. Nay,
Martell, you must be patient.

Mart. I am yours;
And this slave shall be once more mine.

Thi. Sit all!
One health, and so to bed! for I too long
Defer my choicest delicacies.

Brun. Which, if poison
Have any power, thou shalt, like Tantalus,
Behold and never taste. Be careful!

Lec. Fear not!

Brun. Tho' it be rare in our sex, yet for once
I will begin a health.

Thi. Let it come freely!

Brun. Lecure, the cup! Here, to the son we hope
This night shall be an embrion!

Thi. You have nam'd
A blessing that I most desir'd; I pledge you:
Give me a larger cup; that is too little
Unto so great a good²⁶.

Brun. Nay, then you wrong me;
Follow as I began!

Thi. Well, as you please.

Brun. Is't done?

Lec. Unto your wish, I warrant you;
For this night I durst trust him with my mother.

²⁶ *Unto so great a God.]* Amended in 1750.

Tbi. So, 'tis gone round: Lights!

Brun. Pray you use my service.

Ord. 'Tis that which I shall ever owe you, madam,
And must have none from you: Pray you pardon me!

Tbi. Good rest to all!

Theod. And to you pleasant labour!

Martell, your company! Madam, good night!

[*Exe. all but Brun. Prot. Lec. and Baw.*]

Brun. Nay, you have cause to blush; but I will hide it,
And, what's more, I forgive you. Is't not pity,
That thou that art the first to enter combat
With any woman, and what's more, o'ercome her,
In which she is best pleas'd, should be so fearful
To meet a man?

Prot. Why, would you have me lose
That blood that's dedicated to your service,
In any other quarrel?

Brun. No; reserve it!
As I will study to preserve thy credit.
You, sirrah, be't your care to find out one
That's poor, tho' valiant, that at any rate
Will, to redeem my servant's reputation,
Receive a public baffling.

Baw. 'Would your highness
Were pleas'd to inform me better of your purpose!

Brun. Why one, Sir, that would thus be box'd or
kick'd;

D'you apprehend me now?

Baw. I feel you, madam.
The man that shall receive this from my lord,
Shall have a thousand crowns?

Prot. He shall.

Baw. Besides,
His day of bastinadoing past o'er,
He shall not lose your grace nor your good favour?

Brun. That shall make way to it.

Baw. It must be a man
Of credit in the court, that is to be
The foil unto your valour?

Prot.

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Prot. True, it should.

Baw. And if he have place there, 'tis not the worse.

Brun. 'Tis much the better.

Baw. If he be a lord,

'Twill be the greater grace?

Brun. Thou'rt in the right.

Baw. Why then, behold that valiant man and lord,
That for your sake will take a cudgeling:
For be assur'd, when it is spread abroad
That you have dealt with me, they'll give you out
For one of the nine worthies.

Brun. Out, you pandar!

Why, to beat thee is only exercise
For such as do affect it: Lose not time
In vain replies, but do it! Come, my solace,
Let us to bed! and our desires once quench'd,
We'll there determine of Theodoret's death,
For he's the engine us'd to ruin us.
Yet one word more; Lecure, art thou assur'd
The potion will work?

Lec. My life upon it!

Brun. Come, my Protaldye²⁷, thou then glut me with
Those best delights of man, that are denied
To her that does expect them, being a bride! [*Exe.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Thierry and Ordella, as from bed.

Thi. **S**URE I have drunk the blood of elephants²⁸,
The tears of mandrakes, and the marble dew,
Mix'd in my draught, have quench'd my natural heat,

²⁷ Come my Protaldye, then glut me with.] Former editions.

Seward.

²⁸ The blood of elephants.] Both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symphon
observed that this property of elephants blood is mentioned by Pliny.

Seward.

And

And left no spark of fire, but in mine eyes,
With which I may behold my miseries :
Ye wretched flames which play upon my sight,
Turn inward ! make me all one piece ²⁹, tho' earth !
My tears shall overwhelm you else too.

Ord. What moves my lord to this strange sadness ?
If any late-discerned want in me
Give cause to your repentance, care and duty
Shall find a painful way to Recompenſe.

Tbi. Are you yet frozen, veins ? feel you a breath,
Whose temperate heat ³⁰ would make the North ſtar
reel,

Her icy pillars thaw'd, and do you not melt ?
Draw nearer ! yet nearer,
That from thy barren kiſs thou may'ſt confeſs
I have not heat enough to make a bluſh !

Ord. Speak nearer to my underſtanding, like a huſ-
band !

Tbi. How ſhould he ſpeak the language of a huſband,
Who wants the tongue and organs of his voice ?

Ord. It is a phraſe will part with the ſame eaſe
From you, with that you now deliver.

Tbi. Bind not his ears up with ſo dull a charm,
Who hath no other ſenſe left open ! why ſhould thy
words

Find more reſtraint than thy free-ſpeaking actions,
Thy cloſe embraces, and thy midnight ſighs,
The ſilent orators to ſlow deſire ?

Ord. Strive not to win content from ignorance ³¹,
Which muſt be loſt in knowledge ! Heav'n can witneſs,

²⁹ *Make me all one piece, though earth.]* We cannot clearly comprehend why Thierry's being compoſed of *earth*, ſhould prevent his being *all one piece*.

³⁰ *Whoe temperate heat, &c.]* *Temperate* ſeems an oddly-choſen word in this place, when he is talking of a heat to overcome the influence of the North ſtar.

³¹ *Strive not, &c.]* This ſpeech is rather obſcurely expreſſed, but ſignifies, ' Strive not to rob my ignorance of that content, which knowledge would deſtroy. All my wiſhes were to read ſatisfaction in your countenance. Add not therefore, &c.'

My furthest hope of good reach'd at your pleasure,
Which seeing alone may in your look be read :
Add not a doubtful comment to a text,
That in itself is direct and easy.

Thi. Oh, thou hast drunk the juice of hemlock too :
Or did upbraided Nature make this pair,
To shew she had not quite forgot her first
Justly-prais'd workmanship, the first chaste couple,
Before the want of joy taught guilty fight
A way, thro' shame and sorrow, to delight ?
Say, may we mix, as in their innocence,
When turtles kiss'd to confirm happiness,
Not to beget it ?

Ord. I know no bar.

Thi. Should I believe thee, yet thy pulse beats
woman,
And says the name of *wife* did promise thee
The blest reward of duty to thy mother ;
Who gave so often witness of her joy,
When she did boast thy likeness to her husband.

Ord. 'Tis true, that to bring forth a second to yourself
Was only worthy of my virgin loss ;
And should I prize you less unpattern'd, Sir,
Than being exemplified ? Is't not more honour
To be possessor of unequall'd virtue,
Than what is parallel'd ? Give me belief ;
The name of mother knows no way of good,
More than the end in me : Who weds for lust
Is oft a widow ; when I married you,
I lost the name of maid to gain a title
Above the wish of change, which that part can
Only maintain, is still the same in man,
His virtue and his calm society ;
Which no grey hairs can threaten to dissolve,
Nor wrinkles bury.

Thi. Confine thyself to silence, lest thou take
That part of reason from me, is only left
To give persuasion to me I'm a man !
Or say, th' hast never seen the rivers haste

With

THIERRY AND THEODORET. 163

With gladsome speed, to meet the am'rous sea.

Ord. We're but to praise the coolness of their streams,

Thi. Nor view'd the kids, taught by their lustful fires,
Pursue each other thro' the wanton lawns,
And lik'd the sport.

Ord. As it made way unto their envied rest,
With weary knots binding their harmless eyes.

Thi. Nor do you know the reason why the dove,
One of the pair your hands wont hourly feed,
So often clipt and kiss'd her happy mate?

Ord. Unless it were to welcome his wish'd sight,
Whose absence only gave her Mourning voice.

Thi. And you could, dove-like, to a single object
Bind your loose spirits? to one? nay, such a one
Whom only eyes and ears must flatter good,
Your surer sense made useless? nay, myself³²,
As in my all of good, already known?

Ord. Let proof plead for me! let me be mew'd up
Where never eye may reach me, but your own!
And when I shall repent, but in my looks; if sigh—

Thi. Or shed a tear that's warm?

Ord. But in your sadness.

Thi. Or when you hear the birds call for their mates,
Ask if it be St. Valentine, their coupling day?

Ord. If any thing may make a thought suspected
Of knowing any happiness but you,
Divorce me, by the title of Most Falsehood!

Thi. Oh, who would know a wife,
That might have such a friend? Posterity,
Henceforth lose the name of blessing, and leave
Th' earth uninhabited to people Heav'n³³!

Enter Theodoret, Brunbalt, Martell, and Protaldye.

Mart. All happiness to Thierry and Ordella!

³² *And myself, nay.*] Former editions.

Seward:

³³ *And leave the earth inhabited to people Heav'n.*] A virgin state resembles that of the angels, and may be a good means to pave the way to it, but it would not leave the earth inhabited, but the reverse, I therefore read, *uninhabited.*

Seward.

Thi. 'Tis a desire but borrow'd from me; my happiness

Shall be the period of all good mens' wishes,
Which friends, nay, dying fathers shall bequeath,
And in my one give all! Is there a duty
Belongs to any power of mine, or love
To any virtue I have right to? Here, place it here;
Ordella's name shall only bear command,
Rule, title, sovereignty.

Brun. What passion sways my son?

Thi. Oh, mother, she has doubled every good
The travail of your blood made possible
To my glad being!

Prot. He should have done
Little unto her, he is so light-hearted.

Thi. My brother, friends, if honour unto shame,
If wealth to want, enlarge the present sense,
My joys are unbounded: Instead of question,
Let it be envy not to bring a present
To the high offering of our mirth! banquets and
masques ³⁴

³⁴ *Brother, friends, if honour unto shame,
If wealth to want enlarge the present sense,
My joys are unbounded, instead of question
Let it be envy, not bring a present*

*To the high offering of our mirth, banquets, and masques.] In this very mangled state with regard to measure and sense has this passage pass'd thro' all the editions: In the first place what is
—— instead of question?*

In the next place

Let it be envy? ———

Are banquets and masques the presents that were to be offer'd by his friends and courtiers? I hope the changes which have appear'd necessary, will be thought by the reader to have been probably the original text. I read,

*My brother, friends, if honour unto shame,
If wealth to want enlarge the present sense,
My joy's unbounded; 'stead of questioning,
Let it be envy not to bring a present*

To the high offering of our mirth; banquets and masques, &c.

Seward.

The word *my* in the first line, and *to* in the fourth, are rightly inserted; but *question* should not be changed to *questioning*, the old reading

THIERRY AND THEODORET. 165

Keep waking our delights, mocking night's malice,
Whose dark brow would fright pleasure from us!
our court

Be but one stage of revels, and each eye
The scene where our content moves!

Theod. There shall want
Nothing to express our shares in your delight, Sir.

Mart. 'Till now I ne'er repented the estate
Of widower.

Tbi. Music, why art thou so
Slow-voic'd? it stays thy presence, my Ordella;
This chamber is a sphere too narrow for
Thy all-moving virtue. Make way, free way, I say!
Who must alone her sex's want supply,
Had need to have a room both large and high.

Mart. This passion's above utterance!

Theod. Nay, credulity! [*Exe. all but Tbi. and Brun.*]

Brun. Why, son, what mean you? are you a man?

Tbi. No, mother, I'm no man:

Were I a man, how could I be thus happy?

Brun. How can a wife be author of this joy then?

Tbi. That being no man, I'm married to no woman:
The best of men in full ability
Can only hope to satisfy a wife;
And, for that hope ridiculous, I in my want,
(And such defective poverty, that to her bed
From my first cradle brought no strength but thought)
Have met a temperance beyond her's that rock'd me,
Necessity being her bar; where this
Is so much senseless of my depriv'd fire,
She knows it not a loss by her desire.

reading being perfectly intelligible.—There is often a strange uncouthness in the style of this play, which obscures the sentiment: In this speech,

— *if honour unto shame,*

If wealth to want enlarge the present sense,

My joys are unbounded.

The meaning of *honour unto shame*, and *wealth to want*, is not obvious: It is, we apprehend, 'if honour and wealth, COMPARED with shame and want, are grateful to the sense, then my joys are boundless.'

Brun. It is beyond my admiration !

Thi. Beyond your sex's faith !

The unripe virgins of our age, to hear't,
Will dream themselves to women, and convert
Th' example to a miracle.

Brun. Alas, 'tis your defect moves my amazement ;
But what ill can be separate from ambition ?
Cruel Theodoret !

Thi. What of my brother ?

Brun. That to his name your barrenness adds
rule :

Who, loving the effect, would not be strange
In favouring the cause : Look on the profit,
And Gain will quickly point the mischief out.

Thi. The name of father, to what I possess,
Is shame and care.

Brun. Were we begot to single happiness,
I grant you ; but from such a wife, such virtue,
To get an heir, what hermit would not find
Deserving argument to break his vow,
Even in his age of chastity ?

Thi. You teach a deaf man language.

Brun. 'The cause found out, the malady may cease.
Have you heard of one Leforte ?

Thi. A learn'd astronomer, a great magician,
Who lives hard-by retir'd.

Brun. Repair to him, with the just hour and place
Of your nativity : Fools are amaz'd at fate ;
Griefs, but conceal'd, are never desperate.

Thi. You've timely waken'd me ; nor shall I sleep
Without the satisfaction of his art. [Exit.

Enter Lecure.

Brun. Wisdom prepares you to't. Lecure, met
happily !

Lec. The ground answers your purpose, the con-
veyance

Being secure and easy, falling just
Behind the state set for Theodoret.

Brun.

THIERRY AND THEODORET. 167

Brun. 'Tis well : Your trust invites you to a second charge ;

You know Leforte's cell ?

Lec. Who constellated your fair birth.

Brun. Enough ; I see thou know'st him ; where is Bawdber ;

Lec. I left him careful of the project cast
To raise Protaldye's credit.

Brun. Afore that must be plaister'd ; in whose wound
Others shall find their graves think themselves sound.
Your ear and quickest apprehension ! [Exit.

Enter Bawdber and a Servant.

Baw. This man of war will advance ?

Lec. His hour's upon the stroke.

Baw. Wind him back, as you favour my ears !
I love no noise in my head ; my brains
Have hitherto been employ'd in silent busineses.

Enter De Vitry.

Lec. The gentleman's within your reach, Sir. [Ex.

Baw. Give ground,
Whilst I drill my wits to the encounter.
De Vitry, I take it ?

Vitry. All that's left of him.

Baw. Is there another parcel of you ? If
It be at pawn, I will gladly redeem it,
To make you wholly mine.

Vitry. You seek too hard
A pennyworth.

Baw. You do ill³⁵ to keep
Such distance ; your parts have been long known to me,
Howsoever you please to forget acquaintance.

Vitry. I must confess, I have been subject to
Lewd company.

Baw. Thanks for your good remembrance !
You've been a soldier, De Vitry, and borne arms.

Vitry. A couple of unprofitable ones, that

³⁵ You to ill] Corrected by Seward.

Have only serv'd to get me a stomach to
My dinner.

Baw. Much good may it do you, Sir.

Vitry. You should

Have heard me say I'd din'd first: I have built
On an unwholsome ground, rais'd up a house
Before I knew a tenant, march'd to meet weariness,
Fought to find want and hunger.

Baw. 'Tis time you

Put up your sword, and run away for meat, Sir:
Nay, if I had not withdrawn ere now,
I might have kept the fast with you: But since
The way to thrive is never late, what is
The nearest course to profit, think you?

Vitry. It may be

Your worship will say bawdry.

Baw. True sence, bawdry.

Vitry. Why, is there five kinds of 'em? I ne'er knew
But one.

Baw. I'll shew you a new way
Of prostitution: Fall back! further yet!
Further! There's fifty crowns; do but as much to
Protaldye, the queen's favourite, they are doubled.

Vitry. But thus much?

Baw. Give him but an affront as
He comes to th' presence, and i' his drawing make way,
Like a true bawd t' his valour, the sum's thy own;
If ye take a scratch in the arm or so, every drop
Of blood weighs down a ducat.

Vitry. After that rate,

I and my friends would beggar the kingdom.
Sir, you have made me blush to see my want,
Whose cure is such a cheap and easy purchase:
This is male-bawdry, belike?

Enter Protaldye, a Lady, and Revellers.

Baw. See!

You shall not be long earning your wages;
Your work's before your eyes.

Vitry.

THIERRY AND THEODORET. 169

Vitry. Leave it to my
Handling; I'll fall upon it instantly.

Baw. What opinion³⁶ will the managing
Of this affair bring to my wisdom! my invention
Tickles with apprehension on't!

Prot. These are
The joys of marriage, lady, whose fights are
Able to dissolve virginity. Speak freely!
Do you not envy the bride's felicity?

Lady. How should I, being partner of't?

Prot. What you
Enjoy is but the banquet's view; the taste
Stands from your palate: If he impart by day
So much of his content, think what night gave?

Vitry. Will you have a relish of wit, lady?

Baw. This is the man.

Lady. If it be not dear, Sir.

Vitry. If you affect cheapness,
How can you prize this sullied ware so much?
Mine's fresh, my own, not retail'd.

Prot. You are faucy, firrah!

Vitry. The fitter to be in
The dish with such dry stockfish as you are.
How! strike?

Baw. Remember the condition, as
You look for payment!

Vitry. That box was left out
O'th' bargain.

Prot. Help, help, help!

Baw. Plague of
The scrivener's running hand! what a blow's this to
My reputation!

*Enter Thierry, Theodoret, Brunbalt, Ordella, Memberge,
and Martell.*

Thi. What villain dares this outrage?

Vitry. Hear me, Sir!

³⁶ Opinion;] i. e. Reputation. See note 71 on the Two Noble
Kinsmen.

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This creature hir'd me, wi' fifty crowns in hand,
To let Protaldye have the better of me
At single rapier on a made quarrel: He,
Mistaking th' weapon, lays me over the chaps
With his club-fist, for which I was bold to teach him
The art of memory.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Theod. Your general, mother, will display himself,
*Spite of our peace, I see.

Thi. Forbear these civil jars: Fy, Protaldye!
So open in your projects? Avoid our presence, firrah!

Vitry. Willingly. If you have any more
Wages to earn, you see I can take pains.

Theod. There's somewhat for thy labour,
More than was promis'd. Ha, ha, ha!

Baw. Where could I wish myself now? in the
Isle of Dogs,

So I might escape scratching; for I see
By her cats' eyes I shall be claw'd fearfully.

Thi. We'll hear no more on't; music drown all
sadness! [Soft music.]

Command the Revellers in. At what a rate I do
Purchase my mother's absence, to give my spleen
Full liberty!

Brun. Speak not a thought's delay; it names thy
ruin.

Prot. I had thought my life had borne more value
with you.

Brun. Thy loss carries mine with't; let that secure
thee!

The vault is ready, and the door conveys to't
Falls just behind his chair; the blow once given,
Thou art unseen.

Prot. I cannot feel more than I fear, I'm sure.

Brun. Be gone, and let them laugh their own
destruction! [Prot. withdraws.]

Thi. You'll add unto her rage.

Theod. 'Sfoot, I shall burst,
Unless I vent myself: Ha, ha, ha!

Brun.

THIERRY AND THEODORET. 171

Brun. Me, Sir?

You never could have found a time t'invite
More willingness in my dispose to pleasure.

Memb. 'Would you would please to make some
other choice!

Rev. 'Tis a disgrace would dwell upon me, lady,
Should you refuse.

Memb. Your reason conquers.—My grandmother's
looks

Have turn'd all air to earth in me; they fit
Upon my heart like night-charms, black and heavy.

Thi. You're too much libertine. [*They dance.*

Theod. The fortune of the fool persuades my laughter
More than his cowardise: Was ever rat

Ta'en by the tail thus? ha, ha, ha!

Thi. Forbear, I say!

Prot. No eye looks this way: I will wink and strike,
Lest I betray myself. [*Behind the state, stabs Theod.*

Theod. Ha! did you not see one near me?

Thi. How! near you? why do you look so pale,
brother?

Treason, treason!

Memb. Oh, my presage! Father!

Ord. Brother!

Mart. Prince, noble prince!

Thi. Make the gates sure! search into every
angle

And corner of the court; oh, my shame!—Mother,
Your son is slain! Theodoret, noble Theodoret,

Here in my arms, too weak a sanctuary

'Gainst treachery and murder! Say, is the traitor
taken?

Guard. No man hath past the chamber, on my
life, Sir.

Thi. Set present fire unto the place, that all unseen
May perish in this mischief! who moves slow to't
Shall add unto the flame.

Brun. What mean you? give me your private hearing.

Thi. Persuasion is a partner in the crime:

I will

I will renounce my claim unto a mother,
If you make offer on't.

Brun. Ere a torch can take flame,
I will produce the author of the fact.

Tbi. Withdraw! But, for your lights——

Memb. Oh, my too-true suspicion!

[*Exeunt Mart. and Memb.*]

Tbi. Speak! where's the engine to this horrid act?

Brun. Here you do behold her; upon whom make
good

Your causeless rage! The deed was done
By my incitement, and not yet repented.

Tbi. Whither did Nature start, when you conceiv'd

A birth so unlike woman? Say, what part
Did not consent to make a son of him,
Reserv'd itself within you to his ruin?

Brun. Ha, ha! a son of mine? do not dis sever
Thy father's dust, shaking his quiet urn,
To which thy breath would send so foul an issue.
My son? thy brother?

Tbi. Was not Theodoret my brother?
Or is thy tongue confederate with thy heart,
To speak and do only things monstrous?

Brun. Hear me, and thou shalt make thine own
belief:

Thy still-with-sorrow-mention'd father liv'd
Three careful years, in hope of wished heirs,
When I conceiv'd, being from his jealous fear
Enjoin'd to quiet home: One fatal day,
Transported with my pleasure to the chase,
I forc'd command, and in pursuit of game
Fell from my horse, lost both my child and hopes.
Despair, which only in his love saw life
Worthy of being, from a gard'ner's arms
Snatch'd this unlucky brat, and call'd it mine;
When the next year repaid my loss with thee,
But in thy wrongs preserv'd my misery;
Which, that I might diminish, tho' not end,

My

My sighs and wet eyes, from thy father's will,
Bequeath this largest part of his dominions
Of France, unto thee, and only left Austracia
Unto that changeling; whose life affords
Too much of ill 'gainst me to prove my words,
And call him stranger.

Thi. Come, do not weep! I must, nay do believe you;
And, in my father's satisfaction, count it
Merit, not wrong, or loss.

Brun. You do but flatter;
There's anger yet flames in your eyes.

Thi. See, I will quench it, and confess that you
Have suffer'd double travail for me.

Brun. You will not fire the house then?

Thi. Rather reward the author who gave cause
Of knowing such a secret; my oath and duty
Shall be assurance on't.

Brun. Protaldye, rise,
Good faithful servant! Heaven knows
How hardly he was drawn to this attempt.

Enter Protaldye.

Thi. Protaldye? He had a gard'ner's fate, I'll swear:
Fell by thy hand³⁷?

Sir, we do owe unto you for this service.

Brun. Why look'st thou so dejected?

Enter Martell.

Prot. I want a little
Shift, lady; nothing else.

Mart. The fires are ready;
Please it your Grace withdraw, whilst we perform
Your pleasure.

³⁷ Fell by thy hand.] So oldest quarto; subsequent editions, TELL
by thy hand: To rectify this, Seward proposes the following (which
he calls a *very probable*) conjecture: 'I suppose the transcriber to
'have accidentally contracted *To fall* into *tall*, and this making no
'sense, the first printers, by way of correction read *tell*, which seem'd
'to make something that approach'd to a meaning.'

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Tbi. Reserve them for the body : Since
He had the fate to live and die a prince,
He shall not lose the title in his funeral. [Exit.

Mart. His fate to live a prince ? Thou old Impiety,
Made up by lust and mischief ! Take up the body.
[Exeunt with the body of Theodoret.

Enter Lecure and a Servant.

Lec. Dost think Leforte's sure enough ?

Serv. As bonds

Can make him : I have turn'd his eyes to th' East,
And left him gaping after the morning-star.
His head is a mere astrolobe ; his eyes
Stand for the poles, the gag in his mouth being
The coachman, his five teeth have the nearest resemblance

To Charles's Wain——

Lec. Thou hast cast a figure
Which shall raise thee : Direct my hair a little ;
And in my likeness to him read a fortune
Suiting thy largest hopes.

Serv. You are so far 'bove likeness, you're the
same ;

If you love mirth, persuade him from himself.
It is but an astronomer out of the way,
And lying will bear the better place for't.

Lec. I

Have profitabler use in hand : Haste to
The queen, and tell her how you left me chang'd !

[Exit Serv.

Who would not serve this virtuous active queen ?
She that loves mischief 'bove the man that does it,
And him above her pleasure ; yet knows no Heaven
else.

Enter Thierry.

Tbi. How well this loneness suits the art I seek,
Discovering secret and succeeding fate,
Knowledge

Knowledge that puts all lower happiness on,
With a remiss and careless hand!—

Fair peace unto your meditations, father!

Lec. The same to you you bring, Sir!

Tbi. Drawn by your much-fam'd skill, I come to
know

Whether the man who owes this character³⁹
Shall e'er have issue.

Lec. A resolution falling with most ease
Of any doubt you could have nam'd! He is a
prince

Whose fortune you enquire.

Tbi. He's nobly born.

Lec. He had a dukedom lately fall'n unto him,
By one, call'd brother, who has left a daughter.

Tbi. The question is of heirs, not lands.

Lec. Heirs? yes;

He shall have heirs.

Tbi. Begotten of his body?

Why look'st thou pale?

Thou canst not suffer in his want.

Lec. Nor thou;

I neither can nor will give further knowledge
To thee.

Tbi. Thou must! I am the man myself,
Thy sovereign; who must owe unto thy wisdom
In the concealing of my barren shame.

Lec. Your Grace doth wrong your stars: If this be
yours,

You may have children.

Tbi. Speak it again!

Lec. You may have fruitful issue.

Tbi. By whom? when? how?

Lec. It was the fatal means first struck my blood

³⁹ *Who owes this character.*] i. e. who owns, a word often mentioned before as common to all the old English writers; as in the old editions of the Bible, *The man who oweth this girdle*. The character is the calculation of his nativity, which his mother advis'd him to lay before Leforte. The word *resolution*, in Lecure's answer to this, signifies the same with *solution*.

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With the cold hand of Wonder, when I read it
Printed upon your birth.

Thi. Can there be any way unsmooth, has end
So fair and good?

Lec. We that behold the sad aspects of Heav'n⁴⁰,
Leading sense-blinded men, feel grief enough
To know, tho' not to speak their miseries.

Thi. Sorrow must lose a name⁴¹, where mine finds
life!

If not in thee, at least ease pain with speed,
Which must know no cure else.

Lec. Then thus:

The first of females which your eye shall meet
Before the sun next rise, coming from out
The temple of Diana, being slain, you live
Father of many sons.

[*Exit.*

Thi. Call'st thou this sadness? can I beget a son
Deserving less, than to give recompense

⁴⁰ *We that behold the sad aspects of Heav'n,
Leading sense blinded, men feel grief enough*

To know, tho' not to speak their miseries.] The change of a
comma, and the insertion of a hyphen, are necessary to the cure of
this passage. *Lecure* is pretending great compassion, and says that
we that are learned in the sad aspects of Heaven, which lead men
sense-blinded to their fate, have grief enough to know and not to de-
clare the miseries of men. *Seward.*

⁴¹ *Sorrow must lose a name, where mine finds life;
If not in thee, at least ease pain with speed.]* This seems ob-
scure, the first is a very poetic sentiment,

Sorrow must lose a name, —

i. e. Lose its being where mine, *i. e.* my name finds life; by my
gaining heirs to it. Then he answers what *Lecure* had before said of
his grief in the foreknowledge of the means of gaining him heirs; if,
says he, you cannot ease your own grief, at least ease mine. The
relative *my* inserted, gives this sense, and it being common in our Poets
to cut off the initial or final vowel of one word, when the following
or former begins or ends with another vowel. The insertion will not
alter the measure, the *a* in *at* being here cut off. *Seward.*

Seward reads,

If not in thee, 't least ease my pain, &c.

The insertion is needless; and the elision, like many hundred others,
ridiculous. The passage seems to be corrupt. The first line is, we
think, ingeniously and justly interpreted; but the two next will not
convey the meaning *Seward* has assigned to them.

Unto

Unto so poor a loss? Whate'er thou art,
 Rest peaceable, bless'd creature, born to be
 Mother of princes, whose grave shall be more fruitful
 Than others' marriage-beds! Methinks his art
 Should give her form and happy figure to me;
 I long to see my happiness: He's gone!
 As I remember, he nam'd my brother's daughter;
 Were it my mother, 'twere a gainful death
 Could give Ordella's virtue living breath! [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Thierry and Martell.

Mart. **Y**OUR Grace is early stirring.
Thi. How can he sleep,
 Whose happiness is laid up in an hour,
 He knows comes stealing toward him? Oh, Martell!
 Is't possible the longing bride, whose wishes
 Out-run her fears, can, on that day ⁴² she's married,
 Consume in slumbers? or his arms rust in ease,
 That hears the charge, and sees the honour'd purchase
 Ready to gild his valour? Mine is more,
 A power above these passions; this day France
 (France, that in want of issue withers with us,
 And like an aged river runs his head
 Into forgotten ways) again I ransom,
 And his fair course turn right: This day Thierry,
 The son of France ⁴³, whose manly powers like prisoners
 Have been tied up, and fetter'd, by one death

⁴² *Can on that day, &c*] Seward rejects the word on.

⁴³ ———— *This day Thierry,*

The son of France, whose manly powers like prisoners

Have been tied up —] That this is good sense is allow'd, but

that the *sun of France* is much more poetical, I believe will be equally allow'd. How long the *sun* has been the emblem of the French King, I have no book by me that will tell us. It was the emblem which Louis the Fourteenth most delighted in, if it was of older date in the arms of France, it would be a confirmation of the emendation here,

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Gives life to thousand ages; this day beauty,
The envy of the world, the pleasure, glory,
Content above the world, desire beyond it,
Are made mine own, and useful!

Mart. Happy woman
That dies to do these things!

Thi. But ten times happier
That lives to do the greater! Oh, Martell,
The gods have heard me now; and those that scorn'd
me,

Mothers of many children, and blest'd fathers,
That see their issues like the stars unnumber'd,
Their comforts more than them, shall in my praises
Now teach their infants songs; and tell their ages
From such a son of mine, or such a queen,
That chaste Ordella brings me. Blessed marriage,
The chain that links two holy loves together!
And, in the marriage, more than blest'd Ordella,

and still more so, of the exquisite beauty of the following passage of Shakespeare in *Henry the Fifth*, the French King describing the battle of Cressy,

- When Cressy battle fatally was struck;
- And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
- Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales:
- While that his mountain-fire on mountain standing,
- Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
- Saw his heroic feed, and smil'd to see him
- Mangle the work of Nature——

Were a painter to give us this battle in colours, what a noble image might he take from hence? The king of more than human stature, and enlarg'd beyond the strict rules of perspective, aloft on a hill, with the *sun* in his zenith darting all his glory round his head. Shakespeare expresses this in words that exceed all colours, *mountain* when made an adjective is something beyond the epithet *great, vast, immense*. I should not have mentioned this but to shew the fallibility of criticism, since the greatest of the critics on Shakespeare for *mountain-fire* reads *mounting fire*, and rejects the line

• Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,

as the nonsensical insertion of some player. As to the change, I propose of *son* to *sun*, I shall not insert it in the text, as the former, though not so poetical, may perhaps be thought full as proper, now he is talking of a son to succeed him.

Seward.

We have no doubt but the text is genuine; yet there is an amusing conceitedness in Seward's note, which has induced us to retain it.

That

That comes so near the sacrament itself,
The priests doubt whether purer!

Mart. Sir, you're lost!

Tbi. I prithee let me be so!

Mart. The day wears;

And those that have been offering early prayers,
Are now retiring homeward.

Tbi. Stand, and mark then!

Mart. Is it the first must suffer?

Tbi. The first woman.

Mart. What hand shall do it, Sir?

Tbi. This hand, Martell;

For who less dare presume to give the gods
An incense of this offering?

Mart. 'Would I were she!

For such a way to die, and such a blessing,
Can never crown my parting. [*Two men pass over.*]

Tbi. What are those?

Mart. Men, men, Sir, men.

Tbi. The plagues of men light on 'em!

They cross my hopes like hares. Who's that?

[*A priest passes over.*]

Mart. A priest, Sir.

Tbi. 'Would he were gelt!

Mart. May not these rascals serve, Sir,
Well hang'd and quarter'd?

Tbi. No.

Mart. Here comes a woman.

Enter Ordella veil'd.

Tbi. Stand, and behold her then!

Mart. I think, a fair one.

Tbi. Move not, whilst I prepare her: May her peace,
(Like his whose innocence the gods are pleas'd with,
And, offering at their altars, gives his soul
Far purer than those fires) pull Heav'n upon her!
You holy powers, no human spot dwell in her!
No love of any thing, but you and goodness,
Tie her to earth! Fear be a stranger to her;

And all weak blood's affections, but thy hope,
 Let her bequeath to women! Hear me, Heav'n!
 Give her a spirit masculine, and noble,
 Fit for yourselves to ask, and me to offer!
 Oh, let her meet my blow, dote on her death;
 And as a wanton vine bows to the pruner,
 That, by his cutting off more may encrease,
 So let her fall to raise me fruit!—Hail, woman;
 The happiest, and the best, (if thy dull will
 Do not abuse thy fortune) France e'er found yet!

Ord. She's more than dull, Sir, less, and worse
 than woman,

That may inherit such an infinite
 As you propound, a greatness so near goodness,
 And brings a will to rob her.

Tbi. Tell me this then;

Was there e'er woman yet, or may be found,
 That for fair fame, unspotted memory,
 For Virtue's sake, and only for itself-sake,
 Has, or dare make a story?

Ord. Many dead, Sir;
 Living, I think, as many.

Tbi. Say, the kingdom
 May from a woman's will receive a blessing,
 The king and kingdom, not a private safety,
 A general blessing, lady?

Ord. A general curse
 Light on her heart, denies it!

Tbi. Full of honour!
 And such examples as the former ages
 Were but dim shadows of, and empty figures?

Ord. You strangely stir me, Sir; and were my
 weakness

In any other flesh but modest woman's,
 You should not ask more questions: May I do it?

Tbi. You may; and, which is more, you must.

Ord. I joy in't,
 Above a moderate gladness! Sir, you promise
 It shall be honest?

Tbi.

Thi. As ever Time discover'd.

Ord. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
I have a mind will hazard it.

Thi. But, hark you;

What may that woman merit, makes this blessing?

Ord. Only her duty, Sir.

Thi. 'Tis terrible!

Ord. 'Tis so much the more noble.

Thi. 'Tis full of fearful shadows!

Ord. So is sleep, Sir,

Or any thing that's merely ours, and mortal;
We were begotten gods else: But those fears,
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.

Thi. Suppose it death!

Ord. I do.

Thi. And endless parting

With all we can call ours, with all our sweetness,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay
reason!

For in the silent grave, no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel, nothing's heard⁴⁴,
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and an endless darkness: And dare you, woman,
Desire this place?

Ord. 'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest:
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall, like spent exhalations, to this centre:
And those are fools that fear it, or imagine
A few unhandsome pleasures, or life's profits,
Can recompense this place; and mad that stay it,
'Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humours
Bring them dispers'd to th' earth.

Thi. Then you can suffer?

Ord. As willingly as say it.

Thi. Martell, a wonder!

⁴⁴ ———— *nothing's hard.*] Amended in 1750.

Here is a woman that dares die.—Yet, tell me,
Are you a wife?

Ord. I am, Sir.

Thi. And have children?—
She sighs, and weeps!

Ord. Oh, none, Sir.

Thi. Dare you venture,
For a poor barren praise you ne'er shall hear,
To part with these sweet hopes?

Ord. With all but Heaven,
And yet die full of children: He that reads me
When I am ashes, is my son in wishes;
And those chaste dames that keep my memory,
Singing my yearly requiems, are my daughters.

Thi. Then there is nothing wanting but my know-
ledge,
And what I must do, lady.

Ord. You are the king, Sir,
And what you do I'll suffer; and that blessing
That you desire, the gods shower on the kingdom!

Thi. Thus much before I strike then; for I must
kill you,
The gods have will'd it so: Thou'rt made the blessing⁴⁵.
Must make France young again, and me a man.
Keep up your strength still nobly!

Ord. Fear me not.

Thi. And meet Death like a measure!

Ord. I am steadfast.

Thi. Thou shalt be fainted, woman; and thy tomb
Cut out in crystal, pure and good as thou art;
And on it shall be graven every age⁴⁶;

⁴⁵ They're made the blessing.] Amended in 1750.

⁴⁶ And on it shall be graven, every age,

*Succeeding peers of France that rise by thy fall,
Tell thou ly'st there like old and fruitful Nature.*] I flatter myself,
that I have fully cured this passage, by making a colon instead of a
comma at the end of the second line, and changing *tell* to *'till*. The
image is this, 'On thy tomb shall be engrav'd from age to age the
'succeeding kings of France as acknowledging their being all de-
'riv'd from thee, 'till thou ly'st there like Nature, the fruitful mother
' of

THIERRY AND THEODORET. 183

Succeeding peers of France that rise by thy fall,
Tell thou liest there like old and fruitful Nature.
Dar'st thou behold thy happiness?

Ord. I dare, Sir.

Thi. Ha! [*Pulls off her veil, lets fall his sword.*]

Mart. Oh, Sir, you must not do it.

Thi. No, I dare not!

There is an angel keeps that paradise,
A fiery angel, friend. Oh, virtue, virtue,
Ever and endless virtue!

Ord. Strike, Sir, strike!

And if in my poor death fair France may merit,
Give me a thousand blows! be killing me
A thousand days!

Thi. First, let the earth be barren,
And man no more remember'd! Rise, Ordella,
The nearest to thy Maker, and the purest
That ever dull flesh shew'd us!—Oh, my heart-strings!
[*Exit.*]

Mart. I see you full of wonder; therefore, noblest,
And truest amongst women, I will tell you
The end of this strange accident.

Ord. Amazement

Has so much won upon my heart⁴⁷, that truly
I feel myself unfit to hear: Oh, Sir,
My lord has slighted me!

'of all things.' The image is full as noble as the famous simile of
Virgil of the city of Rome to Berecynthia the mother of the gods;

— Illa incluta Roma

Felix prole virum. Qualis Berecynthia mater,

Invehitur curru Phrygiæ turrata per Urbes,

Læta Deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,

Omnes Cæcicolæ, omnes supera alta tenentes. *Seward.*

The old text (with no variation, but a stronger point, a semicolon,
at the end of the first line) is much preferable: The sense then is
plain and easy: 'Every age shall be graven on thy tomb; and the
'succeeding French princes shall tell, having risen from thy fall,
'that thou liest there like fruitful Nature.' The obscurity proceeds
from the omission of the second *shall*.

⁴⁷ *Has so much wove upon my heart.*] *Wove* is a strange expression
here, and much less in the manner of our Poets, than the word
substituted,

Mart. Oh, no, sweet lady.

Ord. Robb'd me of such a glory, by his pity
And most unprovident respect——

Mart. Dear lady,
It was not meant to you.

Ord. Else where the day is,
And hours distinguish time, time runs to ages,
And ages end the world, I had been spoken!

Mart. I'll tell you what it was, if but your patience
Will give me hearing.

Ord. If I have transgress'd,
Forgive me, Sir!

Mart. Your noble lord was counsell'd
(Grieving the barrenness between you both,
And all the kingdom with him⁴⁸) to seek out
A man that knew the secrets of the gods:
He went, found such an one, and had this answer;
That if he would have issue, on this morning,
(For this hour was prefix'd him) he should kill
The first he met, being female, from the temple,
And then he should have children: The mistake
Is now too perfect, lady.

Ord. Still 'tis I, Sir;
For may this work be done by common women?
Durst any but myself, that knew the blessing,
And felt the benefit, assume this dying?
In any other, 'thad been lost and nothing,
A curse and not a blessing: I was figur'd;
And shall a little fondness bar my purchase?

Mart. Where should he then seek children?

Ord. Where they are;
In wombs ordain'd for issues; in those beauties

⁴⁸ *And all the kingdom with him.*] Was all the kingdom counsell'd to seek out an astrologer? This seems the construction of the words as they now stand: I read,

And all the kingdom's with him,
i. e. all the kingdom's barrenness in his.

Seward.
Seward misconceived this passage: *Kingdom* refers to grieving, not to counselling.

That blefs a marriage-bed ⁴⁹, and make it procreant
With kifles that conceive, and fruitful pleasures:
Mine, like a grave, buries thofe loyal hopes,
And too a grave it covets.

Mart. You are too good,
Too excellent, too honeft! Rob not us,
And thofe that fhall hereafter feek example,
Of fuch ineflimable worth in woman ⁵⁰,
Your lord of fuch obedience, all of honour!
In coveting a cruelty is not yours,
A will fhort of your wifdom, make not Error
A tombftone of your virtues, whole fair life
Deserves a conftellation! Your lord dare not,
He cannot, ought not, muft not run this hazard;
He makes a feparation Nature fhakes at,
The gods deny, and everlafting Juftice
Shrinks back, and fheaths her fword at.

Ord. All's but talk, Sir!
I find to what I am referv'd, and needful:
And tho' my lord's compaffion makes me poor,
And leaves me in my beft ufe ⁵¹, yet a ftrength
Above mine own, or his dull fondnefs, finds me:
The gods have given it to me ⁵². [*Draws a knife.*]

Mart. Self-destruction?
Now all good angels blefs thee! oh, fweet lady!
You are abus'd; this is a way to fhame you,
And with you all that know you, all that love you;

⁴⁹ *That blefs a marriage-bed, and make it proceed*

With kifles that conceive.] The variation in the text is by Seward. The conjecture is happy, and very poffibly reftores the original word. We might read *breed*; but Seward's text is more elegant.

⁵⁰ *Of fuch ineflimable worthies in woman.*] Former editions. The original might have been either *worths* or *worth*. Seward.

⁵¹ *And leaves me in my beft ufe.*] i. e. Neglects putting me to the ufe I am moft fit for, the beft ufe I can be employed in.

⁵² ——— *yet a ftrength*

Above mine own, or his dull fondnefs finds me:

The gods have given it to me.] This reading may be conftru'd into fense, but the change of a colon to a comma, and the omiffion of the relative *it* makes it much more eafy. Seward.

Surely, thefe variations greatly injured the text,

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To ruin all you build! Would you be famous?
Is that your end?

Ord. I would be what I should be.

Mart. Live and confirm the gods then! live and
be loaden

With more than olives bear⁵³, or fruitful autumn!
This way you kill your merit, kill your cause,
And him you would raise life to: Where or how
Got you these bloody thoughts? what devil durst
Look on that angel face, and tempt? do you know
What 'tis to die thus? how you strike the stars,
And all good things above us? do you feel
What follows a self-blood? whither you venture,
And to what punishment? Excellent lady,
Be not thus cozen'd! do not fool yourself!
The priest was never his own sacrifice,
But he that thought his hell here.

Ord. I am counsell'd.

Mart. And I am glad on't; lie, I know you dare not.

Ord. I never have done yet.

Mart. Pray take my comfort!

Was this a soul to lose? two more such women
Would save their sex. See, she repents and prays!
Oh, hear her, hear her! if there be a faith
Able to reach your mercies, she hath sent it.

Ord. Now, good Martell, confirm me!

Mart. I will, lady,

And every hour advise you; for I doubt
Whether this plot be Heav'n's, or Hell's your mother!
And I will find it, if it be in mankind
To search the centre of it: In the mean time,
I'll give you out for dead, and by yourself,
And shew the instrument; so shall I find
A joy that will betray her.

Ord. Do what's fittest;

And I will follow you.

Mart. Then ever live

Both able to engross all love; and give! [Exeunt,

⁵³ *With more than olives bear.*] So first quarto. Seward reads,
olive bears.

Enter

Enter Brunbalt and Protaldye.

Brun. I am in labour
To be deliver'd of that burthenous project
I have so long gone with! Ha, here's the midwife:
Or life, or death?

Enter Lecure.

Lec. If in the supposition
Of her death in whose life you die, you ask me,
I think you're safe.

Brun. Is she dead?

Lec. I have us'd
All means to make her so: I saw him waiting
At th' temple door, and us'd such art within,
That only she of all her sex was first
Giv'n up unto his fury.

Brun. Which if love
Or fear made him forbear to execute,
The vengeance he determin'd his fond pity
Shall draw it on himself; for were there left
Not any man but he, to serve my pleasures,
Or from me to receive commands, (which are
The joys for which I love life) he should be
Remov'd, and I alone left to be queen
O'er any part of goodness that's left in me.

Lec. If you are so resolv'd, I have provided
A means to ship him hence: Look upon this,
But touch it sparingly; for this once us'd,
Say but to dry a tear, will keep the eye-lid
From closing, until Death perform that office.

Brun. Give't me! I may have use of 't; and on you
I'll make the first experiment, if one sigh
Or heavy look beget the least suspicion,
Childish compassion can thaw the ice
Of your so-long-congeal'd and flinty hardness.
'Slight, go on constant, or I shall——

Prot. Best lady,
We have no faculties which are not yours.

Lec.

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Lec. Nor will be any thing without you.

Brun. Be so,

And we will stand or fall together: For
Since we have gone so far, that Death must stay
The journey, which we wish should never end,
And innocent, or guilty, we must die;
When we do so, let's know the reason why!

Enter Thierry and Courtiers.

Lec. The king!

Tbi. We'll be alone.

Prot. I would I had

A convoy too, to bring me safe off!
For rage, altho' it be allay'd with sorrow,
Appears so dreadful in him, that I shake
To look upon it.

Brun. Coward, I will meet it,
And know from whence't has birth. Son! kingly
Thierry!

Tbi. Is cheating grown so common among men,
And thrives so well here, that the gods endeavour
To practise it above?

Brun. Your mother!

Tbi. Ha!—

Or are they only careful to revenge,
Not to reward? or when, for our offences⁵⁴,
We study satisfaction, must the cure
Be worse than the disease?

Brun. Will you not hear me?

Tbi. To lose the ability to perform those duties
For which I entertain'd the name of husband,
Ask'd more than common sorrow; but to impose,
For the redress of that defect, a torture
In marking her to death, (for whom alone
I felt that weakness as a want) requires
More than the making the head bald, or falling
Thus flat upon the earth, or cursing that way,
Or praying this. Oh, such a scene of grief,

⁵⁴ Or when, for your offences.] Former editions.

Seward.

And

And so set down, (the world the stage to act on)
May challenge a tragedian better practis'd
Than I am to express it! for my cause
Of passion is so strong, and my performance
So weak, that tho' the part be good, I fear
The ill acting of it will defraud it of
The poor reward it may deserve, mens' pity.

Brun. I've given you way thus long: A king, and
what

Is more, my son, and yet a slave to that
Which only triumphs over cowards, sorrow?
For shame, look up!

Thi. Is't you? look down on me!
And if that you are capable to receive it,
Let that return to you, that have brought forth
One mark'd out only for it!—What are these?
Come they, upon your privilege, to tread on
The tomb of my afflictions?

Prot. No, not we, Sir.

Thi. How dare you then omit the ceremony
Due to the funeral of all my hopes?
Or come unto the marriage of my sorrows,
But in such colours as may sort with them?

Prot. Alas, we will wear any thing.

Brun. This is madness!

Take but my counsel!

Thi. Yours? dare you again,
Tho' arm'd with the authority of a mother,
Attempt the danger that will fall on you,
If such another syllable awake it?
Go, and with yours be safe; I have such cause
Of grief, (nay more, to love it) that I will not
Have such as these be sharers in it.

Lec. Madam!

Prot. Another time were better.

Brun. Do not stir,
For I must be resolv'd, and will: Be statues!

Enter Martell.

Thi. Ay, thou art welcome; and upon my soul
Thou

Thou art an honest man. Do you see? he has tears
To lend to him whom prodigal expence
Of sorrow has made bankrupt of such treasure!
Nay, thou dost well.

Mart. I would it might excuse
The ill I bring along!

Thi. Thou mak'st me smile
I' th' heighth of my calamities: As if
There could be the addition of an atom,
To the giant-body of my miseries!
But try; for I will hear thee. All sit down! 'tis death
To any that shall dare to interrupt him
In look, gesture, or word.

Mart. And such attention
As is due to the last, and the best story
That ever was deliver'd, will become you.
The griev'd Ordella (for all other titles
But take away from that) having from me,
Prompted by your last parting groan, enquir'd
What drew it from you, and the cause soon learn'd;
For she whom barbarism could deny nothing,
With such prevailing earnestness desir'd it,
'Twas not in me, tho' it had been my death,
To hide it from her: She, I say, in whom
All was, that Athens, Rome, or warlike Sparta,
Have register'd for good in their best women,
But nothing of their ill; knowing herself
Mark'd out (I know not by what power, but sure
A cruel one) to die, to give you children;
Having first with a settled countenance
Look'd up to Heaven, and then upon herself,
(It being the next best object) and then smil'd,
As if her joy in death to do you service
Would break forth, in despite of the much sorrow
She shew'd she had to leave you; and then taking
Me by the hand, (this hand, which I must ever
Love better than I have done, since she touch'd it)
Go, said she, to my lord, (and to go to him
Is such a happiness I must not hope for)
And tell him that he too much priz'd a trifle

Made only worthy in his love, and her
Thankful acceptance, for her sake to rob
The orphan kingdom of such guardians, as
Must of necessity descend from him;
And therefore, in some part of recompense
Of his much love, and to shew to the world
That 'twas not her fault only, but her fate,
That did deny to let her be the mother
Of such most certain blessings; yet, for proof
She did not envy her, that happy her,
That is appointed to them, her quick end
Should make way for her. Which no sooner spoke,
But in a moment this too-ready engine
Made such a battery in the choicest castle
That ever Nature made to defend life,
That straight it shook and sunk.

Thi. Stay! dares any
Presume to shed a tear before me? or
Ascribe that worth unto themselves to merit,
To do so for her? I have done; now on!

Mart. Fall'n thus, once more she smil'd, as if that
Death

For her had studied a new way to sever
The soul and body, without sense of pain;
And then, Tell him, quoth she, what you have seen,
And with what willingness 'twas done! for which
My last request unto him is, that he
Would instantly make choice of one (most happy
In being so chosen) to supply my place;
By whom if Heav'n blest him with a daughter,
In my remembrance let it bear my name!
Which said, she died.

Thi. I hear this, and yet live!
Heart! art thou thunder-proof? will nothing break
thee?

She's dead; and what her entertainment may be
In th' other world without me is uncertain;
And dare I stay here unresolv'd?

Mart. Oh, Sir!

Brun.

Brun. Dear son !

Prot. Great king !

Thi. Unhand me ! am I fall'n

So low, that I have lost the power to be
Disposer of my own life ?

Mart. Be but pleas'd

To borrow so much time of Sorrow, as
To call to mind her last request, for whom
(I must confess a loss beyond expression)
You turn your hand upon yourself ! 'twas hers,
And dying hers, that you should live, and happy,
In seeing little models of yourself,
By matching with another : And will you
Leave any thing that she desir'd ungranted ?
And suffer such a life that was laid down
For your sake only, to be fruitless ?

Thi. Oh,

Thou dost throw charms upon me, against which
I cannot stop my ears : Bear witness, Heaven !
That not desire of life, nor love of pleasures,
Nor any future comforts, but to give
Peace to her blessed spirit, in satisfying
Her last demand, makes me defer our meeting !
Which in my choice, and sudden choice, shall be
To all apparent.

Brun. How ! do I remove one mischief,
To draw upon my head a greater ?

Thi. Go,

Thou only good man, to whom for herself
Goodness is dear, and prepare to inter it
In her that was ! Oh, my heart, my Ordella⁵⁵ !
A monument worthy to be the casket

⁵⁵ — *Ob, my heart ! my Ordella,*

A monument worthy to be the casket

Of such a jewel.] The whole is confused, and both sense and
measure requires the adverb *only* to be inserted in the second line :
The former wants a verb to make it clear.

Seward.

Seward reads,

Ob ! my heart, my Ordella, is .

A monument only worthy to be th' casket, &c.

Of such a jewel.

Mart. Your command, that makes way
Unto my absence, is a welcome one;
For, but yourself, there's nothing here Martell
Can take delight to look on: Yet some comfort
Goes back with me to her, who, tho' she want it,
Deserves all blessings. [Exit.

Brun. So soon to forget
The loss of such a wife, believe it, will
Be censur'd in the world.

Thi. Pray you, no more!
There is no argument you can use to cross it,
But does encrease in me such a suspicion
I would not cherish.—Who's that?

Enter Memberge.

Memb. One no guard
Can put back from access, whose tongue no threats
Nor pray'rs can silence! a bold suitor, and
For that which, if you are yourself, a king,
You were made so to grant it: Justice, justice!

Thi. With what assurance dare you hope for that
Which is denied to me? or how can I
Stand bound to be just unto such as are
Beneath me, that find none from those that are
Above me?

Memb. There is justice: 'Twere unfit
That any thing but vengeance should fall on him,
That, by his giving way to more than murder,
(For my dear father's death was parricide)
Makes it his own.

Brun. I charge you, hear her not!

Memb. Hell cannot stop just prayers from ent'ring
Heav'n:

I must and will be heard! Sir, but remember
That he that by her plot fell, was your brother;
And the place where, your palace, against all
Th' inviolable rights of hospitality;
Your word, a king's word, given for his safety;

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His innocence, his protection; and the gods
Bound to revenge the impious breach of such
So great and sacred bonds! and can you wonder
(That in not punishing such a horrid murder
You did it) that Heav'n's favour is gone from you?
Which never will return, until his blood
Be wash'd away in hers.

Brun. Drag hence the wretch!

Tbi. Forbear. With what variety
Of torments do I meet! Oh, thou hast open'd
A book, in which, writ down in bloody letters,
My conscience finds that I am worthy of
More than I undergo; but I'll begin,
For my Ordella's sake, and for thine own,
To make less Heav'n's great anger: Thou hast lost
A father; I to thee am so: The hope
Of a good husband; in me have one! Nor
Be fearful I am still no man; already
That weakness is gone from me.

Brun. That it might [*Aside.*]
Have ever grown inseparably upon thee!—
What will you do? Is such a thing as this
Worthy the lov'd Ordella's place? the daughter
Of a poor gardener?

Memb. Your son!

Tbi. The power
To take away that lowness is in me.

Brun. Stay yet; for rather than that thou shalt add
Incest unto thy other sins, I will,
With hazard of my own life, utter all:
Theodoret was thy brother.

Tbi. You denied it,
Upon your oath; nor will I now believe you:
Your Protean turnings cannot change my purpose!

Memb. And for me, be assur'd the means to be
Reveng'd on thee, vile hag, admits no thought
But what tends to it!

Brun. Is it come to that?
Then have at the last refuge! Art thou grown
Insensible

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Insensible in ill, that thou goest on
Without the least compunction? There, take that!
To witness that thou hadst a mother, which
Forefaw thy cause of grief and sad repentance,
That, so soon after blest'd Ordella's death,
Without a tear, thou canst embrace another!
Forgetful man!

Thi. Mine eyes, when she is nam'd,
Cannot forget their tribute, and your gift
Is not unuseful now.

Lec. He's past all cure;
That only touch is death.

Thi. This night I'll keep it;
Tomorrow I will send it you, and full
Of my affliction.

[*Exit.*

Brun. Is the poison mortal?

Lec. Above the help of phyfic.

Brun. To my wish.

Now for our own security! You, Protaldye,
Shall this night post towards Austracia,
With letters to Theodoret's bastard son,
In which we will make known what for his rising
We have done to Thierry: No denial,
Nor no excuse in such acts, must be thought of;
Which all dislike, and all again commend
When they are brought unto a happy end. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter De Vitry, and four Soldiers.

Vitry. **N**O war, no money, no master! banish'd
the court,
Not trusted in the city, whipt out of the country,
In what a triangle runs our misery!
Let me hear which of you has the best voice to beg in,
For other hopes or fortunes I see you have not.

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Be not nice ; Nature provided you with tones for the
purpose ;

The peoples' charity was your heritage,
And I would see which of you deserves his birth-
right.

Omnes. We understand you not, captain.

Vitry. You see this cardecue ;

The last, and the only quintessence of fifty crowns,
Distill'd in the limbeck of your gardage,
Of which happy piece thou shalt be treasurer :
Now he that can soonest persuade him to part with it,
Enjoys it, possesses it, and, with it,
Me and my future countenance.

1 *Sold.* If they want art
To persuade it, I'll keep it myself.

Vitry. So you be not

A partial judge in your own cause, you shall.

Omnes. A match !

2 *Sold.* I'll begin to you : Brave Sir, be proud
To make him happy by your liberality,
Whose tongue vouchsafes now to petition,
Was never heard before less than to command.
I am a soldier by profession, a gentleman
By birth, and an officer by place ;
Whose poverty blushes to be the cause,
That so high a virtue should descend
To the pity of your charity.

1 *Sold.* In any case keep your high stile !
It is not charity to shame any man,
Much less a virtue of your eminence ;
Wherefore preserve your worth, and I'll preserve
My money.

3 *Sold.* You persuade ? You are shallow !
Give way to merit : Ah, by the bread of God, man⁵⁶,
Thou hast a bonny countenance and a blith,

⁵⁶ *By the bread of good man.*] The variation is proposed by Theobald and Sympson. Seward reads, *by the bread of a gode man*, and says, 'One would wish to put any thing rather than the TRUE WORD.'

Promising mickle good to a fiking wemb⁵⁷,
That has trod a long and a fore ground to meet
With friends, that will owe much to thy reverence,
When they shall hear of thy courtesy
To their wandring countryman.

1 *Sold.* You that will use
Your friends so hardly to bring them in debt, Sir,
Will deserve worse of a stranger; wherefore,
Pead on, pead on, I say⁵⁸!

4 *Sold.* It is the Welsh
Must do't, I see.—Comrade, man of urship,
St. Tavy be her patron, the gods of the mountains
Keep her cow and her cupboard; may she never
Want the green of the leek, nor the fat of the onion,
If she part with her bounties to him, that is a great deal
Away from her cousins, and has two big suits in law
To recover her heritage!

1 *Sold.* Pardon me, Sir;
I will have nothing to do with your suits;
It comes within the statute of maintenance.
Home to your cousins, and sow garlick and hempseed!
The one will stop your hunger, the other end your
suits:

Gammawash, comrade, gammawash!

4 *Sold.* 'Foot, he'll hoord all for himself.

Vitry. Yes, let him:

Now comes my turn; I'll see if he can answer me:
Save you, Sir! they say you have that I want, money.

1 *Sold.* And that you are like to want, for aught I
perceive yet.

Vitry. Stand, deliver!

1 *Sold.* 'Foot, what mean you?

You will not rob the exchequer?

Vitry. Do you prate?

1 *Sold.* Hold, hold! here, captain!

⁵⁷ To a ficker womb.] Seward alters *ficker* to *fiking*, and says,
'A *fiking womb* is a groaning stomach or belly.' But *wemb* surely
should displace *womb*.

⁵⁸ Pead on.] i. e. Pad on, foot it on.

Seward.

2 *Sold.*

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2 *Sold.* Why, I could have done this
Before you.

3 *Sold.* And I.

4 *Sold.* And I.

Vitry. You have done this:

‘ Brave man, be proud to make him happy!’

‘ By the bread of God, man, thou hast a bonny
countenance!’

‘ Comrade, man of urship, St. Tavy be her patron!’
Out upon you, you uncurried colts!

Walking cans, that have no souls in you⁶⁰,

But a little rosin to keep your ribs sweet,
And hold in liquor!

Omnes. Why, what would you have us to do, captain?

Vitry. Beg, beg, and keep constables waking,
Wear out stocks and whipcord,
Maunder for butter-milk, die of the jaundice,
Yet have the cure about you, lice, large lice,
Begot of, your own dust, and the heat of the brick-
kilns!

May you starve, and the fear of the gallows
(Which is a gentle consumption to it⁶¹)

Only preserve you from it! or may you fall

Upon your fear, and be hang’d for selling

Those purses to keep you from famine,

Whose monies my valour empties,

And be cast without other evidence!

Here is my fort, my castle of defence;

Who comes by shall pay me toll;

The first purse is your mittimus, slaves.

2 *Sold.* The purse? ’foot, we’ll share in the money,
captain,

⁶⁰ *Walking cars that have no souls in you.*] The metaphor is here taken from the old English *black jacks*, made almost in the shape of a boot, (the name Erasmus gave them) they were stiffened leather lin’d with rosin, from whence a stiffen’d boot is called a *jack-boot*. Soul therefore is equivocal, and the too common pun; but the allusion to the *rosin* is extremely arch. *Seward.*

We cannot believe any pun was intended here.

⁶¹ *And fear of the gallows (which is a gentle consumption to’t) only prefer it.*] Amended by Seward.

If any come within a furlong of our fingers.

4 *Sold.* Did you doubt but we could steal
As well as yourself: Did not I speak Welsh?

3 *Sold.* We are thieves from our cradles, and will
die so.

Vitry. Then you will not beg again?

Omnes. Yes, as you did;

Stand and deliver!

2 *Sold.* Hark! here comes handsel:

'Tis a trade quickly set up, and as soon cast down.

Vitry. Have goodness in your minds, varlets, and to't
Like men: He that has more money than we
Cannot be our friend, and I hope there is no law
For spoiling the enemy.

3 *Sold.* You need not
Instruct us further; your example pleads enough.

Vitry. Disperse yourselves; and as their company
is, fall on!

2 *Sold.* Come, there are a band of 'em! I'll charge
single. [Exeunt Soldiers.

Enter Protaldye.

Prot. 'Tis wonderful dark! I have lost my man,
And dare not call for him, lest I should have
More followers than I would pay wages to.
What throes am I in, in this travel! These
Be honourable adventures! had I
That honest blood in my veins again, queen,
That your feats and these frights have drain'd from me,
Honour should pull hard, ere it drew me
Into these brakes.

Vitry. Who goes there?

Prot. Hey ho!

Here's a pang of pre ferment!

Vitry. 'Heart, who goes there?

Prot. He that has no heart to your acquaintance.
What shall I do with my jewels and my letter?
My codpiece, that's too loose; good, my boots!—
Who is't that spoke to me? Here's a friend,

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Vitry. We shall find that presently: Stand,
As you love your safety, stand!

Prot. That unlucky word
Of standing, has brought me to all this. Hold,
Or I shall never stand you.

Vitry. I should know
That voice. Deliver!

Enter Soldiers.

Prot. All that I have
Is at your service, gentlemen; and much
Good may it do you!

Vitry. Zoons, down with him!
Do you prate?

Prot. Keep your first word, as you are gentlemen,
And let me stand! alas, what do you mean?

2 Sold. To tie you to us, Sir, bind you in the knot
Of friendship.

Prot. Alas, Sir, all the physic in Europe
Cannot bind me.

Vitry. You should have jewels about you,
Stones, precious stones.

1 Sold. Captain, away!
There's company within hearing; if you stay longer,
We are surpris'd.

Vitry. Let the devil come,
I'll pillage this frigate a little better yet!

2 Sold. 'Foot, we are lost! they are upon us.

Vitry. Ha! upon us?
Make the least noise, 'tis thy parting gasp!

3 Sold. Which way shall we make, Sir?

Vitry. Every man his own!
Do you hear? only bind me before you go, and when
The company's past, make to this place again:
This carvel should have better lading in him.
You are slow; why do you not tie harder?

1 Sold. You are sure enough,
I warrant you, Sir.

Vitry. Darkness befriend you! away! [*Exe. Sold.*
Prot.

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Prot. What tyrants have I met with ! they leave me
Alone in the dark, yet would not have me cry.

I shall grow wondrous melancholy,
If I stay long here without company :

I was wont to get a nap with saying my prayers ;

I'll see if they will work upon me now.

But then if I should talk in my sleep, and they
Hear me, they would make a recorder of my windpipe,
Slit my throat. Heaven be prais'd ! I hear some noise ;
It may be new purchase, and then I shall have fellows.

Vitry. They are gone past hearing : Now to task,
De Vitry !—

Help, help, as you are men, help ! some charitable
hand,

Relieve a poor distressed miserable wretch !

Thieves, wicked thieves, have robb'd me, bound me.

Prot. 'Foot,

'Would they had gag'd you too ! your noise will be-
tray us,

And fetch them again.

Vitry. What blessed tongue spake to me ?

Where, where are you, Sir ?

Prot. A plague of your bawling throat !

We are well enough, if you have the grace

To be thankful for't. Do but snore to me,

And 'tis as much as I desire, to pass

Away time with, 'till morning ; then talk

As loud as you please. Sir, I am bound not to stir,

Wherefore, lie still and snore, I say.

Vitry. Then you have met with thieves too, I see.

Prot. And desire to meet with no more of them.

Vitry. Alas,

What can we suffer more ? They are far enough

By this time ; have they not all, all that we have, Sir ?

Prot. No, by my faith, have they not, Sir ! I gave
them

One trick to boot for their learning : My boots, Sir,
My boots ! I have sav'd my stock, and my jewels in
them,

And

And therefore desire to hear no more of them.

Vitry. Now blessing on your wit, Sir! what a dull Slave was I dream'd not of your conveyance? Help to unbind me, Sir, and I'll undo you; My life for yours, no worse thief than myself Meets you again this night!

Prot. Reach me thy hands!

Vitry. Here, Sir, here; I could beat my brains out, That could not think of boots, Boots, Sir, wide-topt boots; I shall love them The better whilst I live. But are you sure Your jewels are here, Sir?

Prot. Sure, sayst thou? ha, ha, ha!

Vitry. So ho, illo ho!

Sold. [*within.*] Here, captain, here.

Prot. 'Foot, what do you mean, Sir?

Enter Soldiers.

Vitry. A trick to boot, say you? Here, you dull slaves, purchase, purchase⁶²! The soul of the rock; diamonds, sparkling diamonds!

Prot. I'm betray'd, lost, past recovery lost! As you are men——

Vitry. Nay, rook, since you'll be prating, We'll share your carrion with you. Have you Any other conveyance now, Sir?

Sold. 'Foot, here are letters, Epistles, familiar epistles: We'll see What treasure is in them. They are seal'd sure.

Prot. Gentlemen!

As you are gentlemen, spare my letters, and take all Willingly, all! I'll give you a release, A general release, and meet you here Tomorrow with as much more.

⁶² *Purchase!* [*Purchase*, in the cant language of the times, always means any thing acquired by robbery or cozening: Thus Gadshill says, in First Part of Henry IV. act ii. sc. i. 'Give me thy hand, thou shalt have a share in our *purchase*; I am a true man.' See Mr. Steevens's note on this passage.

Vitry. Nay, since
You have your tricks, and your conveyances,
We will not leave a wrinkle of you unsearch'd.

Prot. Hark! there comes company; you will be
betray'd.

As you love your safeties, beat out my brains;
I shall betray you else.

Vitry. Treason,
Unheard-of treason! monstrous, monstrous villainies!

Prot. I confess myself a traitor; shew yourselves
Good subjects, and hang me up for't.

1 Sold. If it be
Treason, the discovery will get our pardon,
Captain.

Vitry. 'Would we were all lost, hang'd,
Quarter'd, to save this one, one innocent prince!
Thierry's poison'd, by his mother poison'd,
The mistress to this stallion!

Who, by that poison, ne'er shall sleep again!

2 Sold. 'Foot, let us mince him by piece-meal,
'till he
Eat himself up.

3 Sold. Let us dig out his heart
With needles, and half broil him, like a mussel!

Prot. Such another and I prevent you; my blood's
Settled already.

Vitry. Here's that shall remove it!
Toad, viper! Drag him unto Martell!
Unnatural parricide! cruel, bloody woman!

Omnes. On, you dog-fish, leech, caterpillar!

Vitry. A longer sight of him will make my rage turn
Pity, and with his sudden end prevent
Revenge and torture! wicked, wicked Brunhalt! [*Exe.*

Enter Bawdber and three Courtiers.

1 Cour. Not sleep at all? no means?

2 Cour. No art can do it.

Baw. I will assure you, he can sleep no more
Than a hooded hawk; a centinel to him,

Or

Or one of the city constables, are tops.

3 *Cour.* How came he so?

Baw. They are too wise that dare know;

Something's amiss: Heav'n help all!

1 *Cour.* What cure has he?

Baw. Armies of those we call physicians;
Some with clifters, some with lettice-caps,
Some posset-drinks, some pills; twenty consulting
here

About a drench, as many here to blood him;
Then comes a don of Spain, and he prescribes
More cooling opium than would kill a Turk,
Or quench a whore i'th' Dog-days; after him,
A wise Italian, and he cries, Tie unto him
A woman of fourscore, whose bones are marble,
Whose blood snow-water, not so much heat about her
As may conceive a prayer! after him,
An English doctor, with a bunch of pot-herbs,
And he cries out endive and fuckery,
With a few mallow-roots and butter-milk!
And talks of oil made of a churchman's charity;
Yet still he wakes.

1 *Cour.* But your good honour
Has a prayer in store, if all should fail?

Baw. I could have pray'd, and handsomely, but age
And an ill memory——

3 *Cour.* Has spoil'd your primmer.

Baw. Yet if there be a man of faith i'th' court,
And can pray for a pension——

Enter Thierry on a bed, with Doctors and Attendants.

2 *Cour.* Here's the king, Sir;
And those that will pray without pay.

Baw. Then pray for me too.

1 *Doctor.* How does your Grace now feel yourself?

Thi. What's that?

1 *Doctor.* Nothing at all, Sir, but your fancy.

Thi. Tell me,

Can ever these eyes more, shut up in slumbers,

Assure

Affure my soul there is sleep? is there night
 And rest for human labours? do not you
 And all the world, as I do, out-stare Time,
 And live, like funeral lamps, never extinguish'd?
 Is there a grave? (and do not flatter me,
 Nor fear to tell me truth) and in that grave
 Is there a hope I shall sleep? can I die?
 Are not my miseries immortal? Oh,
 The happiness of him that drinks his water,
 After his weary day, and sleeps for ever!
 Why do you crucify me thus with faces,
 And gaping strangely upon one another?
 When shall I rest?

2 *Doctor*. Oh, Sir, be patient!

Thi. Am I not patient? have I not endur'd
 More than a mangy dog, among your doses?
 Am I not now your patient? Ye can make
 Unwholsome fools sleep for a guarded footcloth⁶³;
 Whores for a hot sin-offering; yet I must crave,
 That feed ye, and protect ye, and proclaim ye.
 Because my power is far above your searching,
 Are my diseases so? can ye cure none,
 But those of equal ignorance? Dare ye kill me?

1 *Doctor*. We do beseech your Grace be more
 reclaim'd⁶⁴!

This talk doth but distemper you.

Thi. Well, I will die,
 In spite of all your potions! One of you sleep;
 Lie down and sleep here, that I may behold
 What blessed rest it is my eyes are robb'd of!
 See; he can sleep, sleep any where, sleep now,
 When he that wakes for him can never slumber!

⁶³ *Unwholesome fools sleeps for a guarded footcloth.*] Seward is at a loss to know whether the *guarded footcloth* is spoke of as a 'reward given to the Doctor,' or as 'a soft footcloth guarded from pressure,' for 'the use of the patient.' He gives the preference to *garded*, [for so he erroneously spells it] i. e. *lac'd*. This word occurs in the Merchant of Venice.

⁶⁴ *Be more reclaim'd.*] Seward proposes to read *becalm'd*, instead of *reclaim'd*: We think the text right.

Is't not a dainty ease?

2 *Doctor*. Your Grace shall feel it.

Tbi. Oh, never, never I! The eyes of Heaven
See but their certain motions, and then sleep;
The rages of the ocean have their slumbers,
And quiet silver calms; each violence
Crowns in his end a peace; but my fix'd fires
Shall never, never set!—Who's that?

Enter Martell, Brunhalt, De Vitry, and Soldiers.

Mart. No, woman,
Mother of mischief, no! the day shall die first,
And all good things live in a worse than thou art⁶⁵,
Ere thou shalt sleep! Dost thou see him?

Brun. Yes, and curse him;
And all that love him, fool, and all live by him.

Mart. Why art thou such a monster?

Brun. Why art thou
So tame a knave to ask me?

Mart. Hope of hell,
By this fair holy light, and all his wrongs,
Which are above thy years, almost thy vices,
Thou shalt not rest, not feel more what is pity,
Know nothing necessary, meet no society
But what shall curse and crucify thee, feel in thyself
Nothing but what thou art, bane and bad conscience,
'Till this man rest; but for whose reverence,
Because thou art his mother, I would say,
Whore, this shall be! Do you nod? I'll waken you
With my sword's point.

Brun. I wish no more of Heaven,
Nor hope no more, but a sufficient anger
To torture thee!

⁶⁵ *And all good things live in a worse than thou art.*] The leaving out the substantive that should agree with *worse*, renders this scarcely English. It might easily be amended by reading,

And all good things live in worse state than thou art,
Or, ——— in worse hell than thou art. *Seward.*
The meaning seems to be,

And all good things live in a worse [thing] than thou art.

Mart.

Mart. See, she that makes you see, Sir!
And, to your misery, still see your mother,
The mother of your woes, Sir, of your waking,
The mother of your peoples' cries and curses,
Your murdering mother, your malicious mother!

Tbi. Physicians, half my state to sleep an hour now!
Is it so, mother?

Brun. Yes, it is so, son;
And, were it yet again to do, it should be.

Mart. She nods again; swinge her⁶⁶!

Tbi. But, mother,
(For yet I love that reverence, and to death
Dare not forget you have been so) was this,
This endless misery, this cureless malice,
This snatching from me all my youth together,
All that you made me for, and happy mothers
Crown'd with eternal time are proud to finish,
Done by your will?

Brun. It was, and by that will——

Tbi. Oh, mother, do not lose your name! forget not
The touch of Nature in you, tenderness!
'Tis all the soul of woman, all the sweetness:
Forget not, I beseech you, what are children,
Nor how you have groan'd for them; to what love
They are born inheritors, with what care kept;
And, as they rise to ripeness, still remember
How they imp out your age! and when Time calls
you,

That as an autumn flower you fall, forget not
How round about your hearse they hang, like penons!

Brun. Holy fool,
Whose patience to prevent my wrongs has kill'd thee,
Preach not to me of punishments or fears,
Or what I ought to be; but what I am,
A woman in her liberal will defeated,
In all her greatness cross'd, in pleasure blasted!
My angers have been laugh'd at, my ends slighted,

⁶⁶ Swing *ber.*] Former editions. *Swinge*, which properly signifies to beat with rods, is probably the true word.

Seward.

And all those glories that had crown'd my fortunes,
Suffer'd by blasted Virtue to be scatter'd:
I am the fruitful mother of these angers,
And what such have done, read, and know thy ruin!

Thi. Heav'n forgive you!

Mart. She tells you true; for millions of her mischiefs
Are now apparent: Protaldye we have taken,
An equal agent with her, to whose care,
After the damn'd defeat on you, she trusted

Enter Messenger.

The bringing-in of Leonor the bastard,
Son to your murder'd brother: Her physician
By this time is attach'd to that damn'd devil.

Mess. 'Tis like he will be so; for ere we came,
Fearing an equal justice for his mischiefs,
He drench'd himself.

Brun. He did like one of mine then!

Thi. Must I still see these miseries? no night
To hide me from their horrors? That Protaldye
See justice fall upon!

Brun. Now I could sleep too.

Mart. I'll give you yet more poppy: Bring the lady,

Enter Ordella.

And Heav'n in her embraces give him quiet⁶⁷!
Madam, unveil yourself.

Ord. I do forgive you;
And tho' you fought my blood, yet I'll pray for you.

Brun. Art thou alive?

Mart. Now could you sleep?

Brun. For ever.

Mart. Go carry her without wink of sleep, or quiet,

⁶⁷ *And Heav'n in her embraces give him quiet.*] The Editors of 1750 pretend to have amended this passage by substituting *give* for *gives*. So, p. 128, l. 13, to have altered *promise* to *promises*; p. 132, l. 8, *latches* to *leeches*; p. 165, l. 1, *keeping* to *keep*; same page, l. 4, *ye* to *eye*; p. 172, l. 20, *my* to *thy*; p. 193, l. 18, *praises* to *prayers*; and p. 159, l. 7, to have placed the name *Martell* as being *spoken to*, instead of as *speaker*. The quarto is right in all.

Where her strong knave Protaldye's broke o'th' wheel,
And let his cries and roars be musick to her!

I mean to waken her.

Thi. Do her no wrong!

Mart. Nor right⁶⁸, as you love justice!

Brun. I will think;

And if there be new curses in old nature,

I have a soul dare fend them!

Mart. Keep her waking!

[*Exit Brun.*

Thi. What's that appears so sweetly? There's that
face——

Mart. Be moderate, lady!

Thi. That angel's face——

Mart. Go nearer.

Thi. Martell, I cannot last long! See the soul
(I see it perfectly) of my Ordella,

The heav'nly figure of her sweetness, there!

Forgive me, gods! it comes! Divinest substance!

Kneel, kneel, kneel, every one! Saint of thy sex,

If it be for my cruelty thou comest——

Do ye see her, ho?

Mart. Yes, Sir; and you shall know her.

Thi. Down, down again!—To be reveng'd for
blood!

Sweet spirit, I am ready. She smiles on me!

Oh, blessed sign of peace!

Mart. Go nearer, lady.

Ord. I come to make you happy.

Thi. Hear you that, Sirs?

She comes to crown my soul: Away, get sacrifice!

Whilst I with holy honours——

Mart. She's alive, Sir.

Thi. In everlasting life; I know it, friend:

Oh, happy, happy soul!

Ord. Alas, I live, Sir;

A mortal woman still.

⁶⁸ NOR right.] This seems corrupt. The context requires, DO
HER right, or something to that effect. If not corrupt, it may, by
a licentious construction, be interpreted, 'Shew her no favour.'

Thi. Can spirits weep too?

Mart. She is no spirit, Sir; pray kiss her. Lady,
Be very gentle to him!

Thi. Stay!—She's warm;
And, by my life, the same lips! Tell me, brightness,
Are you the same Ordella still?

Mart. The same, Sir,
Whom Heav'ns and my good angel stay'd from ruin.

Thi. Kiss me again!

Ord. The same still, still your servant.

Thi. 'Tis she! I know her now, Martell. Sit down,
sweet!

Oh, blest'd and happiest woman!—A dead slumber
Begins to creep upon me: Oh, my Jewel!

Enter Messenger and Memberge.

Ord. Oh, sleep, my lord!

Thi. My joys are too much for me!

Mess. Brunhalt, impatient of her constraint to see
Protaldye tortur'd, has choak'd herself.

Mart. No more!

Her sins go with her!

Thi. Love, I must die; I faint:

Close up my glasses!

Doctor. The queen faints too, and deadly.

Thi. One dying kiss!

Ord. My last, Sir, and my dearest⁶⁹!

And now, close my eyes too!

Thi. Thou perfect woman!—

Martell, the kingdom's yours: Take Memberge to
you,

⁶⁹ *My last, Sir, and my dearest.*] There are two senses of this, which the reader will please to take his choice of. If the above points be right, *last* and *dearest* relate to her kiss; if we point with the old editions (which the suspicion of another sense made me turn to)

My last Sir, and my dearest,
The sense will be, my last and dearest lord! For *Sir* is often us'd in this its original sense. *Seward.*

Ordella had no *other lords*. The sense obviously is, 'Take my last
'kiss, and the *most affectionate* I ever gave.'

THIERRY AND THÉODORET. 211

And keep my line alive!—Nay, weep not, lady!
Take me! I go.

Ord. Take me too! Farewell, Honour! [*Die both.*
2 Doctor. They're gone for ever.

Mart. The peace of happy souls go after them!
Bear them unto their last beds, whilst I study
A tomb to speak their loves whilst old Time lasteth.
I am your king in sorrows.

Omnes. We your subjects!

Mart. De Vitry, for your services⁷⁰, be near us!
Whip out these instruments of this mad mother
From court, and all good people; and, because
She was born noble, let that title find her
A private grave, but neither tongue nor honour⁷¹!
And now lead on!—They that shall read this story,
Shall find that Virtue lives in good, not glory.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

⁷⁰ *For your service.*] *Services* was probably the original word here.

⁷¹ *But neither tongue nor honour.*] Both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symphon would reject *tongue* here and read *tomb*, but surely without sufficient reason: For *tongue* signifies the *funeral oration*, *honour* the escutcheons and other ceremonies of the funeral, together with the monument, or whatever may shew respect to the deceas'd. As to the character of Brunhalt, or Brunhaud, though it may perhaps be thought too shocking to appear upon the stage, history has still represented her as a worse devil than our Poets have done. Thierry and Theodoret, or Theodibert, were her grand-children, whose father she had poison'd when he came of age, in order to keep the government in her own hands. She irritated Thierry against Theodibert, whom she caus'd him to slay, and then poison'd Thierry, in hopes that the states would have submitted to her government; but her horrid wickednesses being laid open to the peers of France, she was accus'd of having been the murders of ten kings, beside debauching her grand-child Thierry, making him put away a virtuous wife and providing him with mistresses. She was condemn'd to the rack, which she suffer'd three days, was then carry'd about the camp upon a camel's back, afterwards ty'd by the feet to a wild mare, and so dash'd in pieces.

Setward.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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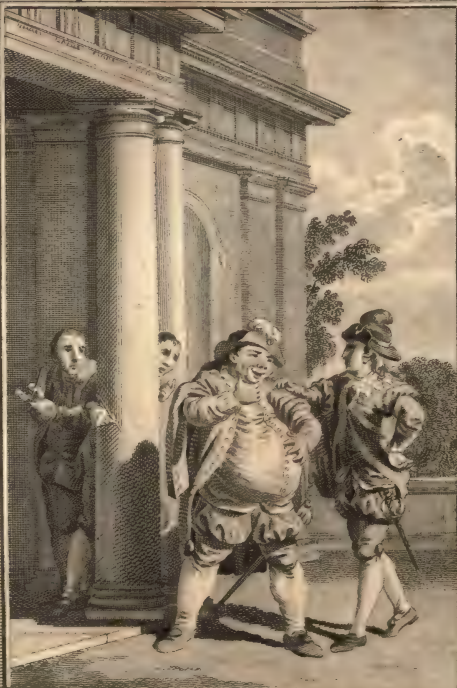
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The WOMAN HATER.



*My lord, what do you think,
If I should shave myself, put on midwife's apparel,
Come in with a handkerchief, and beg a piece
For a great-bellied woman, or a sick child?*

Act III.

Wm. A. Ritchie delin.

C. Dreyer sculp.

Published as the Act direct, by T. Sherlock, April 14th 1778.

T H E

W O M A N - H A T E R.

This Play was originally printed in quarto in the year 1607. It was afterwards revised by Sir William Davenant, who added a second title, Or, The Hungry Courtier, and wrote a new Prologue to it, printed in his Works, p. 239, and in the quarto of 1649. The title-page of the latter edition ascribes it to both Authors: Both the Original and Davenant's Prologues, however, speak of it as the production of but one; and Langbaine positively says it was one of those plays which Fletcher wrote alone. It has not been acted many years.

P R O L O G U E.

GENTLEMEN, Inductions¹ are out of date, and a Prologue in verse is as stale as a black velvet cloak, and a bay garland; therefore you shall have it plain prose, thus: If there be any amongst you that come to hear lascivious scenes, let them depart; for I do pronounce this, to the utter discomfort of all two-penny gallery-men, you shall have no bawdry in it: Or if there be any lurking amongst you in corners, with table-books, who have some hope to find fit matter to feed his——malice on, let them clasp them up, and sink away, or stay and be converted. For he that made this Play means to please auditors so, as he may be an auditor himself hereafter, and not purchase them with the dear loss of his ears. I dare not call it Comedy or Tragedy; 'tis perfectly neither: A Play it is, which was meant to make you laugh; how it will please you, is not written in my part: For though you should like it to-day, perhaps yourselves know not how you should digest it tomorrow: Some things in it you may meet with, which are out of the common road: A Duke there is, and the scene lies in Italy, as those two things lightly we never miss. But you shall not find in it the ordinary and over-worn trade of jesting at lords, and courtiers, and citizens, without taxation of any particular or new vice by them found out, but at the persons of them: Such, he, that made this, thinks vile, and for his own part vows, That he did never think, but that a lord, lord-born, might be a wise man, and a courtier an honest man².

¹ *Inductions.*] Such as precede Cynthia's Revels, Bartholomew-Fair, The Taming of the Shrew, and many other plays of that period. By the former of those we learn, that it was usual for the speaker of a Prologue, in those times, to be habited in a *black cloak*: It is possible the custom of dressing in black, which continued to be the fashion for prologue-speakers until very lately, was derived from hence. R.

² From this Prologue as well as a thousand other passages in our Authors, it is very evident that their Plays were in the age they liv'd remarkable for the decency and delicacy of their language; though several

PROLOGUE at the REVIVAL.

LADIES, take't as a secret in your ear,
Instead of homage, and kind welcome here,
I heartily could wish you all were gone;
For if you stay, good faith, we are undone.
Alas! you now expect, the usual ways
Of our address, which is your sex's praise:
But we to-night, unluckily, must speak
Such things will make your lovers' heart-strings break,
Be-lie your virtues, and your beauties stain,
With words, contriv'd long since, in your disdain,
'Tis strange you stir not yet; not all this while
Lift up your fans to hide a scornful smile;
Whisper, or jog your lords to steal away,
So leave us t' act, unto ourselves, our Play:
Then sure, there may be hope, you can subdue
Your patience to endure an act or two;
Nay more, when you are told our Poet's rage
Pursues but one example, which that age
Wherein he liv'd produc'd; and we rely
Not on the truth, but the variety.
His Muse believ'd not what she then did write;
Her wings were wont to make a nobler flight,
Soar'd high, and to the stars your sex did raise;
For which, full twenty years he wore the bays.
'Twas he reduc'd Evadne from her scorn,
And taught the sad Aspatia how to mourn;
Gave Arethusa's love a glad relief;
And made Panthea elegant in grief.
If those great trophies of his noble Muse
Cannot one humour 'gainst your sex excuse,
Which we present to-night, you'll find a way
How to make good the libel in our play:
So you are cruel to yourselves; whilst he
(Safe in the fame of his integrity)
Will be a Prophet, not a Poet thought,
And this fine web last long, tho' loosely wrought.

several of their expressions are become now very gross and are apt to give offence to modest ears, but they ought to be judged by the fashion of the age they lived in, not by that which now reigns. *Scoward.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Duke of Milan, in love with Oriana.

Count Valore.

Gondarino, the Woman-Hater.

Arrigo, a courtier.

Lucio, a weak formal statesman.

Lazarillo, a voluptuous smell-feast.

Boy, Lazarillo's servant.

Mercer, a dupe, and an affected admirer of learning.

Pandar.

Two Intelligencers.

Secretary to Lucio.

Gentleman.

Servants, &c.

W O M E N.

Oriana, sister to Valore.

Julia, }
Franciſſina, }*two courtezans.*

A deaf Gentlewoman.

Ladies.

SCENE, M I L A N.

T H E

T H E

W O M A N - H A T E R .

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Duke, Arrigo, and Lucio.

Duke. **T**IS now the sweetest time for sleep;
the night is
Scarce spent: Arrigo, what's o'clock?

Arr. Past four.

Duke. Is it so much, and yet the morn not up?
See yonder, where the shame-fac'd maiden comes:
Into our sight how gently doth she slide,
Hiding her chaste cheeks, like a modest bride,
With a red veil of blushes; as is she³,
Even such all modest virtuous women be!
Why thinks your lordship I am up so soon?

Lucio. About some weighty state-plot.

Duke. And what thinks
Your knighthood of it?

Arr. I do think, to cure
Some strange corruptions in the commonwealth.

Duke. You're well conceited of yourselves, to think
I chuse you out to bear me company
In such affairs and business of state:
But am not I a pattern for all princes,
That break my soft sleep for my subjects' good?
Am I not careful? very provident?

Lucio. Your Grace is careful.

³ *As if she.*] This nonsensical lection is in all editions but the first quarto.

Arr.

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Arr. Very provident.

Duke. Nay, knew you how my³ serious-working plots
Concern the whole estates of all my subjects,
Ay, and their lives; then, Lucio, thou wouldst swear,
I were a loving prince.

Lucio. I think your Grace
Intends to walk the public streets disguis'd,
To see the streets' disorders.

Duke. 'Tis not so.

Arr. You secretly will cross some other states,
That do conspire against you.

Duke. Weightier far:
You are my friends, and you shall have the cause;
I break my sleeps thus soon to see a wench.

Lucio. You're wondrous careful for your subjects'
good!

Arr. You are a very loving prince indeed!

Duke. This care I take for them, when their dull eyes
Are clos'd with heavy slumbers.

Arr. Then you rise
To see your wenches.

Lucio. What Milan beauty hath the pow'r
To charm her sovereign's eyes⁴, and break his sleeps?

Duke. Sister to count Valore! she's a maid
Would make a prince forget his throne and state,
And lowly kneel to her: The general fate
Of all mortality, is hers to give;
As she disposeth, so we die and live.

Lucio. My lord, the day grows clear; the court
will rise.

Duke. We stay too long.—Is the umbrana's head⁵,

³ *My serious working plots.*] I never think it right to discard good sense because another reading appears preferable, but a compound word, *secret-working* occur'd at first sight, and was rejected as unnecessary, 'till reading three lines below Arrigo's answer,

You secretly will cross some other state,
which seems to imply something of secrecy being mention'd before,
the conjecture seem'd much more probable. *Seward.*

⁴ *Her sovereign eyes*] First quarto and Seward read as in text.

⁵ *The umbrana.*] In another passage, this fifti is called an *umbrane*; and is probably the same which Cotgrave describes in the following manner,

As we commanded, sent to the sad Gondarino,
Our general?

Arr. 'Tis sent.

Duke. But stay! where shines
That light?

Arr. 'Tis in the chamber of Lazarillo.

Duke. Lazarillo? what is he?

Arr. A courtier, my lord;

And one that I wonder your Grace knows not, for
He hath follow'd your court, and your last prede-
cessor's,

From place to place, any time this seven year,
As faithfully as your spits and your dripping-pans
Have done, and almost as greasily.

Duke. Oh, we know him: As we have heard, he
keeps

A calendar of all the famous dishes
Of meat, that have been in the court, e'er since
Our great-grandfather's time; and when he can thrust
In at no table, he makes his meat of that.

Lucio. The very same, my lord.

Duke. A courtier call'st thou him?

Believe me, Lucio, there be many such
About our court, respected, as they think,
Ev'n by ourself. With thee I will be plain:
We princes do use to prefer many for nothing,
And to take particular and free knowledge,
Almost in the nature of acquaintance, of many

manner, under the name of an *umbrine*: 'A great eyed, round-
' tongued, small-toothed, and holesome sea-fish, which hath certaine
' barres over crosse her backe, and growing often to the bignesse of
' a *maigre*, is sometimes taken for it.' Florio, in his 'Worlde of
' Wordes,' folio, 1598, *voce umbrine*, calls it 'a kinde of fish, which
' some take to be the halybut;' and Cotgrave, who, as before, says
it is sometimes taken for a *maigre*, gives the following account of the
latter: 'A great and skalie fish, having a wattle on his chinne, two
' holes on the top of his beake neere his eyes; and two stones within
' his head of some vertue (as is supposed) against the cholicke: The
' French do tearme him thus, not because he is leane, but because
' by the whitenesse of his flesh he seems so; howsoever, and how-
' soever he be dressed, he is reasonable good meat.'

R.

Whom

Whom we do use only for our pleasures ;
 And do give largely to numbers,
 More out of policy to be thought liberal,
 And by that means to make the people strive
 To deserve our love, than to reward
 Any particular desert of theirs
 To whom we give ! and do suffer ourselves to hear
 Flatterers, more for recreation
 Than for love of it, tho' we seldom hate it :
 And yet we know all these ; and when we please,
 Can touch the wheel, and turn their names about.

Lucio. I wonder they that know their states so well,
 Should fancy such base slaves.

Duke. Thou wonder'st, Lucio ?
 Dost not thou think, if thou wert Duke of Milan,
 Thou shouldst be flatter'd ?

Lucio. I know, my lord, I would not.

Duke. Why, so I thought 'till I was duke ; I thought
 I should have left me no more flatterers
 Than there are now plain-dealers ; and yet,
 For all this my resolution, I am most
 Palpably flatter'd : The poor man may loath
 Covetousness and flattery, but fortune will
 Alter the mind when the wind turns ; there may
 Be well a little conflict, but it will drive
 The billows before it. Arrigo, it grows late ;
 For see, fair Tethys hath undone the bars
 To Phœbus' team ; and his unrival'd light
 Hath chas'd the morning's modest blush away :
 Now must we to our love. Bright Paphian queen,
 Thou Cytherean goddess, that delights
 In stirring glances, and art still thyself
 More toying than thy team of sparrows be ;
 Thou laughing Erecina, oh, inspire
 Her heart with love, or lessen my desire ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Lazarillo and Boy.

Laz. Go, run, search, pry in every nook and angle
O'th' kitchens, larders, and palteries;
Know what meat's boil'd, bak'd, roast, stew'd, fried,
or fous'd,

At this dinner, to be serv'd directly, or indirectly,
To every several table in the court;
Be gone!

Boy. I run; but not so fast as
Your mouth will do upon the stroke of eleven. [*Exit.*]

Laz. What an excellent thing did God bestow
Upon man, when he did give him a good stomach!
What unbounded graces there are pour'd
Upon them that have the continual command
Of the very best of these blessings! 'Tis
An excellent thing to be a prince; he is
Serv'd with such admirable variety of fare,
Such innumerable choice of delicacies;
His tables are full fraught with most nourishing food,
And his cupboards heavy laden with rich wines;
His court is still fill'd with most pleasing varieties:
In the summer his palace is full of green-geese,
And in winter it swarmeth woodcocks.
Oh, thou goddess of Plenty!
Fill me this day with some rare delicacies,
And I will every year most constantly,
As this day, celebrate a sumptuous feast
(If thou wilt send me victuals) in thine honour!
And to it shall be bidden, for thy sake,
Ev'n all the valiant stomachs in the court;
All short-cloak'd knights, and all cross-garter'd
gentlemen;
All pump and pantofle, foot-cloth riders;
With all the swarming generation
Of long stocks, short pain'd hose, and huge stuff'd
doublets:

All

All these shall eat, and, which is more than yet
Hath e'er been seen, they shall be satisfied!—
I wonder my ambassador returns not.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here I am, master.

Laz. And welcome!

Never did that sweet virgin in her smock,
Fair-cheek'd Andromeda, when to the rock
Her ivory limbs were chain'd, and straight before
A huge sea-monster, tumbling to the shore,
To have devour'd her, with more longing sight
Expect the coming of some hardy knight,
That might have quell'd his pride, and set her free,
Than I with longing sight have look'd for thee.

Boy. Your Perseus is come, master, that will de-
stroy him;

The very comfort of whose presence shuts
The monster Hunger from your yelping guts.

Laz. Brief, Boy, brief!

Discourse the service of each several table
Compendiously.

Boy. Here is a bill of all, Sir.

Laz. Give it me!

A bill of all the several services this day
Appointed for every table in the court:
Ay, this is it on which my hopes rely;
Within this paper all my joys are clos'd!
Boy, open it, and read it with reverence.

Boy. Forth' captain of the guard's table, three chines
Of beef, and two joles of sturgeon.

Laz. A portly service,

But gross, gross. Proceed to th' Duke's own table,
Dear Boy, to the Duke's own table!

Boy. For the Duke's own table,
The head of an umbrana.

Laz. Is it possible?

Can Heaven be so propitious to the Duke?

Boy. Yes, I'll assure you, Sir, 'tis possible;

Heaven

Heaven is so propitious to him.

Laz. Why then,

He is the richest prince alive! He were
The wealthiest monarch in all Europe, had he
No other territories, dominions,
Provinces, seats, nor palaces, but only
That umbrane's head.

Boy. 'Tis very fresh and sweet, Sir;
The fish was taken but this night, and the head,
As a rare novelty, appointed by
Special commandment for the Duke's own table,
This dinner.

Laz. If poor unworthy I may come to eat
Of this most sacred dish, I here do-vow
(If that blind huswife Fortune will bestow
But means on me) to keep a sumptuous house,
A board groaning under the heavy burden
Of the beast that cheweth the cud,
And the fowl that cutteth the air: It shall
Not, like the table of a country justice,
Be sprinkled over with all manner of
Cheap fallads, sliced beef, giblets, and pettitoes,
To fill up room; nor should there stand
Any great, cumbersome, un-cut-up pies,
At the nether end, filled with moss and stones,
Partly to make a show with, and partly
To keep the lower mefs from eating⁶; nor shall

⁶ *The lower mefs.*] That is, those who used to set at the table below the salt; a custom frequently mentioned in our ancient writers. Mr. Whalley gives the following account of the manner in which our ancestors were usually seated at their meals: "The tables being long, the salt was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the space below was assigned to the dependants, or inferior relations of the master of the house. An allusion to this custom occurs in a satire of bishop Hall. As it is but short, the Reader perhaps will not be displeased if I transcribe the whole:

"A gentle squire would gladly entertain
"Into his house some trencher chaplain;
"Some willing man, that might instruct his sons,
"And that would stand to good conditions.

"First,

224 THE WOMAN-HATER.

My meat come in sneaking; like the city service,
 One dish a quarter of an hour after another,
 And gone as if they had appointed to meet there,
 And had mistook the hour; nor should it,
 Like the new court service, come in in haste,
 As if it fain would be gone again, all courses
 At once, like a hunting breakfast; but I
 Would have my several courses, and my dishes
 Well fill'd: My first course should be brought in
 After the ancient manner, by a score
 Of old bleer-ey'd servingmen, in long blue coats,
 (Marry, they shall buy silk, facing, and buttons
 Themselves) but that's by the way.

Boy. Master,

The time calls on; will you be walking?

Laz. Follow, Boy, follow!

My guts were half an-hour since in the privy kitchen.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Valore and Oriana.

Ori. Faith, brother, I must needs go yonder.

Val. And i'faith, sifter, what will you do yonder?

Ori. I know the lady Honoria will be glad
 To see me.

" First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,

" Whilst his young master lieth o'er his head.

" Secondly, that he do on no default,

" Ever presume to *sit above the salt*.

" Third, that he never change his trencher twice.

" Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;

" Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.

" Last, that he never his young master beat,

" But he must ask his mother to define,

" How many jerks she would his breech should line.

" All these observ'd, he could contented be,

" To give five marks, and winter livery."

* Again, by a reference to this fashion, we are told in a little piece,
 * called *News from the Lower End of the Table*, that the best company
 * makes the upper end of the table, and not the salt-celler. This
 * custom is yet preserved at the lord-mayor's, and some other publick
 * tables.

R.

Val.

Val. Glad to see you? Faith, the lady Honoria cares for you as she doth for all Other young ladies; she is glad to see you, And will shew you the privy-garden, and tell you How many gowns the duchess had. Marry, if you have Ever an old uncle, that would be a lord, Or ever a kinsman that hath done a murder, Or committed a robbery, and will give Good store of money to procure his pardon, Then the lady Honoria will be glad to see you.

Ori. Ay, but they say one shall see fine sights at The court.

Val. I'll tell you what you shall see;
You shall see many faces of man's making,
For you shall find very few as God
Left them: And you shall see many legs too;
Amongst the rest you shall behold one pair,
The feet of which were in times past sockless, but
are now,

Thro' the change of time (that alters all things),
Very strangely become the legs of a knight
And a courtier; another pair you shall see,
That were heir-apparent legs to a glover,
These legs hope shortly to be honourable;
When they pass by they will bow, and the mouth
To these legs will seem to offer you some courtship;
It will swear, but it will lie; hear it not!

Ori. Why, and are not these fine sights?

Val. Sister,
In seriousness you yet are young, and fair;
A fair young maid, and apt——

Ori. Apt?

Val. Exceeding apt;
Apt to be drawn to——

Ori. To what?

Val. To that you should not be; 'tis no dispraise;
She is not bad that hath desire to ill,
But she that hath no power to rule that will;
For there you shall be woo'd in other kinds
Than yet your years have known;

226 THE WOMAN-HATER.

The chieftest men will seem to throw themselves
As vassals at your service, kiss your hand,
Prepare you banquets, masques, shows, all inticements
That Wit and Lust together can devise,
To draw a lady from the state of grace
To an old lady-widow's gallery;
And they will praise your virtues; beware that!
The only way to turn a woman whore,
Is to commend her chastity: You'll go?

Ori. I would go, if it were but
Only to shew you, that I could be there,
And be mov'd with none of these tricks.

Val. Your servants
Are ready?

Ori. An hour since.

Val. Well, if you come
Off clear from this hot service, your praise shall be
The greater. Farewell, sister!

Ori. Farewell, brother!

Val. Once more! If you stay in the presence
'Till candle-light, keep on the fore-side o'th' curtain;
And, do you hear, take heed of the old bawd,
In the cloth of tissue sleeves, and the knit mittens!
Farewell, sister!—Now am I idle; I would I'd been

[*Exit Ori.*]

A scholar, that I might have studied now!
The punishment of meaner men is, they have
Too much to do; our only misery is,
That without company we know not what
To do. I must take some of the common courses
Of our nobility, which is thus:
If I can find no company that likes me,⁷
Pluck off my hatband, throw an old cloak over
My face, and, as if I would not be known,
Walk hastily thro' the streets, 'till I be
Discover'd; then 'There goes count Such-a-one,'

⁷ *Likes me.*] i. e. *Pleases me.* So, in *King Lear*, Kent says, act ii. scene ii. 'His countenance *likes me* not;' and, in the *Maid's Tragedy*, p. 29,

What look likes you best?

Says one; 'There goes count Such-a-one,' says another:
 'Look how fast he goes,' says a third; 'There's some
 Great matters in hand questionless,' says a fourth;
 When all my business is to have them say so.
 This hath been used.

Or, if I can find any company⁸,
 I'll after dinner to the stage to see
 A play; where when I first enter, you shall have
 A murmur in the house; ev'ry one
 That does not know cries, 'What nobleman is that?'
 All the gallants on the stage rise, veil to me,
 Kiss their hand, offer me their places: Then
 I pick out some one, whom I please to grace
 Among the rest⁹, take his seat, use it, throw
 My cloak over my face, and laugh at him:
 The poor gentleman imagines himself most highly
 Graced, thinks all the auditors esteem him
 One of my bosom-friends, and in right special
 Regard with me. But here comes a gentleman,
 That I hope will make me better sport than either
 Street or stage fooleries. This man loves

Enter Lazarillo and Boy.

To eat good meat; always provided,
 He do not pay for't himself. He goes
 By the name of the Hungry Courtier; marry, because
 I think that name will not sufficiently
 Distinguish him (for no doubt he hath
 More fellows there) his name is Lazarillo;
 He is none of these same ordinary-eaters¹⁰,

⁸ Or if I can find any company.] As he describes his coming into the playhouse alone, this seems a second expedient to pass away time for want of company at home. I therefore read *can't* for *can*.

Seward.

We see no objection to the old text.

⁹ To grace among the rest.] All this speech, and far the greatest part of the play was printed before as prose; though most of it runs easily into a familiar verse. I don't change *among* here as the sense is much the same as *above*, but the latter seems the more natural preposition.

Seward.

¹⁰ He is none of these ordinary eaters.] Here I was puzzled to make out the measure, a syllable being wanting, and I thought to have re-

That will devour three breakfasts, and as many Dinners, without any prejudice to their bevers, Drinkings, or suppers; but he hath a more Courtly kind of hunger, and doth hunt more After novelty than plenty. I'll over-hear him.

Laz. Oh, thou most itching kindly appetite", Which every creature in his stomach feels, Oh, leave, leave yet at last thus to torment me! Three several fallads have I sacrific'd, Bedew'd with precious oil and vinegar, Already to appease thy greedy wrath.
Boy!

Boy. Sir?

Laz. Will the count speak with me?

Boy. One of

His gentlemen is gone to inform him of Your coming, Sir.

Laz. There is no way left For me to compass this fish-head, but by being Presently made known to the Duke.

Boy. That will be hard, Sir.

solved *none* into *not one*, but looking in the old quarto I found *same* was the monosyllable that the late editions had dropt. This is a strong proof that the whole was that kind of familiar verse that I place it in. By *ordinary eaters* I believe we should not understand *common eaters* but *ordinary-eaters*, or eaters at ordinaries, where great eaters frequently crowd, as they can have more for their money than when they pay for their meat by weight: This seems more humorous than the former interpretation, though that also will well suit the context.

Seward.

We think *ordinary* in this place has no *extraordinary* sense, but signifies merely *common*. The scene seems to be loose verse; but we have endeavoured to divide it more naturally and numerously than Seward, and nearer in general to the quarto. It is sometimes, however, at any rate, very rugged.

¹¹ *Oh, thou most itching kindly appetite.*] There is great humour in the pomp of Lazarillo's stile, but here, I believe, it has been a little degraded by the epithet *kindly*. As *itching* expresses the troublesome effects of the appetite, so *kindly* may be thought well adapted to the pleasing effects of it; but as the change of a single letter gives a much more pompous word, it seems highly probable that *kingly* was the true reading, for Lazarillo had before made the whole glory of a prince to consist in satiating his royal maw.

Seward.

We think the text far preferable.

Laz.

Laz. When I have tasted of this sacred dish,
Then shall my bones rest in my father's tomb
In peace; then shall I die most willingly,
And as a dish be serv'd to satisfy
Death's hunger; and I will be buried thus:
My bier shall be a charger borne by four,
The coffin where I lie a powd'ring-tub,
Bestrew'd with lettuce, and cool sallad-herbs;
My winding-sheet of tansies; the black guard
Shall be my solemn mourners; and instead
Of ceremonies, wholesome burial prayers;
A printed dirge in rhyme¹², shall bury me.
Instead of tears let them pour capon-sauce
Upon my hearse, and salt instead of dust,
Manchets for stones; for other glorious shields
Give me a voider; and above my hearse,
For a trutch sword, my naked knife stuck up!

[*Valore discovers himself.*]

Boy. Master, the count's here.

Laz. Where?—My lord, I do
Beseech you——

Val. You are very welcome, Sir;
I pray you stand up; you shall dine with me.

Laz. I do beseech your lordship, by the love

¹² ———— and instead

Of ceremonies, wholesome burial prayers,

A printed dirge in rhyme shall bury me] If he would have no ceremonies nor prayers, it is probable that we should read *fulsome*, or perhaps, as *wholesome* is a word proper to Lazarillo, the following transposition may have been the original,

————— instead

Of ceremonies, printed burial pray'rs,

A wholesome dirge in rhyme shall bury me.

A dirge in this sense may signify verses setting forth the wholesomeness and excellency of good eating. *Dirge* is derived from the Latin word *dirige*, which begins a part of the Popish Litany. The more I consider this latter conjecture, the more probable it appears: I shall therefore venture it into the text.

Seaward.

The old text is very good, and should not be changed: He first says, there shall be at his funeral,

'Instead of ceremonies, *wholesome* burial pray'rs:'
and then proceeds to specify, that

'A printed dirge in rhyme shall bury him,'
instead of the usual service.

230 THE WOMAN-HATER.

I still have borne to your honourable house——

Val. Sir, what need all this? you shall dine with me,
I pray rise.

Laz. Perhaps your lordship takes me
For one of these same fellows, that do, as it were,
Respect victuals.

Val. Oh, Sir, by no means.

Laz. Your lordship
Has often promis'd, that whensoever
I should affect greatness, your own hand should help
To raise me.

Val. And so much still assure yourself of.

Laz. And tho' I must confess I've ever shunn'd
Popularity, by the example of others,
Yet I do now feel myself a little
Ambitious: Your lordship is great,
And, tho' young, yet a privy-counsellor.

Val. I pray you, Sir, leap into the matter;
What would you have me do for you?

Laz. I would entreat
Your lordship to make me known to the Duke.

Val. When, Sir?

Laz. Suddenly, my lord; I would have you
Present me unto him this morning.

Val. It shall
Be done: But for what virtues would you have him
Take notice of you?

Laz. Your lordship shall know
That presently.

Val. 'Tis pity of this fellow; he is
Of good wit, and sufficient understanding,
When he's not troubled with this greedy worm.

Laz. 'Faith, you may entreat him to take notice of me
For any thing; for being an excellent farrier,
For playing well at span-counter, or sticking knives
In walls, for being impudent, or for nothing;
Why may not I be a favourite on the sudden?
I see nothing against it.

Val. Not so, Sir;
I know you've not the face to be a favourite

On the sudden.

Laz. Why then, you shall present me
As a gentleman well qualified, or one
Extraordinary seen in divers strange mysteries.

Val. In what, Sir? as how?

Laz. Marry as thus—

Enter Intelligencer.

Val. Yonder's
My old spirit, that hath haunted me daily,
Ever since I was a privy-counsellor;
I must be rid of him. I pray you stay there;
I am a little busy; I will speak
With you presently.

Laz. You shall bring me in, and after
A little other talk, taking me by the hand,
You shall utter these words to the Duke: 'May it please
' Your Grace, to take note of a gentleman,
' Well read, deeply learned, and throughly
' Grounded in the hidden knowledge of all fallads
' And pot-herbs whatsoever.'

Val. 'Twill be rare!
If you will walk before, Sir, I will
Overtake you instantly.

Laz. Your lordship's ever.

[*Exit.*]

Val. This fellow is a kind
Of an informer, one that lives in alehouses
And taverns; and because he perceives
Some worthy men in this land, with much labour
And great expence, to have discover'd things
Dangerously hanging over the state, he thinks
To discover as much out of the talk of drunkards
In tap-houses: He brings me informations,
Pick'd out of broken words, in mens' common talk,
Which, with his malicious mis-application, he
Hopes will seem dangerous; he doth, besides,
Bring me the names of all the young gentlemen
In the city, that use ordinaries, or taverns,
Talking (to my thinking) only as the freedom

Of their youth teach them, without any further ends,
 For dangerous and seditious spirits;
 He is, besides, an arrant whoremaster
 As any is in Milan, of a layman;
 I will not meddle with the clergy: He
 Is parcel lawyer¹³, and in my conscience much
 Of their religion: I must put upon him
 Some piece of service. Come hither, Sir;
 What have you to do with me?

Int. Little, my lord;

I only come to know how your lordship would
 Employ me.

Val. Observ'd you that gentleman
 That parted from me but now?

Int. I saw him now, my lord.

Val. I was sending for you; I have talk'd with
 This man, and I do find him dangerous.

Int. Is your lordship in good earnest?

Val. Hark you, Sir;

There may perhaps be some within ear-shot.

[*He whispers with him.*]

Enter Lazarillo and Boy.

Laz. Sirrah, will you venture your life,
 The Duke hath sent the fish-head to my lord?

Boy. Sir, if he have not, kill me, do what you will
 with me!

Laz. How uncertain is the state of all mortal things!
 I have these crosses from my cradle, from
 My very cradle, insomuch
 That I do begin to grow desperate:
 Fortune, I do despise thee, do thy worst!
 —Yet, when I do better gather myself together,
 I do find it's rather the part of a wise man
 To prevent the storms of Fortune by stirring,

¹³ *Is parcel lawyer.*] *Parcel* from *particelle*; it means *partly*, as *partly a lawyer*. Massenger our Authors contemporary and rival often uses it in this sense.

Seward.

Parcel drunk occurs in the *Chances*, p. 63.

Than to suffer 'em, by standing still,
To pour themselves upon his naked body:
I will about it.

Val. Who's within there?

Enter a Servingman.

Let this gentleman out at the back-door!
Forget not my instructions. If you find
Any thing dangerous, trouble not yourself
To find out me, but carry your informations
To the lord Lucio; he is a man grave,
And well-experienc'd in these businesses.

Int. Your lordship's servant.

[Exeunt Intelligencer & Servingman.]

Laz. Will't please your lordship walk?

Val. Sir, I was coming; I will overtake you.

Laz. I will attend you overagainst
The lord Gondarino's house.

Val. You shall not
Attend there long.

Laz. Thither must I
To see my love's face, the chaste virgin head
Of a dear fish! yet pure and undeflower'd,
Not known of man; no rough-bred country hand
Hath once touch'd thee, no pandar's wither'd paw,
Nor an un-napkin'd lawyer's greasy fist,
Hath once slubber'd thee; no lady's supple hand,
Wash'd o'er with urine, hath yet seiz'd on thee
With her too-nimble talons¹⁴; no court-hand,
Whom his own natural filth, or change of air,
Hath bedeck'd with scabs, hath marr'd thy whiter grace:
Oh, let it be thought lawful then for me,
To crop the flower of thy virginity!

[Exit.]

¹⁴ *With her two nimble talents.*] Mr. Symphon concurs with me in reading *too nimble*, but there seems a still greater corruption than that; her *fingers* are certainly here called *too nimble*, and though *talents* be intelligible, yet *talons* seems a much more easy as well as more comic word. On turning to Mr. Theobald I find that he too reads *talons*.

Seward.

No doubt TALONS was the *intention* of the quarto; the old *spelling* was very inaccurate.

Val.

234 THE WOMAN-HATER.

Val. This day I am for fools; I am all theirs:
 Tho', like to our young wanton cocker'd heirs,
 Who do affect those men above the rest
 In whose base company they still are best,
 I do not with much labour strive to be
 The wisest ever in the company;
 But for a fool our wisdom oft amends¹⁵,
 As enemies do teach us more than friends. [Exit,

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gondarino and Servants.

Serv. MY lord!

Gond. Ha!

Serv. Here's one hath brought you a present.

Gond. From whom? from a woman? if it be from
 a woman,

Bid him carry it back, and tell her she's a whore.

What is it?

Serv. A fish-head, my lord.

Gond. What fish-head?

Serv. I did not ask that, my lord.

Gond. Whence comes it?

Serv. From the court.

Gond. Oh, 'tis a cod's head.

Serv. No, my lord;

'Tis some strange head; it comes from the Duke.

Gond. Let it be carried to my Mercer; I do
 owe him money for silks; stop his mouth with that.—
 Was there ever any man that hated his wife [*Ex. Serv.*]
 After death but I? and, for her sake, all women,
 Women that were created only for
 The preservation of little dogs!

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, the count's

¹⁵ But for a fool, our wisdom oft amends.] Seward rightly observes,
 'for is here the same as because.'

Sister being overtaken in the streets
With a great hail-storm, is lit at your gate,
And desires room 'till the storm be overpast.

Gond. Is she a woman?

Serv. Ay, my lord, I think so.

Gond. I've none for her then; bid her get her gone;
Tell her she is not welcome!

Serv. My lord, she is
Now coming up.

Gond. She shall not come up! tell her
Any thing; tell her I have but one
Great room in my house, and I am now
In it at the close-stool.

Serv. She's here, my lord.

Gond. Oh, impudence of women!
I can keep dogs out of my house,
Or I can defend my house against thieves;
But I cannot keep out women. Now, madam;

Enter Oriana, a waiting-woman, and a page.

What hath your ladyship to say to me?

Ori. My lord, I was bold to crave the help
Of your house against the storm.

Gond. Your ladyship's boldness
In coming will be impudence in staying;
For you are most unwelcome.

Ori. Oh, my lord!

Gond. Do you laugh? by the hate I bear to you,
'tis true!

Ori. You're merry, my lord.

Gond. Let me laugh to death if I be,
Or can be, whilst thou art here, or livest,
Or any of thy sex!

Ori. I commend your lordship.

Gond. Do you commend me? why do you com-
mend me?

I give you no such cause: Thou art a filthy,
Impudent whore; a woman, a very woman!

Ori. Ha, ha, ha!

Gond. Begot when thy father was drunk.

Ori. Your lordship
Hath a good wit.

Gond. How? what? have I good wit?

Ori. Come, my lord; I've heard before
Of your lordship's merry vein in jesting
Against our sex; which I being desirous
To hear, made me rather chuse your lordship's house
Than any other; but I know I'm welcome.

Gond. Let me not live, if you be! Methinks it
Doth not become you to come to my house,
Being a stranger to you: I have no woman in
My house to entertain you, nor to shew you
Your chamber; why should you come to me? I have no
Galleries, nor banqueting-houses, nor bawdy pictures,
To shew your ladyship.

Ori. Believe me, this
Your lordship's plainness makes me think myself
More welcome than if you had sworn, by all
The pretty court-oaths that are, I had been welcomer
Than your soul to your body.

Gond. Now she's in,
Talking treason will not get her out¹⁶; I durst sooner
Undertake to talk an intelligencer out of the room,
And speak more than he durst hear, than talk a woman
Out o' my company.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, the Duke
Being in the streets, and the storm continuing,
Is enter'd your gate, and now coming up.

Gond. The Duke?—
Now I know your errand, madam; you have plots
And private meetings in hand: Why do you chuse
My house? are you asham'd to go to it
In the old coupling-place? tho' it be less
Suspicious here, (for no Christian will
Suspect a woman to be in my house)
Yet you may do it cleaner there,

¹⁶ Will get her out.] The negative added, and we think justly, by
Seward.

For there's a care had of those businesſes;
And whereſoever you remove, your great maintainer
And you ſhall have your lodgings directly oppoſite;
It is but putting on your night-gown and
Your ſlippers: Madam, you underſtand me¹⁷?

Ori. Before,
I would not underſtand him; but now he ſpeaks
Riddles to me indeed.

Enter the Duke, Arrigo, and Lucio.

Duke. 'Twas a ſtrange hail-ſtorm.

Lucio. 'Twas exceeding ſtrange.

Gond. Good-morrow to your Grace!

Duke. Good-morrow, Gondarino.

Gond. Juſtice, great prince!

Duke. Why ſhould you beg for juſtice?

I never did you wrong; what's the offender?

Gond. A woman.

Duke. Oh, I know your ancient quarrel
Againſt that ſex; but, what heinous crime
Hath ſhe committed?

Gond. She hath gone abroad.

Duke. What? it cannot be.

Gond. She hath done it.

Duke. How!

I never heard of any woman that
Did ſo before.

Gond. If ſhe have not laid by
That modeſty that ſhould attend a virgin,

¹⁷ *Your night gown, and your ſlippers; madam, you underſtand me?*] To make out the verſe here with the context; I am forced to divide one word into two lines, this which gives the meaſure a more comic aſpect is done by our Authors indifputably in the comic part of the Schoolmaſter in The Two Noble Kinsmen.

*Upon this mighty morr—of mickle weight,
Is—now comes, in quibich being glew'd together,
Makes morris.*

Seward.

Seward (oh, miſerable diviſion!) exhibits,

*Your night-gown, and your ſlippers; madam, y' under-
Stand me?*

But the example from the Two Noble Kinsmen is ſo far from ap-
poſite, that it rather proves our Authors would not gravely praſtiſe
what they there expoſed as ſupremely ridiculous.

And,

238 THE WOMAN-HATER.

And, quite void of shame, hath left the house
Where she was born (as they should never do),
Let me endure the pains that she should suffer!

Duke. Hath she so? which is the woman?

Gond. This¹⁷.

Duke. This? how!—Arrigo! Lucio!

Gond. Ay, then it is a plot: No prince alive
Shall force me make my house a brothel-house;
Not for the sin's, but for the woman's sake;
I will not have her in my doors so long:
Will they make my house as bawdy as their own
are?

Duke. Is it not Oriana?

Lucio. It is.

Duke. Sister to count Valore?

Arr. The very same.

Duke. She that I love?

Lucio. She that you love.

Duke. I do suspect——

Lucio. So do I.

Duke. This fellow to be but a counterfeit;
One that doth seem to loath all woman-kind,
To hate himself because he hath some part
Of woman in him, seems not to endure
To see or to be seen of any woman,
Only because he knows it is their nature
To wish to taste that which is most forbidden:
And with this show he may the better compass
(And with far less suspicion) his base ends.

Lucio. Upon my life, 'tis so.

Duke. And I do know,
Before his slain wife gave him that offence¹⁸,
He was the greatest servant to that sex
That ever was. What doth this lady here
With him alone? Why should he rail at her
To me?

¹⁷ *Gond. This, this.*] As we have no doubt but the second *this* belongs to the *Duke*, we have removed it to his speech.

¹⁸ *Before his slain wife.*] I have ventured to alter this to *late wife*; there not being the least hint of his wife's being *slain* by him or any other. *Lain* for *buried* might probably be allowed, but I lay it down

Lucio. Because your Grace might not suspect.

Duke. It was so! I do love her strangely. I
Would fain know the truth; counsel me.

[*They three whisper.*]

Enter Valore, Lazarillo, and Boy.

Val. It falls out better than we could expect, Sir,
That we should find the Duke and my lord
Gondarino together, both which you desire
To be acquainted with.

Laz. 'Twas very happy.—

Boy, go down into the kitchen, and see
If you can spy that fame.—I am now in some hope;
[*Exit Boy.*]

I have methinks a kind of fever upon me,
A certain gloominess within me, doubting,
As it were, betwixt two passions: There's no
Young maid upon her wedding-night, when her
husband

Sets first foot in the bed, blushes, and
Looks pale again, oftner than I do now.
There is no poet acquainted with more
Shakings and quakings, towards the latter end
Of his new play, (when he's in that case
That he stands peeping betwixt the curtains,
So fearfully that a bottle of ale cannot
Be open'd, but he thinks somebody hisses)
Than I am at this instant.

Val. Are they in consultation?

If they be, either my young Duke hath gotten
Some bastard, and is persuading my knight yonder
To father the child, and marry the wench, or else
Some cockpit's to be built.

Laz. My lord! what nobleman's that?

Val. His name is Lucio; 'tis he that was made a lord
At the request of some of his friends for's wife's sake;

as a rule, never to ascribe to my Authors an expression that I should
be ashamed to use myself. *Seaward.*

The variation should at most have only been offered as a conjecture.
LATE wife is very flat and modern.

He

45 THE WOMAN-HATER.

He affects to be a great statesman, and thinks
It consists in night-caps, and jewels, and
Toothpicks.

Laz. And what's that other?

Val. A knight, Sir, that
Pleaseth the Duke to favour, and to raise
To some extraordinary fortunes: He can make
As good men as himself ev'ry day in the week,
And doth.

Laz. For what was he raised?

Val. Truly, Sir,
I am not able to say directly for what,
But for wearing of red breeches, as I take it:
He is a brave man; he will spend three knighthoods
At a supper without trumpets.

Laz. My lord, I'll talk with him;
For I've a friend that would gladly receive the ho-
nour¹⁹——

Val. If he have the itch of knighthood upon him,
let him
Repair to that physician, he'll cure him.
But I will give you a note: Is your friend
Fat or lean?

Laz. Something fat.

Val. It will be the worse for him.

Laz. I hope that's not material.

Val. Very much,
For there's an impost set upon knighthoods,
And your friend shall pay a noble in the pound.

Duke. I do not like examinations;
We shall find out the truth more easily,
Some other way less noted, and that course
Should not be us'd, 'till we be sure to prove
Something directly; for when they perceive
Themselves suspected, they will then provide
More warily to answer.

Lucio. Doth she know
Your Grace doth love her?

¹⁹ Gladly receive the humour.] Corrected in 1750.

Duke. She hath never heard it.

Lucio. Then thus, my lord. [*They whisper again.*]

Laz. What's he that walks alone
So sadly, with his hands behind him?

Val. The lord
Of the house, he that you desire to be
Acquainted with. He doth hate women for
The same cause that I love them.

Laz. What is that?

Val. For that which apes want: You perceive me,
Sir?

Laz. And is he sad? can he be sad that hath
So rich a gem under his roof, as that
Which I do follow.—What young lady's that?

Val. Which? Have I mine eye-sight perfect? 'tis
My sister! Did I say the Duke had a bastard?

What should she make here with him and his council?
She hath no papers in her hand to petition to them;
She hath never a husband in prison, whose release
She might sue for: That's a fine trick for a wench,
To get her husband clapt up, that she may
More freely, and with less suspicion, visit
The private studies of men in authority.

Now I do discover their consultation;
Yon fellow is a pandar without all salvation!
But let me not condemn her too rashly, without
Weighing the matter: She is a young lady;

She went forth early this morning with

A waiting-woman, and a page or so:

This is no garden-house; in my conscience,
She went forth with no dishonest intent; for
She did not pretend going to any sermon

In the further end of the city; neither went she
To see any odd old gentlewoman, that mourns for
The death of her husband, or the loss of her friend,
And must have young ladies come to comfort her;
Those are the damnable bawds! 'Twas no set meeting
Certainly, for there was no wafer-woman with her

These three days, on my knowledge. I'll talk with her.
—Good morrow, my lord!

Gond. You're welcome, Sir.—Here's her brother
Come now to do a kind office for his sister;
Is it not strange?

Val. I am glad to meet you here, sister.

Ori. I thank you, good brother; and if you doubt of
The cause of my coming, I can satisfy you.

Val. No, faith, I dare trust thee: I do suspect thou'rt
honest;

For it is so rare a thing to be honest,
Among you, that some one man in an age
May perhaps suspect some two women to be honest,
But never believe it verily.

Lucio. Let your return be sudden!

Arr. Unsuspected by them.

Duke. It shall; so shall I best

Perceive their love, if there be any: Farewell!

Val. Let me entreat your Grace to stay a little,
To know a gentleman, to whom yourself
Is much beholding: He hath made the sport
For your whole court these eight years, on my knowledge.

Duke. His name?

Val. Lazarillo.

Duke. I heard of him this morning;
Which is he?

Val. Lazarillo, pluck up thy spirits!
Thy fortunes are now raising; the Duke calls for thee,
And thou shalt be acquainted with him.

Laz. He's going away,
And I must of necessity stay here,
Upon business.

Val. 'Tis all one; thou shalt know him first.

Laz. Stay a little!—

If he should offer to take me away with him,
And by that means I should lose that I seek for—
But if he should, I will not go with him.

Val. Lazarillo, the Duke stays! wilt thou lose

This

This opportunity ?

Laz. How must I speak to him ?

Val. 'Twas well thought of ; you must not talk to him
As you do to an ordinary man,
Honest plain sense, but you must wind about him :
For example ; if he should ask you what o'clock it is,
You must not say, ' If it please your Grace, 'tis nine ;'
But thus, ' Thrice three o'clock, so please my sovereign ;'
Or thus, ' Look how many muses there doth dwell
' Upon the sweet banks of the learned well,
' And just so many strokes the clock hath struck ;'
And so forth : And you must now and then
Enter into a description.

Laz. I hope I shall do it.

Val. Come !

' May it please your Grace to take note of a gentleman,
' Well seen, deeply read, and thoroughly
' Grounded in the hidden knowledge of all fallads
' And pot-herbs whatsoever.'

Duke. I shall desire to know him more inwardly.

Laz. I kiss the ox-hide of your Grace's foot.

Val. Very well !—Will your Grace question him a
little ?

Duke. How old are you ?

Laz. Full eight and twenty several almanacks
Have been compiled, all for several years,
Since first I drew this breath ; four prenticeships
Have I most truly served in this world ;
And eight and twenty times hath Phoebus' car
Run out his yearly course, since——

Duke. I understand you, Sir.

Lucio. How like an ignorant poet he talks !

Duke. You are eight and twenty year old.
What time of the day do you hold it to be ?

Laz. About the time that mortals whet their knives
On thresholds, on their shoe-soals, and on stairs ;
Now bread is grating, and the testy cook
Hath much to do now ; now the tables all——

Duke. 'Tis almost dinner-time ?

Laz. Your Grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

Val. Your Grace shall find him, in your further conference,

Grave, wise, courtly, and scholar-like, understandingly read

In the necessities of the life of man :

He knows that man is mortal by his birth ;

He knows that man must die, and therefore live ;

He knows that man must live, and therefore eat.

And if it shall please your Grace to accompany Yourself with him, I doubt not but that he will, At the least, make good my commendations.

Duke. Attend us, Lazarillo ; we do want Men of such action, as we have receiv'd you Reported from your honourable friend.

Laz. Good my lord, stand betwixt me and my overthrow !

You know I'm tied here, and may not depart !—

My gracious lord, so weighty are the business of mine own,

Which at this time do call upon me, that I

Will rather chuse to die, than to neglect them.

Val. Nay, you shall well perceive ; besides the virtues

That I have already inform'd you of, he hath A stomach which will stoop to no prince alive.

Duke. Sir, at your best leisure ; I shall thirst to see you.

Laz. And I shall hunger for it.

Duke. 'Till then, farewell all !

Gond. Val. Long life attend your Grace !

Duke. I do not taste this sport. Arrigo ! Lucio !

Arr. Lucio. We do attend.

[*Exeunt Duke, Arr. and Lucio.*]

Gond. His Grace is gone, and hath left

His Helen with me : I am no pandar for him ;

Neither can I be won, with the hope of gain,

Or the itching desire of tasting my lord's

Lechery to him, to keep her at my house,

Or bring her in disguise to his bed-chamber.

The

The twines of adders and of scorpions
 About my naked breast, will seem to me
 More tickling than those clasps, which men adore,
 The lustful, dull, ill-spirited embraces
 Of women! The much-praised Amazons,
 Knowing their own infirmities so well,
 Made of themselves a people, and what men
 They take amongst them they condemn to die;
 Perceiving that their folly made them fit
 To live no longer, that would willingly
 Come in the worthless presence of a woman.—
 I will attend, and see what my young lord
 Will do with his sister.

Enter Boy.

Boy. My lord, the fish-head
 Is gone again.

Val. Whither?

Boy. I know whither, my lord.

Val. Keep it from Lazarillo!—Sister, shall I
 Confer with you in private, to know the cause
 Of the Duke's coming hither; I know he makes you
 Acquainted with his business of state.

Ori. I'll satisfy you, brother; for I see
 You're jealous of me.

Gond. Now there shall be some course
 Taken for her conveyance.

Laz. Lazarillo,
 Thou art happy! thy carriage hath begot love,
 And that love hath brought forth fruits; thou'rt here
 In the company of a man honourable,
 That will help thee to taste of the bounties
 Of the sea; and when thou hast so done,
 Thou shalt retire thyself unto the court,
 And there taste of the delicacies of the earth,
 And be great in the eyes of thy sovereign.
 Now no more shalt thou need to scramble for
 Thy meat, nor remove thy stomach with the court;
 But thy credit shall command thy heart's desire,

And all novelties shall be sent as presents unto thee.

Val. Good sister, when you see your own time, will
you

Return home?

Ori. Yes, brother, and not before.

Laz. I will grow popular in this state,
And overthrow the fortunes of a number,
That live by extortion.

Val. Lazarillo,
Bestir thyself nimbly, and suddenly,
And hear me with patience.

Laz. Let me not fall from myself!
*Speak! I am bound to hear*²⁰.

Val. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear;
The fish-head is gone, and we know not whither.

Laz. I will not curse, nor swear, nor rage, nor rail,
Nor with contemptuous tongue accuse my fate
(Tho' I might justly do it); nor will I
Wish myself uncreated, for this evil!
Shall I entreat your lordship to be seen
A little longer in the company
Of a man cross'd by fortune?

Val. I hate
To leave my friend in his extremities.

Laz. 'Tis noble in you; then I take your hand,
And do protest, I do not follow this
For any malice or for private ends,
But with a love, as gentle and as chaste,

²⁰ *So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear,
The fish-head is gone, and we know not whither.*] As *where* is
equally sense here, it adds much to the humour to make this hobling
comic verse rhyme to the grandeur of the line above quoted from the
most solemn scene in all Shakespeare. Mr. Sympson asks, Is this a
burlesque upon Hamlet's Ghost or not? I am quite clear that it is not,
and have given, I believe, convincing reasons at note 43, in that ex-
ceeding comic character, the Little French Lawyer. Sentiments and
expressions of acknowledged dignity, when applied to a ridiculous
subject, only render it still more ridiculous, and for that end only are
used, burlesquing, as in this place Lazarillo not Hamlet. *Seward.*

We see no humour in this unwarranted alteration, nor conviction in
the note referred to.

As that a brother to his sister bears :
 And if I see this fish-head, yet unknown,
 The last words that my dying father spake,
 Before his eye-strings brake, shall not of me
 So often be remember'd, as our meeting :
 Fortune attend me, as my ends are just,
 Full of pure love, and free from servile lust !

Val. Farewell, my lord ! I was entreated to invite
 Your lordship to a lady's upfitting.

Gond. Oh, my ears !—

Why, madam, will not you follow your brother ?
 You are waited for by great men ; he'll bring you to
 'em.

Ori. I am very well, my lord ; you do mistake me,
 If you think I affect greater company
 Than yourself.

Gond. What madness possesseth thee,
 That thou canst imagine me a fit man
 To entertain ladies ? I tell thee, I do use
 To tear their hair, to kick them, and to twinge
 Their noses, if they be not careful in
 Avoiding me.

Ori. Your lordship may descant
 Upon your own behaviour as please you, but I
 Protest, so sweet and courtly it appears
 In my eye, that I mean not to leave you yet.

Gond. I shall grow rough.

Ori. A rough carriage is best
 In a man.—I'll dine with you, my lord.

Gond. Why, I will starve thee ;
 Thou shalt have nothing.

Ori. I have heard of your lordship's nothing ;
 I'll put that to the venture.

Gond. Well, thou shalt have meat ;
 I'll send it to thee.

Ori. I'll keep no state, my lord²¹ ;

²¹ I'll keep no state, my lord ; neither do I mourn.] I'll, instead of I, crept in from the line below. Mourn here signifies keeping house on account of mourning for any relation dead. Seward.

There surely is not the least cause for variation.

Neither do I mourn; I'll dine with you.

Gond. Is such a thing as this allow'd to live?
What power hath let thee loose upon the earth,
To plague us for our sins? Out of my doors!

Ori. I would your lordship did but see how well
This fury doth become you! it doth shew
So near the life, as it were natural.

Gond. Oh, thou damn'd woman! I will fly the
vengeance

That hangs above thee: Follow, if thou dar'st!

[*Exit Gond.*]

Ori. I must not leave this fellow; I will torment
him to madness!

To teach his passions against kind to move,
The more he hates, the more I'll seem to love.

[*Exeunt Oriana and Maid.*]

Enter Pandar and Mercer.

Pandar. Sir, what may be done by art shall be done;
I wear not this black cloak for nothing.

Mercer. Perform this,
Help me to this great heir by learning,
And you shall want no black cloaks; taffaties,
Silk-grograms, sattins, and velvets are mine;
They shall be yours, perform what you have promis'd;
And you shall make me a lover of sciences;
I will study the learned languages, and keep
My shop-book in Latin.

Pandar. Trouble me not now;
I will not fail you within this hour at your shop.

Mercer. Let Art have her course. [*Exit.*]

Enter Julia.

Pandar. 'Tis well spoken.—Madona!

Julia. Hast thou brought me any customers?

Pandar. No.

Julia. What the devil dost thou in black?

Pandar. As all solemn professors of settled courses
do,

Cover my knavery with it. Will you marry
A citizen, reasonably rich, and unreasonably foolish,
Silks in his shop, money in his purse,
And no wit in his head?

Julia. Out upon him!

I could have been otherwise than so; there was a knight
Swore he would have had me, if I would have lent him
But forty shillings to have redeem'd his cloak,
To go to church in.

Pandar. Then your waistcoat-waiter
Shall have him; call her in.

Julia. Francissima!

Fran. [*within.*] Anon.

Julia. Get you to the church, and thrive yourself²³,
For you shall be richly married anon.

Pandar. And get you after her. I will work
Upon my citizen whilst he is warm;
I must not suffer him to consult with his neighbours:
The openest fools are hardly cozened,
If they once grow jealous, [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Gondarino, flying the lady.

Gond. **S**AVE me, ye better powers! let me not fall
Between the loose embracements of a
woman!

Heav'n, if my sins be ripe, grown to a head,
And must attend your vengeance, I beg not to divert
my fate,

Or to reprieve awhile thy punishment;
Only I crave, (and hear me, equal Heav'ns!)
Let not your furious rod, that must afflict me,

²³ *And thrive yourself.*] i. e. *Go to confession.* The same expression occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Be that imperfect piece of Nature
 That Art makes up, woman, unsatiate woman!
 Had we not knowing souls, at first infus'd
 To teach a difference 'twixt extremes and goods?
 Were we not made ourselves, free, unconfin'd,
 Commanders of our own affections?
 And can it be, that this most perfect creature,
 This image of his Maker, well-squar'd man,
 Should leave the handfast, that he had of grace,
 To fall into a woman's easy arms?

Enter Oriana.

Ori. Now, Venus, be my speed! inspire me with
 All the several subtile temptations, that
 Thou hast already given, or hast in store
 Hereafter to bestow upon our sex!
 Grant that I may apply that physic that is
 Most apt to work upon him; whether he will
 Soonest be mov'd with wantonness, singing,
 Dancing, or (being passionate) with scorn,
 Or with sad and serious looks, cunningly
 Mingled with sighs, with smiling, lipping²⁴,
 Kissing the hand, and making short curt'sies;
 Or with whatsoever other nimble power
 He may be caught, do thou infuse into me;
 And, when I have him, I will sacrifice him
 Up to thee!

Gond. It comes again! new apparitions,
 And tempting spirits! Stand and reveal thyself;
 Tell why thou follow'st me? I fear thee

²⁴ Or *with sad and serious looks, cunningly mingled with sighs, with smiling, lipping.*] This speech, all printed before as prose, I have found not the least difficulty in restoring to its measure, 'till I came to this passage; and here there is the greatest reason to believe a monosyllable added, more injurious to the sense than measure: For what cunning is there in mingling sad looks with sighs? It does indeed require cunning to mingle sighs and smiles together, so as to appear engaging and charming. I therefore read,

*Cunningly-mingled sighs, with smiling, lipping,
 Kissing the hand, &c.*

As I fear the place thou cam'st from, Hell.

Ori. My lord, I am a woman, and such a one——

Gond. That I hate truly!

Thou hadst better been a devil.

Ori. Why, my impatient lord?

Gond. Devils were once good; there they excell'd
you women.

Ori. Can you be so uneasy? can you freeze,
And such a summer's heat so ready to dissolve?
Nay, gentle lord, turn not away in scorn,
Nor hold me less fair than I am! Look on these cheeks;
They've yet enough of nature, true complexion:
If to be red and white²⁵, a forehead high,
An easy melting lip, a speaking eye,
And such a tongue, whose language takes the ear }
Of strict religion, and men most austere: }
If these may hope to please you, look you here²⁶! }

Gond. This woman with entreaty would shew all.
Lady, there lies your way; I pray you, farewell.

Ori. You're yet too harsh, too dissonant;
There's no true music in your words, my lord.

Gond. What shall I give thee to be gone? Here stay;
An thou want'st lodging²⁷, take my house, 'tis big
enough,

It is thine own; 'twill hold five lecherous lords
And their lackies, without discovery:
There's stoves and bathing-tubs.

Ori. Dear lord, you are
Too wild.

²⁵ *If to be red and white.*] The construction here seems a little difficult; I therefore read,

If it be red and white;

i. e. If true complexion consist in red and white.

Seward.

There is no occasion to depart from the old text.

²⁶ *If these may hope to please, look here*] Former editions. The insertion of two relatives not only completes the comic dignity of the measure, but is rather preferable as to the sense.

Seward.

²⁷ *Here's in, and tha wants lodging.*] These mangled words Mr. Symphon has happily cured: He reads,

Here stay, an thou want'st lodging.

Seward.

Gond.

Gond. Shalt have a doctor too, thou shalt,
 'Bout six and twenty, 'tis a pleasing age;
 Or I can help thee to a handsome usher;
 Or if thou lack'st a page, I'll give thee one:
 Prithee keep house, and leave me!

Ori. I do

Confess I am too easy, too much woman,
 Not coy enough to take affection;
 Yet I can frown, and nip a passion,
 Even in the bud: I can say,
 Men please their present heats, then please to leave us.
 I can hold off, and, by my chymic power,
 Draw sonnets from the melting lover's brain;
Ayme's, and *elegies*: Yet to you, my lord,
 My love, my better self, I put these off,
 Doing that office not befits our sex,
 Entreat a man to love. Are you not yet
 Relenting? ha' you blood and spirit in those veins?
 You are no image, tho' you be as hard
 As marble: Sure you've no liver; if you had,
 'Twould send a lively and desiring heat
 To every member! Is not this miserable?
 A thing so truly form'd, shap'd out by symmetry,
 Has all the organs that belong to man,
 And working too, yet to shew all these
 Like dead motions moving upon wires?
 Then, good my lord, leave off what you have been,
 And freely be what you were first intended for, a man!

Gond. Thou art a precious piece of fly damnation!
 I will be deaf; I will lock up my ears:

Tempt me not! I will not love! if I do——

Ori. Then I'll hate you.

Gond. Let me be 'nointed with honey, and turn'd
 Into the sun, to be stung to death with horse-flies!
 Hear'st thou, thou breeder? here I'll sit,
 And, in despite of thee, I will say nothing.

Ori. Let me, with your fair patience, sit beside you!

Gond. Madam, lady, tempter, tongue, woman, air,
 Look to me, I shall kick! I say again,

Look

Look to me, I shall kick !

Ori. I cannot think your better knowledge
Can use a woman so uncivilly.

Gond. I cannot think I shall become a coxcomb,
To ha' my hair curl'd by an idle finger,
My cheeks turn tabors, and be play'd upon,
Mine eyes look'd babies in ²⁸, and my nose blow'd to
my hand :

I say again, I shall kick ! sure, I shall.

Ori. 'Tis but

Your outside that you shew ; I know your mind
Never was guilty of so great a weakness :
Or, could the tongues of all men join'd together
Possess me with a thought of your dislike,
My weakness were above a woman's, to fall off
From my affection, for one crack of thunder.
Oh, would you could love, my lord !

Gond. I would thou wouldst

Sit still, and say nothing ! What madman let thee loose,
To do more mischief than a dozen whirlwinds ?
Keep thy hands in thy muff, and warm the idle
Worms in thy fingers' ends : Will you be doing still ?
Will no entreating serve you ? no lawful warning ?
I must remove, and leave your ladyship :
Nay, never hope to stay me ; for I will run
From that smooth, smiling, witching, cozening,
tempting,

Damning face of thine, as far as I can find any land,
Where I will put myself into a daily course
Of curses for thee and all thy family.

Ori. Nay, good my lord, sit still ! I'll promise peace,
And fold mine arms up, let but mine eye discourse ;
Or let my voice, set to some pleasing cord, sound out
The fullen strains of my neglected love !

Gond. Sing'till thou crack thy treble-string in pieces,
And when th'ha'st done, put up thy pipes and walk !

²⁸ *Mine eyes look'd babies in.*] So, in *Woman's Prize*, act v. sc. i.
No more fool,

To look gay babies in your eyes, young Rowland.

R.

Do

254 THE WOMAN-HATER.

Do any thing, sit still and tempt me not!

Ori. I'd rather sing at doors for bread, than sing to
This fellow, but for hate: If this should be
Told in the court, that I begin to wooe lords,
What a troop of the untruss'd nobility
Should I have at my lodging tomorrow-morning?

S O N G.

Come, Sleep, and, with thy sweet deceiving,
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence,
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving!
Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought,
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:
Oh, let my joys have some abiding!

Gond. Have you done your wassail²³?
'Tis a handsome drowsy ditty, I'll assure you:
Now I had as lief hear a cat cry, when her tail
Is cut off, as hear these lamentations,
These lowly love-lays, these bewailments.
You think you have caught me, lady; you think I
melt now,
Like a dish of May-butter, and run
All into brine and passion: Yes, yes, I'm taken;
Look how I cross my arms, look pale, and dwindle,
And would cry, but for spoiling my face!
We must part: Nay, we'll avoid all ceremony;
No kissing, lady! I desire to know
Your ladyship no more. Death of my soul, the Duke!

Ori. God keep your lordship!

Gond. From thee and all thy sex.

Ori. I'll be the clerk, and cry, Amen! Your lordship's
Ever-assured enemy, Oriana. [*Exit Ori. Manet Gond.*]

²³ *Wassail.*] See note 50 on Beggars' Bush.

Enter

Enter Duke, Arrigo, and Lucio.

Gond. All the day's good attend your lordship!

Duke. We thank you, Gondarino.—Is it possible?
Can belief lay hold on such a miracle?

To see thee (one that hath cloister'd up all passion,
Turn'd wilful votary, and forsworn converse
With women) in company and fair discourse
With the best beauty of Milan?

Gond. 'Tis true; and if your Grace, that hath the
sway

Of the whole state, will suffer this lewd sex,
These women, to pursue us to our homes,
Not to be pray'd nor to be rail'd away,
But they will woo, and dance, and sing,
And, in a manner looser than they are
By nature (which should seem impossible),
To throw their arms on our unwilling necks——

Duke. No more! I can see thro' your visor; dissem-
ble it

No more! Do not I know thou hast us'd all art,
To work upon the poor simplicity
Of this young maid, that yet hath known none ill,
Thinks that damnation will fright those that woo
From oaths and lies²⁹? But yet I think her chaste,
And will from thee, before thou shalt apply
Stronger temptations, bear her hence with me.

Gond. My lord, I speak not this to gain new grace;
But howsoever you esteem my words,
My love and duty will not suffer me
To see you favour such a prostitute,
And I stand by dumb; without rack, torture,
Or strapado, I will unrip myself:

²⁹ Thinkest that damnation will fright those that woo

From oaths and lies.] This is an odd question to Gondarino, but it seems only a mistake from adding a letter to the verb. *Thinks* is surely the true reading, and it is the supposed simplicity of the young maid who *thinks* that the fear of damnation will deter men from lying and falsely swearing to them.

Seward.

256 THE WOMAN-HATER.

I do confess I was in company
With that pleasing piece of frailty,
That we call woman; I do confess, after
A long and tedious siege, I yielded.

Duke. Forward!

Gond. Faith, my lord, to come quickly to the point,
The woman you saw with me is a whore,
An arrant whore.

Duke. Was she not count Valore's sister?

Gond. Yes; that count Valore's sister is naught.

Duke. Thou dar'st not say so.

Gond. Not if it be distastful to your lordship;
But give me freedom, and I dare maintain
She has embrac'd this body, and grown to it
As close as the hot youthful vine to the elm.

Duke. Twice have I seen her with thee, twice my
thoughts

Were prompted by mine eye, to hold thy strictness
False and impostorous:

Is this your mewing-up, your strict retirement,
Your bitterness and gall against that sex?
Have I not heard thee say, thou'dst sooner meet
The basilisk's dead-doing eye, than meet
A woman for an object? Look it be true you tell me;
Or, by our country's saint, your head goes off!—
Oh, Oriana, if thou prove a whore²⁹,
No woman's face shall ever move me more.

[*Exeunt. Manet Gond.*]

Gond. So, so! 'tis as't should be. Are women
Grown so mankind³⁰? must they be wooing?
I have a plot shall blow her up; she flies,
She mounts! I'll teach her ladyship to dare
My fury! I will be known, and fear'd, and
More truly hated of women than an eunuch.

Enter Oriana.

She's here again: Good gall, be patient! for
I must dissemble.

²⁹ *If thou prove, &c.*] The words, *Oh, Oriana*, added by Seward.

³⁰ *Are women grown so mankind?*] See note 55 on Monsieur Thomas.

Ori. Now, my cold frosty lord,
 My Woman-Hater, you that have sworn
 An everlasting hate to all our sex!
 By my troth, good lord, and as I'm yet a maid,
 Methought 'twas excellent sport to hear your honour
 Swear out an alphabet, chafe nobly like a general,
 Kick like a resty jade, and make ill faces!
 Did your good honour think I was in love?
 Where did I first begin to take that heat?
 From those two radiant eyes, that piercing sight?
 Oh, they were lovely, if the balls stood right!
 And there's a leg made out of a dainty staff,
 Where, the gods be thanked, there is calf enough!

Gond. Pardon him, lady, that is now a convertite:
 Your beauty, like a saint, hath wrought this wonder.

Ori. Alas, has it been pricked at the heart?
 Is the stomach come down! will't rail no more
 At women, and call 'em devils, she-cats, and goblins?

Gond. He that shall marry thee, had better spend
 The poor remainder of his days in a dung-barge,
 For two-pence a-week, and find himself
 Down again, spleen! I prithee down again!—
 Shall I find favour, lady? Shall at length
 My true unfeigned penitence get pardon
 For my harsh unseasoned follies?

I am no more an atheist; no; I do
 Acknowledge that dread powerful deity,
 And his all-quick'ning heats burn in my breast:
 Oh, be not as I was, hard, unrelenting;
 But as I am, be partner of my fires!

Ori. Sure we shall have store of larks; the skies will
 Not hold up long: I should have look'd as soon
 For frost in the Dog-days, or another inundation,
 As hop'd this strange conversion above miracle.
 Let me look upon your lordship: Is your name
 Gondarino? are you Milan's general, that
 Great bugbear Bloody-bones, at whose very name
 All women, from the lady to the laundress,
 Shake like a cold fit?

Gond. Good patience, help me!

258 THE WOMAN-HATER.

This fever will enrage my blood again.—

Madam, I am that man; I'm even he

That once did owe unreconciled hate

To you, and all that bear the name of woman;

I am the man that wrong'd your honour to the Duke;

I am the man that said you were unchaste,

And prostitute; yet I am he that dare deny all this.

Ori. Your big nobility is very merry.

Gond. Lady, 'tis true that I have wrong'd you thus,
And my contrition is as true as that;

Yet have I found a means to make all good again:

I do beseech your beauty, not for myself,

(My merits are yet in conception)

But for your honour's safety and my zeal, retire awhile,

While I unsay myself unto the Duke,

And cast out that evil spirit I have possess'd him
with!

I have a house conveniently private.

Ori. Lord, thou hast wrong'd my innocence;

But thy confession hath gain'd thee faith.

Gond. By the true

Honest service that I owe those eyes,

My meaning is as spotless as my faith.

Ori. The Duke doubt mine honour? a' may judge
strangely.

'Twill not be long, before I'll be enlarg'd again?

Gond. A day or two.

Ori. Mine own servants shall attend me?

Gond. Your ladyship's command is good.

Ori. Look you be true!

[*Exit.*

Gond. Else let me lose the hopes my soul aspires to!

I will be a scourge to all females in my life,

And, after my death, the name of Gondarino

Shall be terrible to the mighty women of the earth;

They shall shake at my name, and at the sound of it

Their knees shall knock together; and they shall

Run into nunneries, for they and I

Are beyond all hope irreconcilable:

For if I could endure an ear with a hole in't, or a
plaited lock,

Or

Or a bareheaded coachman, that sits like a sign
Where great ladies are to be sold within,
Agreement betwixt us were not to despair'd of.
If I could be but brought to endure to see women,
I'd have them come all once a-week and kiss me,
As witches do the devil, in token of homage.
I must not live here ; I will to the court,
And there pursue my plot ; when it hath took,
Women shall stand in awe, but of my look. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Two Intelligencers.

1 *Int.* There take your standing ; be close
And vigilant ! here will I set myself ;
And let him look to his language ! a' shall know
The Duke has more ears in court than two.

2 *Int.* I'll quote him to a tittle³⁰ : Let him speak wisely,
And plainly, and as hidden as a' can,
Or I shall crush him ; a' shall not scape by characters³¹ ;
Tho' a' speak Babel, I shall crush him. We have
A fortune by this service hanging over us,
That, within this year or two,
I hope we shall be call'd to be examiners,
Wear politic gowns guarded with copper-lace,
Making great faces full of fear and office ;
Our labours may deserve this.

³⁰ *I'll quote him to a tittle ;*] i. e. I'll observe or note him : So, in Hamlet, act ii. sc. i. Polonius says,

— That hath made him mad :

‘ I am sorry that with better heed and judgment,

‘ I had not quoted him.’

R.

³¹ *A' shall not scape characters.*] This is a little difficult : If it is the true reading the sense must be, that he shall not escape having characters drawn of him. But besides the stiffness of this interpretation, it does not well suit the context. I read therefore,

— a shall not scape by characters,

Let him speak Babel, I shall crush him ;

By characters must here be understood, using names of one thing for another, as the characters of a cypher do ; for from writing the metaphor before is taken.

I'll quote him to a tittle.

Seward.

R 2

1 *Int.*

1 *Int.* I hope it shall :

Why, have not many men been raised from
This worming trade, first, to gain good access
To great men; then, to have commissions out
For search; and lastly, to be worthily nam'd
At a great arraignment? Yes; and why not we?
They that endeavour well deserve their fee.
Close, close! a' comes; mark well, and all goes well!

Enter Valore, Lazarillo, and Boy.

Laz. Farewell, my hopes! my anchor now is broken!
Farewell, my *quondam* joy! of which no token
Is now remaining; such is the sad mischance,
Where lady Fortune leads the slippery dance.
Yet, at the length, let me this favour have,
Give me my wishes, or a wished grave!

Val. The Gods defend, so brave and valiant maw
Should slip into the never-fatiate jaw
Of black Despair! No; thou shalt live and know
Thy full desires; Hunger, thy ancient foe,
Shall be subdued; those guts that daily tumble,
Thro' air and appetite, shall cease to rumble;
And thou shalt now at length obtain thy dish,
That noble part, the sweet head of a fish.

Laz. Then am I greater than the Duke!

2 *Int.* There, there's
A notable piece of treason! greater than
The Duke; mark that!

Val. But how, or where, or when
This shall be compass'd, is yet out of my reach.

Laz. I am so truly miserable, that might I
Be now knock'd o'th' head, with all my heart I would
Forgive a dog-killer.

Val. Yet do I see,
Thro' this confus'dness, some little comfort³².

³² *Yet do I see thro' this confus'dness some little comfort.*] This when restored to its measure is a high burlesque parody of all poetic sublimity whatever, and Fletcher, to whom alone this play is ascribed, in the first edition must have ridiculed himself as well as all grave writers if every quotation from Shakespeare is a sneer upon him, as my assistants Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symphon have been apt to imagine,

THE WOMAN-HATER. 261

Laz. The plot, my lord, as e'er you came of a woman, discover.

I Int. Plots, dangerous plots! I will deserve by this Most liberally.

Val. 'Tis from my head again.

Laz. Oh, that it would stand me, that I might fight,
Or have some venture for it! that I might
Be turn'd loose, to try my fortune among the whole
Fry in a college or an inn of court,
Or scramble with the prisoners in the dungeon!
Nay, were it set down in the outward court,
And all the guard about it in a ring,
With their knives drawn, (which were a dismal sight
And after twenty leisurely were told,
I to be let loose only in my shirt,

gine, and to have been quite angry with Fletcher for it. The lines above very much resemble the following in the Two Noble Kinsmen.

— yet cousin,
*Ev'n from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that Fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising.*

Now would Fletcher sneer himself at a work that he certainly had a great if not the greatest share in? I shall here take an opportunity of defending Fletcher for the character of Lazarillo. I find few of my friends quite relish it; they think the *characature* too high, too much beyond nature, even so as rather to raise disgust than laughter. To this might be pleaded the authority of Aristophanes in his *characature* of Socrates, of Plautus in more than one of his characters, of Shakespeare in Pistol, and of Jonson and Moliere in the greatest part of their plays, which are most of them formed not of characters of *real persons*, as those in general of Shakespeare, Fletcher, Terence, &c. are, but of the *passions personated*; as the passion of *epicurism* or *nice gluttony* is in this play. Few people have seen how extremely high the several passions, as *avarice*, *pride*, *lust*, *epicurism*, &c. have been carried in real life: I have heard of a gentleman that died not long since, whose passion for eating came not far short of Lazarillo's; and poetry is always allowed a little to heighten the features. Then as to the sublimity of the poetic language used by Lazarillo, it is certainly the very best that could be chose for high burlesque; as the dignity of the stile is the highest contrast to the ridiculousness of the sentiments. Gondarino, like Lazarillo, is a *passion personated* and a very well drawn character in Ben. Jonson's manner, so that upon the whole I hope the majority of readers will join the laugh at this exceedingly droll play.

Seward.

The parallel Seward draws between the passage quoted and that in

262 THE WOMAN-HATER.

To try, by valour, how much of the spoil³³
I would recover from the enemies' mouths,
I would accept the challenge.

Val. Let it go !

Hast not thou been held to have some wit in the court,
And to make fine jests upon country people
In progress-time ? and wilt thou lose this opinion,
For the cold head of a fish ? I say, let it go !
I'll help thee to as good a dish of meat.

Laz. God, let me not live, if I do not wonder
Men should talk so prophanelly ! But
It is not in the power of loose words
Of any vain or misbelieving man,
To make me dare to wrong thy purity.
Shew me but any lady in the court,
That hath so full an eye, so sweet a breath,
So soft and white a flesh : This doth not lie
In almond-gloves, nor ever hath been wash'd
In artificial baths ; no traveller
That hath brought *doctor* home with him³⁴, hath dar'd,
With all his waters, powders, fucuses,
To make thy lovely corps sophisticate.

Val. I have it ; 'tis now infus'd ; be comforted !

Laz. Can there be that little hope yet left
In Nature ? Shall I once more erect up trophies ?
Shall I enjoy the sight of my dear saint,

the Noble Kinsmen, is very much forced. Our Authors certainly have often, without remorse, burlesqued Shakespeare, and particularly his Hamlet.

³³ *To try the valour, how much of the spoil
I would recover from the enemies mouths.*] This is scarcely sense,
there are two ways of correcting it, as

*To try by valour, how much of the spoil
I could recover from the enemies mouths !*

Or

*To try their valour ! how much of the spoil
Would I recover from the enemies mouths ?*

I prefer the former. The two next lines of the count's speech are restored from the old quarto.

Seward.

³⁴ *That hath brought doctor home with him ;*] i. e. Has had a doctor's degree in some foreign university.

Seward.

And

And bless my palate with the best of creatures ?
Ah, good my lord, by whom I breathe again,
Shall I receive this being ?

Val. Sir, I have found by certain calculation,
And settled revolution of the stars,
The fish is sent by the lord Gondarino
To his Mercer : Now it is a growing hope
To know where 'tis.

Laz. Oh, it is far above
The good of women ; the pathick cannot yield
More pleasing titillation !

Val. But how to compass it ? search, cast about,
And bang your brains, Lazarillo ! Thou art
Too dull and heavy to deserve a blessing.

Laz. My lord, I'll not be idle : Now, Lazarillo,
Think, think, think !

Val. Yonder's my informer,
And his fellow, with table-books ; they nod at me :
Upon my life, they have poor Lazarillo
(That beats his brains about no such weighty matter)
In for treason before this.

Laz. My lord, what do you think,
If I should shave myself, put on midwife's apparel,
Come in with a handkerchief, and beg a piece
For a great-bellied woman, or a sick child ?

Val. Good, very good !

Laz. Or corrupt the waiting prentice
To betray the reversion.

1 *Int.* There's another point
In's plot ; corrupt with money to betray :
Sure 'tis some fort a' means. Mark ; have a care !

Laz. An 'twere the bare vinegar 'tis eaten with,
It would in some fort satisfy Nature :
But might I once attain the dish itself,
Tho' I cut out my means thro' sword and fire,
Thro' poison, thro' any thing that may make good
My hopes——

2 *Int.* Thanks to the gods, and our officiousness,
The plot's discover'd ! fire, steel,

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And poison; burn the palace, kill the Duke,
And poison his privy-council.

Val. To the Mercer's! let me see!
How if, before we can attain the means
To make up our acquaintance, the fish be eaten?

Laz. If it be eaten, here a' stands, that is
The most dejected, most unfortunate,
Miserable, accurs'd, forsaken slave
This province yields! I will not sure out-live it;
No, I will die bravely, and like a Roman;
And after death, amidst the Elysian shades
I'll meet my love again.

I Int. I will die bravely,
Like a Roman: Have a care; mark that!
When he hath done all, he will kill himself.

Val. Will nothing ease your appetite but this?

Laz. No; could the sea throw up his vastness,
And offer free his best inhabitants,
'Twere not so much as a bare temptation to me!

Val. If you could be drawn to affect beef,
Venison, or fowl, it would be far the better.

Laz. I do beseech your lordship's patience!
I do confess that, in this heat of blood,
I have condemn'd all dull and grosser meats;
But I protest I do honour a chine of
Beef, I do reverence a loin of veal;
But, good my lord, give me leave a little
To adore this! But, my good lord, would your
lordship,
Under colour of taking up some silks,
Go to the Mercer's, I would in all humility
Attend your honour, where we may be invited,
If Fortune stand propitious.

Val. Sir, you shall
Work me as you please.

Laz. Let it be suddenly,
I do beseech your lordship! 'Tis now upon
The point of dinner-time.

Val. I am all yours.

[*Exe. Laz. and Val.*

I Int.

THE WOMAN-HATER. 265

1 *Int.* Come, let's confer: *Imprimis*, a' faith, like
A blasphemous villain, he's greater than the Duke;
This peppers him, an there were nothing else.

2 *Int.* Then a' was naming plots; did you not hear?

1 *Int.* Yes; but a' fell from that unto discovery,
To corrupt by money, and so attain.

2 *Int.* Ay, ay,

A' meant some fort or citadel the Duke hath;
His very face betray'd his meaning. Oh, he's
A very subtle and a dangerous knave;
But if a' deal a God's name, we shall worm him.

1 *Int.* But now comes the stroke, the fatal blow,
Fire, sword, and poison: Oh, canibal,
Thou bloody canibal!

2 *Int.* What had become
Of this poor state had not we been?

1 *Int.* Faith,
It had lain buried in its own ashes, had not
A greater hand been in't.

2 *Int.* But note
The rascal's resolution; after th' act's done,
Because he would avoid all fear of torture,
And cozen the law, he'd kill himself: Was there
Ever the like danger brought to light in this age?
Sure we shall merit much; we shall be able
To keep two men a-piece, and a two-hand sword
Between us; we will live in favour of
The state, betray our ten or twelve
Treasons a-week, and the people shall fear us.
Come; to the lord Lucio!

The sun shall not go down 'till he be hang'd. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Mercer.

Mercer. Look to my shop; and if there come ever a
scholar
In black, let him speak with me. We that are shop-
keepers
In good trade, are so pester'd, that we can scarce
Pick

266 THE WOMAN-HATER.

Pick out an hour for our morning's meditation;
And howsoever we're all accounted dull,
And common jesting-stocks for your gallants,
There are some of us do not deserve it; for, for my
own part,

I do begin to be given to my book. I love
A scholar with my heart; for, questionless,
There are marvellous things to be done by art: Why, Sir,
Some of them will tell you what's become of horses,
And silver spoons, and will make wenches dance
Naked to their beds. I'm yet unmarried,
And because some of our neighbours are said
To be cuckolds, I will never marry
Without the consent of some of these scholars,
That know what will come of it.

Enter Pandar.

Pandar. Are you busy, Sir?

Mercer. Never to you, Sir, nor to any of your coat.
Sir, is there any thing to be done by art,
Concerning the great heir we talk'd on?

Pandar. Will she, nill she, she shall
Come running into my house, at the further corner
In St. Mark's Street, 'twixt three and four.

Mercer. 'Twixt three and four?
She's brave in cloaths, is she not?

Pandar. Oh, rich, rich!—Where should I
Get cloaths to dress her in? Help me, Invention!—
Sir, that her running thro' the street may be
Less noted, my art more shewn,
And your fear to speak with her less,
She shall come in a white waistcoat, and——

Mercer. What! shall she?

Pandar. And perhaps torn stockings.—She hath left
Her old wont else.

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir, my lord Gondarino
Hath sent you a rare fish-head.

Mercer. It comes right; all things
Suit right with me since I began to love scholars!

You

You shall have't home with you against she come.
Carry it to this gentleman's house.

Pandar. The fair

White house, at the further corner of St. Mark's Street.
Make haste! I must leave you too, Sir; I have
Two hours to study. Buy a new Accidence,
And ply your book, and you shall want nothing
That all the scholars in the town can do for you! [*Exit.*]

Mercer. Heav'n prosper both our studies!

What a dull slave was I before
I fell in love with this learning! not worthy
To tread upon the earth; and what fresh hopes
It hath put into me! I do hope, within this twelvemonth,
To be able by art to serve the court with silks,
And not undo myself; to trust knights, and
Yet get in my money again; to keep
My wife brave, and yet she keep nobody else so.

Enter Valore and Lazarillo.

Your lordship is most honourably welcome,
In regard of your nobility; but most
Especially in regard of your scholarship.
Did your lordship come openly?

Val. Sir, this cloak

Keeps me private; besides, no man will suspect me
To be in the company of this gentleman;
With whom I will desire you to be acquainted:
He may prove a good customer to you.

Laz. For plain silks and velvets.

Mercer. Are you scholastical?

Laz. Something addicted to the muses.

Val. I hope they will not dispute.

Mercer. You have no skill in the black art?

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir, yonder's a gentleman enquires hastily
For count Valore.

Val. For me? what is he?

Pren. One of your followers, my lord, I think.

Val. Let him come in.

Mercer.

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Mercer. Shall I talk with you in private, Sir?

Enter Messenger with a letter; Valore reads.

Val. 'Count, come to the court; your business calls you thither:'

I will go. Farewell, Sir! I'll see your silks
Some other time. Farewell, Lazarillo!

Mercer. Will not your lordship take a piece of beef
With me?

Val. Sir, I have greater business
Than eating; I'll leave this gentleman with you.

[Exeunt Valore and Messenger.]

Laz. Now, now, now, now,³⁵!
Now do I feel that strange struggling within me,
That I think I could prophesy.

Mercer. The gentleman
Is meditating.

Laz. Hunger, Valour, Love,
Ambition, are alike pleasing, and,
Let our philosophers say what they will,
Are one kind of heat; only Hunger is
The safest: Ambition's apt to fall; Love
And Valour are not free from dangers: Only
Hunger, begotten of some old limber courtier,
In paned hose, and nurs'd by an attorney's wife,
Is now so thriven, that he need not fear
To be of the Great Turk's guard; is so free
From all quarrels and dangers,
So full of hopes, joys, and ticklings, that my life
Is not so dear to me as his acquaintance.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, the fish-head is gone.

Laz. Then be
Thou henceforth dumb, with thy ill-boding voice!

³⁵ *No, no, no, no; now.*] Former editions. This meditation of Lazarillo's seems designedly hung in to shew that a man may run mad with the passion of Hunger as well as that of Love, Ambition, &c. and this is a key to Lazarillo's character. The umbrana's head is become his mistress, and he is run mad with the thoughts of it. *Seward.*

Farewell,

Farewell, Milan ! Farewell, noble Duke !
 Farewell, my fellow-courtiers all, with whom
 I have of yore made many a scrambling meal
 In corners, behind arras'es, on stairs ;
 And in the action oftentimes have spoil'd
 Our doublets and our hose with liquid stuff !
 Farewell, you lusty archers of the guard,
 To whom I now do give the bucklers up,
 And never more with any of your coat
 Will eat for wagers ! now you happy be ;
 When this shall light upon you, think on me !
 You sewers, carvers, ushers of the court,
 Sirnamed *gentle* for your fair demean,
 Here I do take of you my last farewell :
 May you stand stily in your proper places,
 And execute your offices aright !
 Farewell, you maidens, with your mothers eke,
 Farewell, you courtly chaplains that be there !
 All good attend you ! may you never more
 Marry your patron's lady's waiting-woman,
 But may you raised be by this my fall !
 May Lazarillo suffer for you all !

Mercer. Sir, I was hearkning to you.

Laz. I will hear nothing ! I will break my knife,
 The ensign of my former happy state,
 Knock out my teeth, have them hung at a barber's,
 And enter into religion.

Boy. Why, Sir, I think
 I know whither it is gone.

Laz. See the rashness
 Of man in his nature ! Whither, whither ? I do
 Unfay all that I've said ! Go on, go on, Boy !
 I humble myself, and follow thee. Farewell, Sir !

Mercer. Not so, Sir ; you shall take a piece of beef
 with me.

Laz. I cannot stay.

Mercer. By my fay, but you shall, Sir !
 In regard of your love to learning, and your skill
 In the black art.

Laz. I do hate learning, and I have

270 THE WOMAN-HATER.

No skill in the black art : I would I had !

Mercer. Why, your desire is sufficient to me ;
You shall stay.

Laz. The most horrible and
Detested curses that can be imagin'd,
Light upon all the professors of that art !
May they be drunk, and, when they go to conjure,
Reel i' th' circle ! May the spirits by them rais'd
Tear 'em in pieces,
And hang their quarters on old broken walls
And steeple-tops !

Mercer. This speech of yours shews you
To have some skill i' th' science ; wherefore, in
Civility, I may not suffer you
To depart empty.

Laz. My stomach is up ;
I can't endure it ! I will fight in this quarrel,
As soon as for my prince. Room ! make way !
[*Draws his rapier.*
Hunger commands ; my Valour must obey ! [*Exeunt.*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Valore and Arrigo.

Val. **I**S the Duke private ?

Arr. He's alone ; but I think
Your lordship may enter. [*Exit Val.*

Enter Gondarino.

Gond. Who is with the Duke ?

Arr. The count is new gone in ; but the Duke will
Come forth, before you can be weary of waiting.

Gond. I will attend him here.

Arr. I must wait without the door. [*Exit.*

Gond. Doth he hope to clear his sister ? She will come
No more to my house, to laugh at me : I've sent her
To an habitation, where when she shall be
Seen, it will set a gloss upon her name :
Yet, on my soul, I have bestow'd her amongst

The

The purest-hearted creatures of her sex,
And the freest from dissimulation ; for their deeds
Are all alike, only they dare speak
What the rest think. The women of this age,
(If there be any degrees of comparison
Amongst their sex) are worse than those of former
times ;

For I have read of women, of that truth,
Spirit, and constancy, that, were they now
Living, I should endure to see them : But
I fear the writers of the time belied them ;
For how familiar a thing is it with
The poets of our age, to extol their whores
(Which they call *mistresses*) with heav'nly praises !
But, I thank their furies, and their craz'd brains,
Beyond belief ! Nay, how many that would fain
Seem serious, have dedicated grave works
To ladies, toothless, hollow-ey'd, their hair shedding¹⁶,
Purple-fac'd, their nails apparently coming off,
And the bridges of their noses broken down,
And have call'd them the choice handyworks of Nature,
The patterns of perfection, and the wonderment
Of women. Our women begin to swarm
Like bees in summer : As I came hither,
There was no pair of stairs, no entry, no lobby,
But was pestered with them : Methinks
There might be some course taken to destroy them.

*Enter Arrigo, and an old deaf country Gentlewoman,
suitor to the Duke.*

Arr. I do accept your money : Walk here ; and
when

The Duke comes out, you shall have fit opportunity
To deliver your petition to him.

Gentlew. I thank you heartily.

I pray you who's he that walks there ?

Arr. A lord, and a soldier,

¹⁶ *Hollow-ey'd their hair shedding.*] Seward reads,
Hollow-ey'd, hair-shedding, &c.

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One in good favour with the Duke : If you could get him

To deliver your petition——

Gentlew. What do you say, Sir?

Arr. If you could get him to deliver your petition For you, or to second you, 'twere sure.

Gentlew. I hope

I shall live to requite your kindness.

Arr. You have already.

[*Exit.*

Gentlew. May it please your lordship——

Gond. No, no.

Gentlew. To consider the estate——

Gond. No.

Gentlew. Of a poor oppressed country gentlewoman.

Gond. No, it doth not please my lordship.

Gentlew. First and foremost, I have had great injury ; Then I've been brought up to the town three times.

Gond. A pox on him that brought thee to the town!

Gentlew. I thank your good lordship heartily!

Tho' I cannot hear well, I know it grieves you :

And here we have been delay'd, and sent down again,

And fetch'd up again, and sent down again,

To my great charge ; and now at last they've fetch'd me up,

And five of my daughters——

Gond. Enough to damn five worlds!

Gentlew. Handsome young women, tho' I say it : they

Are all without ; if it please your lordship,

I'll call them in.

Gond. Five women ! how many of my senses should I Have left me then ? call in five devils first !

No, I will rather walk with thee alone,

And hear thy tedious tale of injury,

And give thee answers ; whisper in thine ear,

And make thee understand thro' thy French hood ;

And all this with tame patience !

Gentlew. I see

Your lordship does believe that they are without ;

And

And I perceive you are much mov'd at our injury :
Here's a paper will tell you more.

Gond. Away !

Gentlew. It may be you had rather hear me tell it
Vivâ voce, as they say.

Gond. Oh, no, no, no, no ! I have heard it before.

Gentlew. Then you have heard of enough injury,
For a poor gentlewoman to receive.

Gond. Never, never ; but that it troubles
My conscience to wish any good to these women,
I could afford them to be valiant and able,
That it might be no disgrace for a foldier
To beat them.

Gentlew. I hope
Your lordship will deliver my petition
To his Grace ; and you may tell him withal——

Gond. What ?
I will deliver any thing against myself,
To be rid on thee.

Gentlew. That yesterday, about three o'clock
I th' afternoon, I met my adversary.

Gond. Give me thy paper ! he can abide no long
tales.

Gentlew. 'Tis very short, my lord : And I demand-
ing of him——

Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn.

Gentlew. How ?

Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn : Begone !
Man never doth remember how great
His offences are, 'till he do meet with one
Of you, that plagues him for them. Why should
women only,

Above all other creatures that were created
For the benefit of man, have the use of speech ?
Or why should any deed of theirs,
Done by their fleshly appetites, be disgraceful
To their owners ? Nay, why should not an act done
By any beast I keep, against my consent,
Disparage me as much as that of theirs ?

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Gentlew. Here's some few angels for your lordship.

Gond. Again?

Yet more torments?

Gentlew. Indeed you shall have them.

Gond. Keep off!

Gentlew. A small gratuity for your kindness.

Gond. Hold away!

Gentlew. Why then, I thank your lordship!

I'll gather them up again; and I'll be sworn

It is the first money that was refus'd

Since I came to the court.

Gond. What can she devise

To say more?

Gentlew. Truly, I would have willingly

Parted with them to your lordship.

Gond. I believe it,

I believe it.

Gentlew. But since it is thus——

Gond. More yet?

Gentlew. I will attend without, and expect an answer.

Gond. Do; begone, and thou shalt expect, and have

Any thing; thou shalt have thy answer from him:

And he were best to give thee a good one

At first, for thy deaf importunity

Will conquer him too in the end.

Gentlew. God bless your lordship, and all that favour
Poor distressed country gentlewomen! [Exit.

Gond. All the diseases of man

Light upon them that do, and upon me

When I do! A week of such days would either make
me

Stark-mad, or tame me. Yonder other woman,

That I've sure enough, shall answer for thy sins.

Dare they incense me still? I'll make them fear

As much to be ignorant of me and my moods,

As men are to be ignorant of the law

They live under. Who's there? my blood grew cold!

I began to fear my suitor's return. It is the Duke.

Enter

Enter Duke and Valore.

Val. I know her chaste, tho' she be young and free,
And is not of that forc'd behaviour
That many others are; and that this lord,
Out of the boundless malice to the sex,
Hath thrown this scandal on her:

Gond. Fortune befriended me against my will,
With this good old country Gentlewoman.—
I beseech your Grace to view favourably
The petition of a wrong'd gentlewoman.

Duke. What, Gondarino, are you become
A petitioner for your enemies?

Gond. My lord, they are no enemies
Of mine: I confess, the better to cover
My deeds, which sometimes were loose enough;
I pretended it (as 'tis wisdom to keep
Close our incontinence); but since you have
Discover'd me, I will no more put on
That vizard, but will as freely open
All my thoughts to you, as to my confessor.

Duke. What say you to this?

Val. He that confesses he did once dissemble,
I'll never trust his words: Can you imagine
A maid, whose beauty could not suffer her
To live thus long untempted by the noblest,
Richest, and cunning'st masters in that art,
And yet hath ever held a fair repute,
Could in one morning, and by him, be brought
To forget all her virtue, and turn whore?

Gond. I would I had some other talk in hand,
Than to accuse a sister to her brother:
Nor do I mean it for a public scandal,
Unless by urging me you make it so.

Duke. I will read this at better leisure.
Gondarino, where is the lady?

Val. At his house.

Gond. No;
She is departed thence.

Val. Whither?

Gond. Urge it not thus; or let me be excus'd,
If what I speak betray her chastity,
And both encrease my sorrow, and your own?

Val. Fear me not so: If she deserve the fame
Which she hath gotten, I would have it publish'd,
Brand her myself, and whip her thro' the city!
I wish those of my blood that do offend,
Should be more strictly punish'd than my foes.
Let it be prov'd!

Duke. Gondarino, thou shalt
Prove it, or suffer worse than she should do.

Gond. Then pardon me, if I betray the faults
Of one I love more dearly than myself,
Since, opening hers, I shall betray mine own:
But I will bring you where she now intends
Not to be virtuous. Pride and Wantonness,
That are true friends in deed³⁷, tho' not in show,
Have enter'd on her heart; there she doth bathe,
And sleek her hair, and practise cunning looks,
To entertain me with; and hath her thoughts
As full of lust, as ever you did think
Them full of modesty.

Duke. Gondarino, lead on; we'll follow thee. [*Exe.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Pandar.

Pandar. Here hope I to meet my citizen, and here
Hopes he to meet his scholar: I am sure
I am grave enough to his eyes, and knave enough
To deceive him: I am believ'd to conjure,
Raise storms and devils, by whose power I can
Do wonders: Let him believe so still; belief
Hurts no man. I have an honest black cloak for
My knavery, and a general pardon for
His foolery, from this present day, 'till

³⁷ *That are true friends indeed.*] Former editions.

Seward.

The day of his breaking. Is't not a misery,
 And the greatest of our age, to see a handsome,
 Young, fair-enough, and well-mounted wench,
 Humble herself in an old stammel petticoat,
 Standing possess'd of no more fringe than
 The street can allow her; her upper parts so poor
 And wanting, that you may see her bones thro' her
 bodice;

Shoes she would have, if her captain were come
 over,

And is content the while to devote herself
 To ancient slippers. These premises well
 Consider'd, gentlemen, will move; they make
 Me melt, I promise you, they stir me much;
 And were it not for my smooth, soft, silken citizen,
 I'd quit this transitory trade, get me
 An everlasting robe, fear up my conscience,
 And turn sergeant. But here he comes is mine;
 As good as prize: Sir Pandarus, be my speed!
 You are most fitly met, Sir.

Enter Mercer.

Mercer. And you as well encounter'd.
 What of this heir? Have your books been propi-
 tious?

Pandar. Sir, 'tis done! She's come, she's in my
 house;
 Make yourself apt for courtship, stroke up your
 stockings,
 Lose not an inch of your legs' goodness; I am sure
 You wear socks.

Mercer. There your books fail you, Sir;
 In truth I wear no socks.

Pandar. I would you had, Sir!
 It were the sweeter grace for your legs. Get on
 Your gloves; are they perfum'd³⁸?

³⁸ Your gloves; are they perfum'd.] In the Winter's Tale, act iv. sc. iii. Autolycus mentions 'Gloves as sweet as damask roses;' and Mopsa also speaks of *sweet gloves*. Mr. Warton, in a note, says,

Mercer. A pretty wash,
I will assure you.

Pandar. 'Twill serve. Your offers must
Be full of bounty³⁹; velvets to furnish a gown, silks
For petticoats and foreparts, shag for lining;
Forget not some pretty jewel, to fasten after
Some little compliment! If she deny this courtesy,
Double your bounties; be not wanting in abundance:
Fullness of gifts, link'd with a pleasing tongue,
Will win an anchorite. Sir, you are my friend,
And friend to all that profess good letters;
I must not use this office else; it fits not
For a scholar, and a gentleman. Those stockings
Are of Naples; they are silk?

Mercer. You are again
Beside your text, Sir; they are of the best of wool,

* *Stowe's Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English
could not 'make any costly wash or perfume, until about the four-
teenth or fifteenth of the queene [Elizabeth], the right honourable
Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with
him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other
pleasant thinges: And that yeare the queene had a payre of *per-
fumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roses, of cullered
silke. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves, that shee
was pictured with those gloves upon her hands: And for many
years after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume*." The same
learned gentleman also informs us, in the Appendix to Shakespeare,
that 'In the *computus* of the burfars of Trinity-college, Oxford, for
the year 1631, the following article occurs, '*Solut. pro fumigandis
chirothecis*.' Gloves make a constant and considerable article of
expençe in the earlier accompt-books of the college here mentioned;
and without doubt in those of many other societies. They were
annually given (a custom still subsisting) to the college-tenants, and
often presented to guests of distinction. But it appears (at least,
from accompts of the said college in preceding years) that the prac-
tice of *perfuming* gloves for this purpose was fallen into disuse soon
after the reign of Charles the First.' R.

39 — Your offers must

Be full of bounty, &c.] So Shakespeare, in the *Two Gentle-
men of Verona*;

'Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
'Dumb jewels, often in their silent kind,
'More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.' R.

And

And they're clyped jersey ⁴⁰.

Pandar. Sure they are very dear?

Mercer. Nine shillings, by my love to learning!

Pandar. Pardon my judgment;

We scholars use no other objects but our books.

Mercer. There is one thing entomb'd in that
grave breast,

That makes me equally admire it with
Your scholarship.

Pandar. Sir, but that in modesty I'm bound
Not to affect mine own commendation,
I would enquire it of you.

Mercer. Sure, you are very honest;
And yet you have a kind of modest fear
To shew it: Do not deny it; that face of yours is
A worthy, learned, modest face.

Pandar. Sir, I can blush.

Mercer. Virtue and grace are always pair'd toge-
ther:

But I will leave to stir your blood, Sir; and now
To our business!

Pandar. Forget not my instructions.

Mercer. I apprehend you, Sir; I will gather
Myself together with my best phrases, and so
I shall discourse in some sort takingly.

Pandar. This was well worded, Sir, and like a
scholar.

Mercer. The muses favour me, as my intents
Are virtuous! Sir, you shall be my tutor;
'Tis never too late, Sir, to love learning. When
I can once speak true Latin——

Pandar. What do you intend, Sir?

Mercer. Marry, I'll then
Beggar all your bawdy writers, and undertake,
At the peril of my own invention,

⁴⁰ *And they clyped Jersey.* Seward reads, *and they're CLIPPED Jersey.* We restore the word *clyped*, and understand it to mean *called*. It is variously spelt in different authors: Sometimes a *y* precedes it, to lengthen it a syllable; as in Milton's *L'Allegro*;

'But come, thou goddess, fair and free,

'In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne.'

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All pageants, poesies for chimnies, speeches
For the Duke's entertainment, whensoever
And whatsoever; nay, I will build,
At mine own charge, an hospital, to which shall retire
All diseas'd opinions, all broken poets,
All prose-men that are fallen from small sense
To mere letters; and it shall be lawful for a lawyer,
If he be a civil man, tho' he have undone
Others and himself by the language, to retire
To this poor life, and learn to be honest.

Pandar. Sir, you are very good, and very charitable;
You are a true pattern for the city, Sir!

Mercer. Sir, I do know sufficiently, their shop-books
Cannot save them; there is a further end——

Pandar. Oh, Sir, much may be done by manuscript.

Mercer. I do confess it, Sir, provided still
They be canonical, and have some
Worthy hands set to 'em for probation.
But we forget ourselves.

Pandar. Sir, enter when
You please, and all good language tip your tongue!

Mercer. All that love learning pray for my good
success! [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Lazarillo and Boy.

Laz. Boy, whereabouts are we?

Boy. Sir, by all tokens, this is the house;
Bawdy, I'm sure, because of the broken windows.
The fish-head is within; if you dare venture,
Here you may surprize it.

Laz. The misery of man
May fitly be compared to a didapper,
Who, when she's under water, past our sight,
And indeed can seem no more to us, rises again,
Shakes but herself, and is the same she was;
So is it still with transitory man:
This day, oh, but an hour since, and I was mighty,
Mighty in knowledge, mighty in my hopes,

Mighty

Mighty in blessed means, and was
So truly happy, that I durst have said,
'Live, Lazarillo, and be satisfied!'

But now——

Boy. Sir, you are yet afloat,
And may recover; be not your own wreck!
Here lies the harbour; go in, and ride at ease!

Laz. Boy, I'm receiv'd to be a gentleman,
A courtier, and a man of action,
Modest, and wise; and, be it spoken with
Thy reverence⁴¹, child, abounding virtuous;
And wouldst thou have a man of these choice habits,
Covet the cover of a bawdy-house?

Yet, if I go not in, I am but——

Boy. But what, Sir?

Laz. Dust, Boy, but dust; and my soul, unsatisfied,
Shall haunt the keepers of my blessed saint,
And I'll appear.

Boy. An ass to all men.—Sir,
These are no means to stay your appetite;
You must resolve to enter.

Laz. Were not the house
Subject to martial law——

Boy. If that be all, Sir,
You may enter, for you can know nothing here
That the court's ignorant of; only the more eyes
Shall look upon you, for there they wink
One at another's faults.

Laz. If I do not——

Boy. Then you must beat fairly back again,
Fall to your physical messes of porridge, and
The twice-sack'd carcase of a capon; Fortune
May favour you so much, to send the bread to it;
But it is a mere venture, and money may
Be put out upon it.

Laz. I will go in and live;
Pretend some love to the gentlewoman, screw myself
In affection, and so be satisfied.

⁴¹ With thy reverence.] Seward omits *thy*. We think it should
be retained, alluding to *maxima debetur pueris reverentia*.

Pandar. This fly
Is caught, is mesh'd already; I will suck him,
And lay him by.

Boy. Muffle yourself in your cloak, by any means;
'Tis a receiv'd thing among gallants, to walk
To their lechery as tho' they had the rheum.
'Twas well you brought not your horse.

Laz. Why, Boy?

Boy. Faith, Sir, it is the fashion of our gentry,
To have their horses wait at door like men,
While the beasts their masters are within at rack
And manger; 'twould have discover'd much.

Laz. I will lay by these habits, forms, and grave
Respects of what I am, and be myself⁴²:
Only my appetite, my fire, my soul,
My being, my dear appetite, shall go
Along with me; arm'd with whose strength
I fearless will attempt the greatest danger
Dare oppose my fury. I am resolv'd,
Wherever that thou art, most sacred dish,
Hid from unhallow'd eyes, to find thee out!
Be'st thou in hell, by rap't Proserpina⁴³,
To be a rival in black Pluto's love;
Or mov'st thou in the heav'ns, a form divine,
Lashing the lazy spheres; or if thou be'st
Return'd to thy first being, thy mother sea,
There will I seek thee forth: Earth, air, nor fire,
Nor the black shades below shall bar my sight,
So daring is my powerful appetite!

⁴² *And grave respects of what I am and be myself.*] Seward says,
'How could Lazarillo change himself in all outward respects, and
'yet continue to be himself, and then again except his appetite which
'should stay with him? The Duke below, when disguised, says,
'*We're not ourselves*, but without this confirmation 'twas evident at
'first sight that a *negative* was omitted.' He therefore reads, *And*
be no more myself. We apprehend this addition to be unnecessary,
and to pervert the sense. Lazarillo says, 'he will lay by outward forms,
'which are no part of himself, and carry with him only his passions,
'soul, and being, which are his very self. In short, I will lay by
'these forms, and be myself.'

⁴³ Rap't by *Proserpina*.] We apprehend every Reader will see the
necessity of the transposition here made.

Boy. Sir, you may save this long voyage, and take
A shorter cut : You have forgot yourself ;
The fish-head's here ; your own imaginations
Have made you mad.

Laz. Term it a jealous fury, good my Boy !

Boy. Faith, Sir, term it what you will, you must use
Other terms before you can get it.

Laz. The looks of my sweet love are fair⁴³,
Fresh and feeding as the air !

Boy. Sir, you forget yourself.

Laz. Was never seen so rare a head,
Of any fish, alive or dead !

Boy. Good Sir, remember ! this is the house, Sir.

Laz. Curfed be he that dare not venture——

Boy. Pity yourself, Sir, and leave this fury.

Laz. For such a prize ! and so I enter.

[*Exeunt Laz. and Boy.*]

Pandar. Dun's i'th' mire ; get out again, how he can :
My honest gallant, I'll shew you one trick more
Than e'er the fool your father dream'd of yet.
Madona Julia !

Enter Julia.

Julia. What news, my sweet rogue ?

⁴³ *The looks of my sweet love are fair.*] Mr. Symphon asks what means this stuff ? I was much surprized at the question, as it had always struck me as one of the most laughable burlesques in the whole play. Lazarillo, as I have often mentioned, being evidently in love with his *umbrana*, every where addresses it as his mistress, in a high banter upon all the warm and poetic flights of lovers, and indeed of all sublime writing in poetry : And as he generally assumes the tragic and epic stile here, like the change of the measure in the *strophe* and *antistrophe* of the Greeks, he breaks out into the *lyric*, begins it with high rapture, but ends with such inimitable drollery, that I can scarce write my note for laughing at it.

Seward.

Seward's risibility seems rather extravagant ; but he very properly vindicates our Authors from the contempt of Symphon : yet he does not seem to have conceived what we apprehend to be the case, that when Lazarillo 'breaks out into the lyric,' he recites or closely parodies some well-known old English ballad, without at all adverting to the *strophe* and *antistrophe* of the Greeks.

284 THE WOMAN-HATER,

My dear fins' broker, what good news?

Pandar. There is
A kind of ignorant thing, much like
A courtier, now gone in.

Julia. Is a' gallant?

Pandar. He shines not very gloriously,
Nor does he wear one skin perfum'd to keep
The other sweet; his coat is not in *or*,
Nor does the world run yet on wheels with him;
He's rich enough, and has a small thing follows him,
Like to a boat tied to a tall ship's tail.
Give him entertainment; be light and flashing,
Like a meteor; hug him about the neck,
Give him a kiss, and lisp'ing cry, ' Good Sir !'
And he's thine own, as fast as he were tied
To thine arms by indenture.

Julia. I dare do more
Than this, if he be of the true court cut;
I'll take him out a lesson worth the learning:
But we are but their apes. What is he worth?

Pandar. Be he rich or poor, if he will take thee
with him,
Thou may'st use thy trade, free from constables and
marshals.

Who hath been here since I went out?

Julia. There is
A gentlewoman sent hither by a lord:
She's a piece of dainty stuff, my rogue;
Smooth and soft, as new fatten;
She was ne'er gumm'd yet, boy, nor fretted.

Pandar. Where lies she?

Julia. She lies above, towards the street;
Not to be spoke with, but by the lord that sent her,
Or some from him, we have in charge from his
servants.

Enter Lazarillo.

Pandar. Peace! he comes out again upon discovery;
Up with all your canvas, hale him in!
And, when thou hast done, clasp him aboard bravely,

My

My valiant pinnacle!

Julia. Be gone! I shall do reason with him.

Laz. Are you the special beauty of this house?

Julia. Sir, you have given it a more special
Regard by your good language, than these
Black brows can merit.

Laz. Lady, you are fair.

Julia. Fair, Sir? I thank you! all the poor means
I've left to be thought grateful, is but
A kiss, and you shall have it, Sir.

Laz. You have
A very moving lip.

Julia. Prove it again, Sir;
It may be your sense was set too high, and so
O'er-wrought itself.

Laz. 'Tis still the same. How far
May you hold the time to be spent, lady?

Julia. Four o'clock, Sir.

Laz. I have not eat to-day.

Julia. You will have the better stomach to your
supper;
In the mean time, I'll feed you with delight.

Laz. 'Tis not so good upon an empty stomach:
If it might be without the trouble of
Your house, I'd eat.

Julia. Sir, we can have
A capon ready.

Laz. The day?

Julia. 'Tis Friday, Sir.

Laz. I do eat little flesh upon these days.

Julia. Come, sweet, you shall not think on meat;
I'll drown it with a better appetite.

Laz. I feel it work more strangely; I must eat.

Julia. 'Tis now too late to send: I say you shall
Not think on meat; if you do, by this kiss,
I'll be angry.

Laz. I could be far more sprightly,
Had I eaten, and more lasting.

Julia. What will you have, Sir? Name but the
fish,

My

My maid shall bring it, if it may be got.

Laz. Methinks your house should not be so unfurnish'd,

As not to have some pretty modicum.

Julia. It is so now : But, could you stay till supper—

Laz. Sure I have offended highly, and much,
And my inflictions make it manifest !

I will retire henceforth, and keep my chamber,
Live privately, and die forgotten.

Julia. Sir, I must crave your pardon ! I'd forgot myself :

I have a dish of meat within, and 'tis fish :
I think this dukedom holds not a daintier ;
'Tis an umbrana's head.

Laz. Lady, this kiss
Is yours, and this.

Julia. Ho ! within there ! cover the board,
And set the fish-head on it.

Laz. Now am I
So truly happy, so much above all fate
And fortune, that I should despise that man
Durst say ' Remember, Lazarillo, thou art mortal !'

Enter Intelligencers with a Guard.

2 Int. This is the villain : Lay hands on him !

Laz. Gentlemen,
Why am I thus entreated ? What is the nature
Of my crime ?

2 Int. Sir, tho' you have carried it
A great while privately, and (as you think) well,
Yet we have seen you, Sir, and we do know thee,
Lazarillo, for a traitor !

Laz. The gods
Defend our Duke.

2 Int. Amen ! Sir, Sir, this cannot
Save that stiff neck from the halter.

Julia. Gentlemen,
I'm glad you have discover'd him : He should not
Have eaten under my roof, for twenty pounds ;

And

And surely I did not like him when he call'd
For fish⁴⁴.

Laz. My friends, will ye let me have
That little favour——

1 Int. Sir, you shall have law,
And nothing else.

Laz. To let me stay the eating of
A bit or two; for I protest I am yet fasting.

Julia. I'll have no traitor come within my house.

Laz. Now could I wish myself I had been
Traitor! I have strength enough for to endure it,
Had I but patience. Man, thou art but grass,
Thou art a bubble, and thou must perish.
Then lead along; I am prepar'd for all:
Since I have lost my hopes, welcome my fall!

2 Int. Away, Sir!

Laz. As thou hast hope of man,
Stay but this dish this two hours; I doubt not
But I shall be discharged: By this light,
I will marry thee!

Julia. You shall marry me first then.

Laz. I do contract myself unto thee now,
Before these gentlemen.

Julia. I will preserve it

⁴⁴ *When he call'd for fish.*] In King Lear, one of Kent's articles of self-recommendation is, that he eats no *fish*: The following explanation is there given by Warburton. 'In queen Elizabeth's time the Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *he's an honest man, and eats no fish*; to signify he's a friend to the government and a protestant. The eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined for a season by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's fast*. To this disgraceful badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his Woman-Hater, who makes the courtesan say, when Lazarillo, in search of the umbrano's head, was seized at her house by the intelligencers for a traitor; "Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him. He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And sure I did not like him, when he called for fish." And Marston's Dutch Courtesan; 'I trust I am none of the wicked that eat fish a Fryday.'

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'Till you be hang'd or quitted.

Laz. Thanks, thanks!

2 Int. Away, away! you shall thank her at the gallows.

Laz. Adieu, adieu! [*Exe. Laz. Int. and Guard.*]

Julia. If he live, I will have him;
If he be hang'd, there is no loss in it. [*Exit.*]

Oriana and her Waiting-woman, looking out at a window.

Ori. Hast thou provided one to bear my letter
To my brother?

Wait. I've enquir'd;
But they of the house will suffer no letter
Nor message to be carried from you, but such
As the lord Gondarino shall be acquainted with;
Truly, madam, I suspect the house to be
No better than it should be.

Ori. What dost thou doubt?

Wait. Faith, I am loth to tell it, madam.

Ori. Out with it!

'Tis not true modesty to fear to speak
That thou dost think.

Wait. I think it be one of
These same bawdy-houses.

Ori. 'Tis no matter, wench;
We are warm in it; keep thou thy mind pure,
And, upon my word, that name will do thee no hurt;
I cannot force myself yet to fear any thing.
When I do get out, I'll have another encounter
With my Woman-Hater. Here will I sit:
I may get sight of some of my friends; it must
Needs be a comfort to them to see me here.

Enter Duke, Gondarino, Valore, and Arrigo.

Gond. Are we all sufficiently disguis'd? for this house
Where she attends me, is not to be visited
In our own shapes.

Duke. We are not ourselves.

Arr. I know the house to be sinful enough; yet
I have

I have been, heretofore,
And durst now, but for discovering of you,
Appear here in my own likeness.

Duke. Where is Lucio?

Arr. My lord, he said the affairs of the commonwealth
Would not suffer him to attend always.

Duke. Some great ones, questionless, that he will
handle.

Val. Come, let us enter.

Gond. See, how fortune
Strives to revenge my quarrel upon these women!
She's in the window; were it not to undo her,
I should not look upon her.

Duke. Lead us, Gondarino!

Gond. Stay; since you force me to display my shame,
Look there! and you, my lord! know you that face?

Duke. 'Tis she.

Val. It is.

Gond. 'Tis she, whose greatest virtue ever was
Diffimulation; she that still hath strove
More to sin cunningly, than to avoid it;
She that hath ever sought to be accounted
Most virtuous, when she did deserve most scandal;
'Tis she that itches now, and, in the height
Of her intemperate thoughts, with greedy eyes
Expects my coming to allay her lust.
Leave her! forget she is thy sister!

Val. Stay, stay!

Duke. I am

As full of this as thou canst be; the memory
Of this will easily hereafter stay
My loose and wand'ring thoughts from any woman.

Val. This will not down with me; I dare not trust
This fellow.

Duke. Leave her here! That only shall be
Her punishment, never to be fetch'd from hence;
But let her use her trade to get her living.

Val. Stay, good my lord! I do believe all this,
As great men as I have had known whores

To their sisters, and have laugh'd at it. I would fain
hear

How she talks, since she grew thus light : will your
Grace make him

Shew himself to her, as if he were now

Come to satisfy her longing ? whilst we,

Unseen of her, o'erhear her wantonness.

Let's make our best of it now ; we shall have
Good mirth.

Duke. Do it, Gondarino.

Gond. I must :

Fortune, assist me but this once !

Val. Here we

Shall stand unseen, and near enough.

Gond. Madam ! Oriana !

Ori. Who's that ? Oh ! my lord !

Gond. Shall I come up ?

Ori. Oh, you are merry ; shall I come down ?

Gond. It is better there.

Ori. What's the confession of the lie you made
To the duke, which I scarce believe

Yet you had impudence enough to do ?

Did it not gain you so much faith with me,

As that I was willing to be at

Your lordship's bestowing, 'till you had recover'd

My credit, and confess'd yourself a liar,

As you pretended to do ? I confess

I began to fear you, and desir'd to be

Out of your house ; but your own followers

Forced me hither.

Gond. It is well suspected ;

Dissemble still, for there are some may hear us !

Ori. More tricks yet, my lord ? What house

This is I know not ; I only know myself ;

'Twere a great conquest, if you could fasten

A scandal upon me. Faith, my lord, give me leave

To write to my brother !

Duke. Come down !

Val. Come down !

Arr. If it please your Grace,
There is a back-door.

Val. Come, meet us there then.

Duke. It seems you are acquainted with the house.

Arr. I have been in it.

Gond. She saw you, and dissembled.

Duke. Sir, we shall know that better.

Gond. Bring me unto her!

If I prove her not to be a strumpet,

Let me be contemn'd of all her sex!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. **N**OW whilst the young Duke follows his
delights,

We that do mean to practise in the state,

Must pick our times, and set our faces in,

And nod our heads, as it may prove most fit

For the main good of the dear commonwealth.

Who's within there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Lucio. Secretary, fetch

The gown I use to read petitions in,

And the standish I answer French letters with;

And call in the Gentleman that attends. [*Exit Serv.*]

Little know they that do not deal in state,

How many things there are to be observ'd,

Which seem but little; yet, by one of us

(Whose brains do wind about the commonwealth)

Neglected, cracks our credits utterly.

Enter Gentleman and Servant.

Sir, but that I do presume upon your secrecy,

I would not have appear'd to you thus ignorantly

Attir'd, without a toothpick in a ribband,
Or a ring in my bandstring.

Gent. Your lordship sent for me.

Lucio. I did: Sir, your long practice in the state,
Under a great man, hath led you to much
Experience.

Gent. My lord!

Lucio. Suffer not your modesty
To excuse it. In short, and in private,
I desire your direction: I take
My study already to be furnish'd after
A grave and wise method.

Gent. What will this lord do?

Lucio. My book-strings are suitable, and of
A teaching colour⁴⁵.

Gent. How is this?

Lucio. My standish
Of wood strange and sweet, and my fore-flap hangs
In the right place, and as near Machiavel's,
As can be gather'd by tradition.

Gent. Are there such men as will say nothing
Abroad, and play the fools in their lodgings?
This lord must be follow'd.—And hath your
lordship

Some new-made words to scatter in your speeches
In publick, to gain note, that the hearers may
Carry them away, and dispute of them
At dinner?

Lucio. I have, Sir; and, besides,
My several gowns and caps agreeable
To my several occasions.

Gent. 'Tis well;
And you have learn'd to write a bad hand,
That the readers may take pains for it?

Lucio. Yes, Sir;
And I give out I have the palsy.

Gent. Good!

⁴⁵ *And of a reaching colour.*] *Reaching* is the word in all the editions, but as I can affix no humorous idea suitable to the context, I believe *teaching* the true word, *an instructive and scholar like colour* is the Rile of this Machiavelian statesman.

'Twere better tho' if you had it. Your lordship hath
A secretary that can write fair, when you purpose
To be understood?

Lucio. Faith, Sir, I have one;
There he stands; he hath been my secretary
These seven years, but he hath forgotten to write.

Gent. If he can make a writing face, 'tis not
Amiss, so he keep his own counsel. Your lordship
Hath no hope of the gout?

Lucio. Uh! little, Sir,
Since the pain in my right foot left me.

Gent. 'Twill be some scandal
To your wisdom, tho' I see your lordship knows
Enough in publick business.

Lucio. I am not employ'd tho'
To my desert in occasions foreign, nor
Frequented for matters domestical.

Gent. Not frequented?
What course takes your lordship?

Lucio. The readiest way;
My door stands wide ⁴⁶; my secretary knows
I'm not denied to any.

Gent. In this
(Give me leave) your lordship's out of the way:
Make a back-door to let out intelligencers;
Seem to be ever busy, and put your door
Under keepers, and you shall have a troop of clients
Sweating to come at you.

Lucio. I've a back-door already:
I will henceforth be busy. Secretary,
Run and keep the door. [Exit Secretary.

Gent. This will fetch 'em.

Lucio. I hope so.

Re-enter Secretary.

Secr. My lord, there are some require access to you,
About weighty affairs of state.

Lucio. Already?

⁴⁶ My door stands winde.] Seward alters winde to wide. The
first quarto (which he never saw) proves him right.

Gent. I told you so.

Lucio. How weighty is the business?

Secr. Treason, my lord.

Lucio. Sir,

My debts to you for this are great.

Gent. I'll leave

Your lordship now.

Lucio. Sir, my death must be sudden,
If I requite you not. At the back-door, good Sir.

Gent. I'll be your lordship's intelligencer for
once. [Exit.

Secr. My lord.

Lucio. Let 'em in, and say I'm at my study.

Enter Lazarillo, and two Intelligencers, Lucio being at his study.

1 *Int.* Where is your lord?

Secr. At his study; but he will

Have you brought in.

Laz. Why, gentlemen, what will you
Charge me withal?

2 *Int.* Treason, horrible treason:

I hope to have the leading of thee to prison,
And prick thee on i'th' arse with a halbert; to have
Him hang'd that salutes thee, and call
All those in question that spit not upon thee.

Laz. My thread is spun;
Yet might I but call for this dish of meat
At the gallows, instead of a psalm,
It were to be endur'd. The curtain opens;
Now my end draws on.

[Secretary draws the curtain.

Lucio. Gentlemen, I am not empty
Of weighty occasions at this time. I pray you
Your business.

1 *Int.* My lord, I think we have discover'd
One of the most bloody traitors that ever
The world held.

Lucio. Signor Lazarillo, I'm glad
You're one of this discovery: Give me your hand!

2 *Int.*

2 *Int.* My lord, that is the traitor.

Lucio. Keep him off!

I would not for my whole estate have touched him.

Laz. My lord——

Lucio. Peace, Sir! I know the devil is
At your tongue's end, to furnish you with speeches.
What are the particulars you charge him with?

[*They deliver a paper to Lucio, who reads.*]

Both Int. We have conferr'd our notes, and have
extracted that,

Which we will justify upon our oaths.

Lucio. ' That he'd be greater than the Duke; that
' He had cast plots for this, and meant
' To corrupt some to betray him; that he
' Would burn the city, kill the Duke, and poison
' The privy-council; and lastly, kill himself.'

Tho' thou deservest justly to be hang'd
With silence, yet I allow thee to speak: Be short.

Laz. My lord, so may my greatest wish
succeed,

So may I live, and compass what I seek,
As I had never treason in my thoughts,
Nor ever did conspire the overthrow
Of any creatures, but of brutish beasts,
Fowls, fishes, and such other human food,
As is provided for the good of man.
If stealing custards, tarts, and florentines,
By some late statute be created treason,
How many fellow-courtiers can I bring,
Whose long attendance and experience
Hath made them deeper in the plot than I!

Lucio. Peace! such hath ever been the clemency
Of my gracious master the Duke, in all his pro-
ceedings,
That I had thought, and thought I had thought
rightly,

That Malice would long ere this have hid herself
In her den, and have turn'd her own sting

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Against her own heart : But I well now perceive,
That so froward is the disposition of
A deprav'd nature, that it doth not only
Seek revenge, where it hath receiv'd injury,
But many times thirst after their destruction
Where it hath met with benefits.

Laz. But, my good lord——

2 Int. Let's gag him.

Lucio. Peace! again!

' But many times thirst after their destruction
' Where it hath met with benefits ;' there I left.
Such, and no better are the business
That we have now in hand.

1 Int. He's excellently spoken.

2 Int. He'll wind a traitor, I warrant him.

Lucio. But surely, methinks,
Setting aside the touch of conscience,
And all other inward convulsions——

2 Int. He'll be hang'd,
I know by that word.

Laz. Your lordship may consider——

Lucio. Hold thy peace!

Thou canst not answer this speech ; no traitor
Can answer it. But, because you cannot
Answer this speech, I take it you've confess'd
The treason.

1 Int. The count Valore was
The first that discover'd him, and can witness it ;
But he left the matter to your lordship's
Grave consideration.

Lucio. I thank his lordship!
Carry him away speedily to the Duke.

Laz. Now, Lazarillo, thou art tumbled down
The hill of Fortune, with a violent arm!
All plagues that can be, famine and the sword,
Will light upon thee ; black Despair will boil
In thy despairing breast ; no comfort by,
Thy friends far off, thy enemies are nigh!

Lucio.

Lucio. Away with him! I'll follow you. Look
You pinion him, and take his money from him,
Lest he swallow a shilling, and kill himself.

2 Int. Get thou on before!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Duke, Valore, Gondarino, and Arrigo.

Duke. Now, Gondarino, what can
You put on now that may again deceive us?
Have you more strange illusions, yet more mists,
Thro' which the weak eye may be led to error?
What can you say that may do satisfaction
Both for her wronged honour, and your ill?

Gond. All I can say, or may, is said already;
She is unchaste, or else I have no knowledge,
I do not breathe, nor have the use of sense.

Duke. Dare you be yet so wilful-ignorant⁴⁷
Of your own nakedness? Did not your servants,
In mine own hearing, confess they brought her
To that house we found her in, almost by force,
And with a great distrust of some
Ensuing hazard?

Val. He that hath
Begun so worthily, it fits not with
His resolution to leave off thus, my lord.
I know these are but idle proofs.
What says your lordship to them?

Gond. Count, I dare yet pronounce
Again, thy sister is not honest.

Val. You are
Yourself, my lord; I like your settledness.

Gond. Count, thou art young, and unexperienc'd in
The dark hidden ways of women: Thou dar'st affirm
With confidence, a lady of fifteen
May be a maid.

Val. Sir, if it were not so,

⁴⁷ Yet so wilful, ignorant.] Former editions. The compound
word wilful-ignorant seems much preferable.

Seward.

I have

I have a sister would sit near my heart ⁴³.

Gond. Let her sit near her shame ! it better fits her :
Call back the blood that made your stream in nearness ⁴⁹,
And turn the current to a better use ;
'Tis too much muddled ; I do grieve to know it.

Duke. Dar'st thou make up again ? dar'st to turn
face,

Knowing we know thee ?

Hast thou not been discover'd openly ?

Did not our ears hear her deny thy courtings ?

Did we not see her blush with modest anger,

To be so overtaken by a trick ?

Can you deny this, lord ?

Gond. Had not your Grace
And her kind brother been within
Level of her eye, you should have had a hotter
Volley from her, more full of blood and fire,
Ready to leap the window where she stood ;
So truly sensual is her appetite.

Duke. Sir, Sir, these are but words and tricks : Give
me the proof !

Kal. What need a better proof than your lordship ?
I'm sure

You have lain with her, my lord.

Gond. I have confess'd it, Sir.

⁴³ *Sir, if it were not so, I have a sister would sit near my heart.*]
Thus all the editions, but surely the sentiment is not very natural :
Would the Count, who upon the supposition of his sister's being
guilty, had said he would

Brand her himself, whip her about the city,
answer here, that though she were not a maid, she would sit near
his heart. The natural answer is ; If I durst not affirm that a lady of
fifteen might be a virgin, my sister would not sit so near my heart as
she now does. I cannot change the words so as to give this sense
without taking rather too great liberties, and therefore shall not insert
my conjecture in the text : I have restored the measure, which I can-
not preserve if I insert a negative without the following changes :

——— *If it were not so, —*

My sister would not sit so near my heart.

Seward.

Seward did not consider, that his sister might sit near his heart in
a painful as well as affectionate sense.

⁴⁹ *That made our stream.*] Amended by Seward.

Duke.

Duke. I dare not give thee credit, without witness.

Gond. Does your Grace think we carry seconds with us,

To search us, and see fair play? Your Grace hath
 Been ill-tutor'd in the business! but if
 You hope to try her truly, and satisfy
 Yourself what frailty is, give her the test:
 Do not remember, count, she is your sister;
 Nor let my lord the Duke believe she's fair;
 But put her to it, without hope or pity!
 Then ye shall see that golden form fly off,
 That all eyes wonder at for pure and fix'd,
 And under it base blushing copper; metal
 Not worth the meanest honour: You shall behold
 Her then, my lord, transparent, look thro'
 Her heart, and view the spirits how they leap;
 And tell me then I did belie the lady.

Duke. It shall be done! Come, Gondarino,
 Bear us company. We do believe thee: She

Enter Lazarillo, two Intelligencers, and Guard.

Shall die, and thou shalt see it.—How now, my
 friends?

Who have you guarded hither?

2 Int. So please your Grace,
 We have discover'd a villain and a traitor:
 The lord Lucio hath examin'd him, and sent him
 To your Grace for judgment.

Val. My lord, I dare
 Absolve him from all sin of treason: I know
 His most ambition is but a dish of meat,
 Which he hath hunted with so true a scent,
 That he deserves the collar, not the halter⁵⁰.

Duke. Why do they bring him thus bound up?
 The poor man had more need have some warm meat,
 To comfort his cold stomach.

Val. Your Grace shall have the cause hereafter,

⁵⁰ *He deserves the collar, not the halter;] i. e. He deserves the
 steward's chain, rather than to be hanged. See note 3 on the Lovers'
 Progress.*

300 THE WOMAN-HATER.

When you may laugh more freely. But these
Are called *informers*; men that live by treason,
As rat-catchers do by poison.

Duke. 'Would there were
No heavier prodigies hung over us,
Than this poor fellow! I durst redeem all perils
Ready to pour themselves upon this state,
With a cold custard.

Val. Your Grace
Might do it, without danger to your person.

Laz. My lord, if ever I intended treason
Against your person, or the state, unless
It were by wishing from your table some dish
Of meat, which I must needs confess was not
A subject's part; or coveting by stealth
Supps from those noble bottles, that no mouth,
Keeping allegiance true, should dare to taste—
I must confess, with more than covetous eye,
I have beheld those dear concealed dishes,
That have been brought in by cunning equipage,
To wait upon your Grace's palate:
I do confess, out of this present heat,
I have had stratagems and ambuscadoes;
But, God be thanked, they have never took!

Duke. Count,
This business is your own:—When you have done,
Repair to us. [Exit.]

Val. I will attend your Grace. Lazarillo,
You are at liberty; be your own man again;
And, if you can, be master of your wishes;
I wish it may be so.

Laz. I humbly thank your lordship!
I must be unmannerly: I've some present business.
Once more, I heartily thank your lordship. [Exit.]

Val. Now even a word or two to you, and so farewell:
You think you have deserv'd much of this state
By this discovery: Ye're a slavish people,
Grown subject to the common curse of all men⁵¹.

⁵¹ To the common course of all men.] Corrected in 1750.

How much unhappy were that noble spirit,
 Could work by such base engines⁵²! What misery
 Would not a knowing man put on with willingness,
 Ere he see himself grown fat and full-fed,
 By fall of those you rise by? I do
 Discharge you my attendance! Our healthful state
 Needs no such leeches to suck out her blood.

1 *Int.* I do beseech your lordship——

2 *Int.* Good my lord——

Val. Go, learn to be more honest! When I see
 You work your means from honest industry,
 I will be willing to accept your labours; [*Exe. Int.*
 'Till then I will keep back my promis'd favours.
 Here comes another remnant of folly:

Enter Lucio.

I must dispatch him too. Now, lord Lucio,
 What business bring you hither?

Lucio. Faith, Sir, I'm discovering
 What will become of that notable piece of treason
 Intended by that varlet Lazarillo;
 I've sent him to the Duke for judgment.

Val. Sir, you have
 Perform'd the part of a most careful statesman;
 And, let me say it to your face, Sir, of
 A father to this state: I would with you
 To retire, and insconce yourself in study; for
 Such is your daily labour, and our fear,
 That your loss of an hour may breed our overthrow.

Lucio. Sir, I will be commanded by your judgment:

And tho' I find it a trouble
 Scant to be waded thro', by these weak years;
 Yet, for the dear care of the commonwealth,
 I will bruise my brains, and confine myself
 To much vexation⁵³.

Val. Go; and may'st thou

⁵² *Could work by such baser gains.*] Amended by Sympfon.

⁵³ *Confine myself.*] Probably we should read, *confess*.

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Knock down treason like an ox!

Lucio. Amen!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mercer, Pandar, and Franciscina.

Mercer. Have I spoke thus much in the honour of learning,

Learn'd the names of the seven liberal sciences,
Before my marriage; and, since, have in haste written
Epistles congratulatory to the nine muses,
And is she prov'd a whore and a beggar?

Pandar. 'Tis true. You are not now to be taught
That no man can be learned of a sudden;
Let not your first project discourage you:
What you have lost in this, you may
Get again in alchymy.

Fran. Fear not,
Husband; I hope to make as good a wife
As the best of your neighbours have, and as honest.

Mercer. I will go home. Good Sir, don't publish
this;
As long as it runs amongst ourselves, it is
Good honest mirth. You'll come home to supper;
I mean to have all her friends, and mine,
As ill as it goes.

Pandar. Do wisely, Sir, and bid
Your own friends; your whole wealth will scarce feast
all hers;

Neither is it for your credit to walk the streets
With a woman so noted: Get you home, and provide
Her cloaths; let her come an hour hence with
An hand-basket, and shift herself, she'll serve
To sit at the upper end of the table, and drink
To your customers.

Mercer. Art's just, and will
Make me amends.

Pandar. No doubt, Sir.

Mercer. The chief note of
A scholar, you say, is to govern his passions;
Wherefore I do take all patiently: In sign
Of which, my most dear wife, I do kiss thee. Make
haste

Home

THE WOMAN-HATER. 303

Home after me; I shall be in my study. [Exit.

Pandar. Go, avaunt!—My new city-dame, send me what

You promis'd me for consideration,
And may'st thou prove a lady!

Fran. Thou shalt have it;

His filks shall fly for it.

[Exeunt.

Enter Lazarillo, and Boy.

Laz. How sweet's a calm after a tempest! What is there

Now that can stand betwixt me and felicity?

I've gone thro' all my crosses constantly,

Have confounded my enemies, and know where

To have my longing satisfied; I have

My way before me: There's the door, and I

May freely walk in to my delights. Knock, Boy!

Julia [within]. Who's there?

Laz. Madona, my love! not guilty,

Not guilty! Open the door!

Enter Julia.

Julia. Art thou

Come, sweetheart?

Laz. Yes, to thy soft embraces,

And the rest of my o'erflowing blisses!

Come, let us in and swim in our delights;

A short grace as we go, and so to meat!

Julia. Nay, my dear love, you must bear with me in this;

We'll to the church first.

Laz. Shall I be sure of it then?

Julia. By my love, you shall!

Laz. I am content;

For I do now wish to hold off longer, to whet

My appetite, and do desire to meet

With more troubles, so I might conquer them:

And, as a holy lover that hath spent

The tedious night with many a sigh and tears,

Whilst he pursued his wench, and hath observ'd

The

304 THE WOMAN-HATE R.

The smiles and frowns, not daring to displease ;
 When he at last hath with his service won
 Her yielding heart, that she begins to dote
 Upon him, and can hold not longer out,
 But hangs about his neck, and wooes him more
 Than ever he desir'd her love before ;
 He then begins to flatter his desert ⁵⁴,
 And, growing wanton, needs will cast her off ;
 Try her, pick quarrels, to breed fresh delight,
 And to encrease his pleasing appetite.

Julia. Come, mouse, will you walk ?

Laz. I pray thee let me

Be deliver'd of the joy I am so big with !
 I do feel that high heat within me,
 That I begin to doubt whether I be mortal :
 How I contemn my fellows in the court,
 With whom I did but yesterday converse !
 And in a lower, and an humbler key,
 Did walk and meditate on grosser meats !
 There are they still, poor rogues, shaking their chaps,
 And sneaking after cheeses, and do run
 Headlong in chase of every jack of beer
 That crosseth them, in hope of some repast
 That it will bring them to ; whilst I am here,
 The happiest wight that ever set his tooth
 To a dear novelty ! Approach, my love ;
 Come, let us go to knit the true love's knot,
 That never can be broken !

Boy. That is,

To marry a whore.

⁵⁴ *Then begins* — J. The relative *he* being omitted, hurt both sense and measure. Most of my friends seem to think there is too much of Lazarillo's passion for his fish, as well as that the passion itself is carried too high. I have before given reasons to justify the extravagance of the passion, which might possibly have been carried even to madness, by some person of our Author's age, and as to the long continuance of it, the distresses seem extremely ingeniously contrived to rise by a just gradation, and his marrying a whore at last to obtain his delight, is a most inimitably humorous conclusion of his character.

Seward.

But, surely, rather extravagant.

Laz.

Laz. When that is done, then will we taste the gift
Which fates have sent, my fortunes up to lift.

Boy. When that is done, you will begin to repent
Upon a full stomach: But I see, 'tis but
A form in destiny, not to be alter'd. [Exeunt.

Enter Arrigo and Oriana.

Ori. Sir, what may be the current of your business,
That thus you single out your time and place?

Arr. Madam, the business now impos'd upon me
Concerns you nearly;

I wish some worser man might finish it.

Ori. Why are you changed so? are you not well,
Sir?

Arr. Yes, madam, I am well: 'Would you were so!

Ori. Why, Sir, I feel myself in perfect health.

Arr. And yet you cannot live long, madam.

Ori. Why, good Arrigo?

Arr. Why, you must die.

Ori. I know I must;

But yet my Fate calls not upon me.

Arr. It does;

This hand the Duke commands shall give you death.

Ori. Heav'n, and the pow'rs divine, guard well the
innocent!

Arr. Lady, your prayers may do your soul some good,
But sure your body cannot merit by 'em:
You must prepare to die.

Ori. What's my offence?

What have these years committed,
That may be dangerous to the Duke or state?
Have I conspir'd by poison? have I given up
My honour to some loose unsettled blood,
That may give action to my plots? Dear Sir,
Let me not die ignorant of my faults!

Arr. You shall not:

Then, lady, you must know, you're held dishonest:
The Duke, your brother, and your friends in court,
With too much grief condemn you; tho', to me,

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The fault deserves not to be paid with death.

Ori. Who's my accuser?

Arr. Lord Gondarino.

Ori. Arrigo, take these words, and bear them to the Duke;

It is the last petition I shall ask thee:

Tell him, the child this present hour brought forth

To see the world has not a soul more pure,

More white, more virgin, than I have; tell him,

Lord Gondarino's plot I suffer for,

And willingly; tell him, it had been

A greater honour to have sav'd than kill'd;

But I have done: Strike! I am arm'd for Heav'n.

Why stay you? is there any hope?

Arr. I would not strike.

Ori. Have you the power to save?

Arr. With hazard of my life, if 't should be known.

Ori. You will not venture that?

Arr. I will: Lady,

There is that means yet to escape your death,

If you can wisely apprehend it.

Ori. You dare not be so kind?

Arr. I dare, and will, if you dare but deserve it.

Ori. If I should slight my life, I were to blame.

Arr. Then, madam,

This is the means, or else you die: I love you.

Ori. I shall believe it, if you save my life.

Arr. And you must lie with me.

Ori. I dare not buy my life so.

Arr. Come, you must resolve; say *yea* or *no*.

Ori. Then *no*! Nay, look not ruggedly upon me;

I am made up too strong to fear such looks:

Come, do your butcher's part! Before

I would wish life, with the dear loss of honour,

I dare find means to free myself.

Arr. Speak, will you yield?

Ori. Villain, I will not! Murderer, do the worst
Thy base un noble thoughts dare prompt thee to!

I am

I am above thee, slave!

Arr. Wilt thou not be drawn
To yield by fair persuasions?

Ori. No; nor by——

Arr. Peace! know your doom then: Your ladyship
must remember

You are not now at home, where you dare feast
All that come about you; but you are fallen
Under my mercy, which shall be but small,
If thou refuse to yield: Hear what I've sworn
Unto myself; I will enjoy thee, tho' it be
Between the parting of thy soul and body;
Yield yet, and live!

Ori. I'll guard the one; let Heaven guard the
other!

Arr. Are you so resolute then?

Duke [*from above*]. Hold, hold, I say!

Ori. What^{ss}, yet more terror to my tragedy?

Arr. Lady, the scene of blood is done;
You're now as free from scandal as from death.

Enter Duke, Valore, and Gondarino.

Duke. Thou woman, which wert born to teach men
virtue,

Fair, sweet, and modest maid, forgive my thoughts;
My trespass was my love. Seize Gondarino!
Let him wait our dooms.

Gond. I do begin

A little to love this woman; I could endure her
Already, twelve miles off.

Val. Sister,

I'm glad you have brought your honour off so fairly,
Without loss; you've done a work above your sex;
The Duke admires it: Give him fair encounter.

Duke. Best of all comforts, may I take this hand,
And call it mine?

Ori. I am your Grace's handmaid!

^{ss} *What I? yet, &c.*] As the *I* is undoubtedly an interpolation,
we have discarded it.

308 THE WOMAN-HATER:

Duke. 'Would you had said *myself*: Might it not be so, lady?

Val. Sister, say *ay*; I know you can afford it.

Ori. My lord, I am your subject; you may command me,

Provided still your thoughts be fair and good.

Duke. Here; I am yours; and when I cease to be so, Let Heav'n forget me! thus I make it good.

Ori. My lord, I am no more mine own.

Val. So! this bargain was well driven.

Gond. Duke,

Th'hast sold away thyself to all perdition;
Thou art this present hour becoming cuckold:
Methinks I see thy gall grate thro' thy veins,
And jealousy seize on thee with her talons.
I know that woman's nose must be cut off;
She cannot 'scape it.

Duke. Sir, we have punishment for you.

Ori. I do beseech your lordship, for the wrongs
This man hath done me, let me pronounce his punishment!

Duke. Lady, I give't to you; he is your own.

Gond. I do beseech your Grace, let me be banish'd,
With all the speed that may be.

Val. Stay still! you shall attend her sentence.

Ori. Lord Gondarino, you have wrong'd me highly;
Yet since it sprung from no peculiar hate
To me, but from a general dislike
Unto all women, you shall thus suffer for it.
Arrigo, call in some ladies to assist us.
Will your Grace take your state?

Gond. My lord, I do

Beseech your Grace for any punishment,
Saving this woman: Let me be sent upon
Discovery of some island; I do desire
But a small gondola, with ten Holland cheefes,
And I will undertake it.

Ori. Sir, you must be content.

Will you sit down? Nay, do it willingly.

Arrigo,

Arrigo, tie his arms close to the chair ;
I dare not trust his patience.

Gond. Mayst thou
Be quickly old and painted ! mayst thou dote
Upon some sturdy yeoman of the wood-yard,
And he be honest ! mayst thou be barred
The lawful lechery of thy couch^{ss}, for want
Of instruments ! and, last, be thy womb
Unopen'd !

Duke. This fellow hath a pretty gall.

Val. My lord,
I hope to see him purg'd, ere he part.

Enter Ladies.

Ori. Your ladyships are welcome ! I must desire
your helps,
Tho' you are no physicians, to do a strange cure upon
This gentleman.

Ladies. In what we can assist you,
Madam, you may command us.

Gond. Now do I
Sit like a conjurer within my circle,
And these the devils that are rais'd about me :
I'll pray, that they may have no power upon me.

Ori. Ladies, fall off in couples ;
Then, with a soft still march, with low demeanors,
Charge this gentleman : I'll be your leader.

Gond. Let me
Be quarter'd, Duke, quickly ! I can endure it.
These women long for man's flesh ; let them have it !

Duke. Count, have you ever seen so strange a passion ?
What would this fellow do, if he should find himself
In bed with a young lady ?

Val. 'Faith, my lord,
If he could get a knife, sure he would cut her throat ;
Or else he'd do as Hercules did by Lycas,
Swing out her soul : He has the true hate of
A woman in him.

^{ss} Of thy coach.] So all former editions.

310 THE WOMAN-HATER.

Ori. Low with your curtsies, ladies!

Gond. Come not too near me! I've a breath will
poison ye;

My lungs are rotten, and my stomach raw;

I'm given much to belching: Hold off, as you love
sweet airs!

Ladies, by your first night's pleasure I conjure you,
As you would have your husbands proper men,
Strong backs, and little legs; as you'd have 'em hate
Your waiting-women——

Ori. Sir, we must court you, 'till we have obtain'd
Some little favour from those gracious eyes;
'Tis but a kiss a-piece.

Gond. I pronounce
Perdition to ye all! Ye are a parcel of
That damned crew that fell down with Lucifer,
And here ye stay'd on earth to plague poor men:
Vanish, avaunt! I'm fortified against
Your charms. Heav'n grant me breath and patience!

1 *Lady.* Shall we not kiss, then?

Gond. No! fear my lips with
Hot irons first, or stitch them up like a ferret's!
Oh, that this brunt were over!

2 *Lady.* Come, come,
Little rogue, thou art too maidenly; by my troth
I think I must box thee 'till thou be'st bolder;
The more bold, the more welcome: I prithee kiss me!
Be not afraid. [She sits on his knee.]

Gond. If there be any here
That yet have so much of the fool left in them
As to love their mothers, let them look on her⁵⁶,
And loath them too!

2 *Lady.* What a slovenly little villain
Art thou! why dost thou not stroke up thy hair?

⁵⁶ Let them on her, and loath them too.] Sympfon would read,
Set them on her, and loo 'em too;

which Seward justly rejects; but thinks he discovers a meaning in
these words which they certainly do not convey; viz. 'If there be
'any here that are such fools to retain a love even for their mothers,
'let them be persecuted by this woman, and they will loath them, i. e.
'their

I think thou never comb'st it ; I must have it lie
In better order : So, so, so ! Let me see
Thy hands ! are they wash'd ?

Gond. I would they were loose, for thy sake !

Duke. She tortures him admirably.

Val. The best that ever was.

2 *Lady.* Alas, how cold they are ! Poor golls !
Why dost thee not get thee a muff ?

Arr. Madam, here's an old country gentlewoman
At the door, that came nodding up for justice ;
She was with the lord Gondarino to-day,
And would now again come to the speech of him,
She says.

Ori. Let her in, for sport's sake, let her in !

Gond. Mercy, oh, Duke ! I do appeal to thee :
Plant canons there ; and discharge them
Against my breast rather ! Nay, first
Let this she-fury sit still where she does,
And with her nimble fingers stroke my hair,
Play with my fingers' ends, or any thing,
Until my panting heart have broke my breast !

Duke. You must abide her censure.

[The Lady rises from his knee.]

Enter old Gentlewoman.

Gond. I see her come !

Unbutton me, for she will speak.

Gentlew. Where is he, Sir ?

Gond. Save me ! I hear her.

Arr. There he is in state, to give you audience.

Gentlew. How does your good lordship ?

Gond. Sick of the spleen.

Gentlew. How ?

' their mothers also.' — It has been very ingeniously suggested, that we probably should read,

Let them honour and loath them too ;

i. e. ' Let them feel the opposite sensations of *honouring* and *despising* them at the same time.' — But the source of the difficulty has, we apprehend, been the loss of the word *loath*, which being restored, the passage carries with it its own explanation.

Gond. Sick.

Gentlew. Will you chew a nutmeg?
You shall not refuse it; 'tis very comfortable.

Gond. Nay, now thou art come I know it is
The devil's jubilee; hell is broke loose!
My lord, if ever I have done you service,
Or have deserv'd a favour of your Grace,
Let me be turn'd upon some present action,
Where I may sooner die than languish thus!
Your Grace hath her petition; grant it her,
And ease me now at last.

Duke. No, Sir;
You must endure.

Gentlew. For my petition,
I hope your lordship hath remember'd me.

Ori. 'Faith, I begin to pity him: Arrigo,
Take her off; bear her away; say her petition
Is granted.

Gentlew. Whither do you draw me, Sir?
I know it is not my lord's pleasure I
Should be thus us'd, before my business be
Dispatch'd.

Arr. You shall know more of that without.

Ori. Unbind him, ladies! But, before he go,
This he shall promise: For the love I bear
To our own sex, I would have them still
Hated by thee; and enjoin thee, as a punishment,
Never hereafter willingly to come
In the presence or sight of any woman,
Nor never to seek wrongfully the public
Disgrace of any.

Gond. 'Tis that I would have sworn, and do:
When I meddle with them⁵⁷, for their good,

⁵⁷ *When I meditate with them.*] So all editions but the first quarto; from which invaluable copy we have made a great number of corrections, some more beneficial to the sense than this before us. On many of the errors in the later editions, we had prepared Notes, and proposed variations; but on collating the text with the quarto abovementioned (which we should not have been able to do, but for the favour of Mr. Garrick), we have suppressed our Notes, and silently made

Or their bad, may Time call back this day again !
And when I come in their companies,
May I catch the pox by their breath, and have
No other pleasure for it !

Duke. You are
Too merciful.

Ori. My lord, I shew'd my sex
The better.

Val. All is over-blown. Sister,
You're like to have a fair night of it,
And a prince in your arms.—Let's go, my lord ⁵⁶.

Duke. Thus, thro' the doubtful streams of joy and
grief,
True love doth wade, and finds at last relief.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

made the amendments there pointed out : Not chusing to adopt the mode of our predecessors ; who, in such cases, commonly inserted very prolix refutations of the lection in the then-last edition, proposed variations, of which they adopted the best, and then concluded their notes with, AND THIS IS CONFIRMED BY THE OLDEST EDITIONS.

⁵⁷ *Let's go, my-lord.*] Perhaps these words belong to *Oriana*.

IT seems not quite clear that the whole of this play was written in verse ; but many speeches that evidently resolve themselves into measure having been printed as prose, Seward very properly endeavoured to restore them to their original state. He has, in our opinion, not always been elegant or accurate in his division. We are not entirely satisfied with our own ; yet think the text at least runs off more easily in this edition than in any preceding one, less violated by arbitrary additions, omissions, and transpositions, and the eye and ear less offended by elisions, more barbarous than those of *Procrustes*.





THE NICE VALOUR; OR, THE PASSIONATE MADMAN.



*Think upon love, which makes all creatures
handsome,
Seemly for eye-sight: go not so diffusedly:
There are great ladies purpose, sir, to visit you. — Act III.*

W. Stouffer del.

C. Chapman sc.

T H E
N I C E V A L O U R;
OR, THE
P A S S I O N A T E M A D M A N.
A C O M E D Y.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner ascribe this Play to Fletcher; the Prologue and Epilogue speak of the Poet singly; Serward (see note 3 on the Commendatory Poems) supposes it to be Beaumont's. It was first printed in the folio of 1647; and hath never been altered, that we are able to discover.

PROLOGUE,



P R O L O G U E,

At the REVIVING of this PLAY.

IT's grown in fashion of late, in these days,
To come and beg a suffrage to our plays':
'Faith, gentlemen, our Poet ever writ
Language so good, mix'd with such sprightly wit,
He made the theatre so sovereign
With his rare scenes, he scorn'd this crouching vein.
We stabb'd him with keen daggers, when we pray'd
Him write a preface to a play well made.
He could not write these toys; 'twas easier far
To bring a felon to appear at th' bar,
So much he hated baseness; which this day,
His scenes will best convince you of in's play;

* *A suffrage to our plays.*] First folio exhibits *sufferance*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Duke of *Genoa*.

Shamont, *his favourite, a superstitious lover of reputation.*

A Passionate Lord, the Duke's distracted kinsman.

A Soldier, brother to Shamont.

Lapet, *the cowardly monsieur.*

A Gallant of the same temper.

Poltrout,

Moulbazon, } *Two mushroom courtiers.*

Two Brothers to the Lady affecting the Passionate Lord.

La Nove, *a courtier.*

Four Courtiers.

Base, *jester to the Passionate Lord.*

A Priest,

Six Women, } *in a masque.*

Galoshero, *a clown.*

W O M E N.

Lady, *sister to the Duke, Shamont's beloved.*

Lapet's Wife.

A Lady, personating Cupid, mistress to the Mad Lord.

SCENE, GENOA.

THE

THE

NICE VALOUR;

OR, THE

PASSIONATE MADMAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Shamont, and Four Gentlemen.

Duke. **S**HAMONT, welcome! we have miss'd thee long,
Tho' absent but two days: I hope your sports

Answer your time and wishes.

Sham. Very nobly, Sir;
We found game worthy your delight, my lord,
It was so royal.

Duke. I've enough to hear on't;
Prithee bestow't upon me in discourse.

1 Gent. What is this gentleman, coz? you are a courtier,
Therefore know all their insides.

2 Gent. No further than the taffaty goes, good coz,
For the most part, which is indeed the best part

Of

Of the most general inside. Marry, thus far
 I can with boldness speak this one man's character,
 And upon honour pass it for a true one :
 He has that strength of manly merit in him,
 That it exceeds his sovereign's power of gracing ;
 He's faithfully true to valour, that he hates
 The man from Cæsar's time, or further off,
 That ever took disgrace unreveng'd ;
 And if he chance to read his abject story,
 He tears his memory out, and holds it virtuous
 Not to let shame have so much life amongst us ;
 There is not such a curious piece of courage
 Amongst man's fellowship, or one so jealous
 Of Honour's loss, or Reputation's glory :
 There's so much perfect of his growing story !

1 *Gent.* 'Twould make one dote on Virtue, as you
 tell it.

2 *Gent.* I have told it to much loss, believe it, coz.

3 *Gent.* How the Duke graces him ! What is he,
 brother ?

4 *Gent.* Don't you yet know him ? a vainglorious
 coxcomb,

As proud as he that fell for't' !

Set but aside his valour², no virtue,

¹ *As proud as he that fell for't :*] i. e. As proud as Lucifer, who
 fell through pride. Seward.

² *Set but aside his valour no virtue :*

Which is indeed not fit for any courtier.] The old folio points thus,

Set but aside his valour, no virtue

Which is indeed, not fit for any courtier,

And we his fellows, &c.] This latter is better sense, and there-
 fore restored to the text, but as the construction from the position of
 the words is a little stiff, and the measure not compleat, perhaps the
 original might have run,

Set but aside his valour, which indeed

No virtue is, not fit for any courtier.

Seward.

Seward's reading is as stiff as the other. There seems to be a word
 or two dropped in the preceding line, which has more obscured the
 passage ; the sense of which seems to have been to this effect :

As proud as he that fell for't ! HE POSSESSES,

Set but aside his valour, no virtue ;

Which (i. e. his valour) is indeed not fit for any courtier, &c.

It is very common with our Authors to refer to a remote antecedent.

Which

Which is indeed not fit for any courtier,
 And we his fellows are as good as he,
 Perhaps as capable of favour too,
 For one thing or another, if 'twere look'd into.
 Give me a man, were I a sovereign now,
 'Has a good stroke at *tennis*, and a stiff one;
 Can play at *æquinoctium* with the line,
 As even as the thirteenth of September,
 When day and night lie in a scale together!
 Or, may I thrive as I deserve at *billiards*;
 No otherwise at *chess*, or at *primero*!
 These are the parts requir'd; why not advanc'd?

Duke. Trust me, it was no less than excellent pleasure;
 And I'm right glad 'twas thine.—How fares our kinsman?

Who can resolve us best?

I Gent. I can, my lord.

Duke. There, if I had a pity without bounds,
 It might be all bestow'd: A man so lost
 In the wild ways of passion, that he's sensible
 Of nought but what torments him!

I Gent. True, my lord;

He runs thro' all the passions of mankind,
 And shifts 'em strangely too: One while in love;
 And that so violent, that, for want of business,
 He'll court the very 'prentice of a laundress,
 Tho' she have kib'd heels; and in's melancholy again,
 He will not brook an empress, tho' thrice fairer
 Than ever Maud was³, or higher-spirited
 Than Cleopatra, or your English countesses.
 Then, on a sudden he's so merry again,
 Out-laughs a waiting-woman before her first child;
 And, turning of a hand, so angry—
 H'has almost beat the Northern fellow⁴ blind,

³ Maud.] The empress Maud, daughter of Henry I. and mother of Henry II.

R.

⁴ H'has almost beat the Northern fellow blind,

That is for that use only.] This is probab'y an allusion to

322 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

That is for that use only: If that mood hold, my lord,
H'had need of a fresh man; I'll undertake
He shall bruise three a-month.

Duke. I pity him dearly;
And let it be your charge, with his kind brother,
To see his moods observ'd: Let every passion
Be fed ev'n to a surfeit, which in time
May breed a loathing! let him have enough
Of every object, that his sense is rapt with!
And being once glutted, then the taste of folly
Will come into disrelish.^s [Exit.

i Gent. I shall see
Your charge, my lord, most faithfully effected.
And how does noble Shamont?

Sham. Never ill, man,
Until I hear of baseness; then I sicken:
I am the healthfull'st man i'th' kingdom else.

Enter Lapet.

i Gent. Be arm'd then for a fit! here comes a fellow
Will make you sick at heart, if baseness do't.

Sham. Let me be gone! What is he?

i Gent. Let me tell you first;
It can be but a qualm. Pray stay it out, Sir!
Come, you've borne more than this.

Sham. Borne? never any thing
That was injurious.

i Gent. Ha! I am far from that.

Sham. He looks as like a man, as I have seen one:
What would you speak of him? Speak well, I prithee,
Ev'n for Humanity's cause.

i Gent. You'd have it truth tho'?

Sham. What else, Sir? I have no reason to wrong
Heav'n

Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, the hero of the North, who
ascended the throne in 1611. He was one of the greatest and most
successful princes which Europe hath seen, either before or since his
time. R.

^s His *relish*.] We have no doubt but this is corrupt, and that we
ought to read, changing only one letter, *disrelish*.

To

To favour Nature; let her bear her own shame
If she be faulty!

I Gent. Monstrous faulty there, Sir.

Sham. I'm ill at ease already.

I Gent. Pray bear up, Sir.

Sham. I prithee let me take him down with speed then;
Like a wild object that I would not look upon.

I Gent. Then thus; he's one that will endure as much
As can be laid upon him.

Sham. That may be noble?
I'm kept too long from his acquaintance.

I Gent. Oh, Sir,
Take heed of rash repentance⁶! you're too forward
To find out Virtue where it never settled:
Take the particulars, first, of what he endures;
Videlicet, bastinadoes by the great.

Sham. How!

I Gent. Thumps by the dozen, and your kicks by
wholesale.

Sham. No more of him!

I Gent. The twinges by the nostril he snuffs up,
And holds it the best remedy for sneezing.

Sham. Away!

I Gent. H' has been thrice switch'd from seven
o'clock till nine;
Yet, with a cart-horse stomach, fell to breakfast,
Forgetful of his smart.

Sham. Nay, the disgrace on't;
There is no smart but that: Base things are felt
More by their shames than hurts.— Sir, I know you not;
But that you live an injury to Nature,
I'm heartily angry with you.

Lapet. Pray give your blow or kick, and begone then;
For I ne'er saw you before; and indeed
Have nothing to say to you, for I know you not.

⁶ Take heed of rash repentance.] i. e. Repentance on account of rashness. I should not have thought an explanation necessary but that Mr. Symphon would have discarded the world, and read acquaintance for repentance.

Sham. Why wouldst thou take a blow?

Lapet. I would not, Sir⁷,

Unless 'twere offer'd me; and if from an enemy,
I would be loath to deny it from a stranger.

Sham. What! a blow?

Endure a blow? and shall he live that gives it?

Lapet. Many a fair year: Why not, Sir?

Sham. Let me wonder!

As full a man to see-to, and as perfect!

I prithee live not long——

Lapet. How!

Sham. Let me entreat it!

Thou dost not know what wrong thou dost mankind,
To walk so long here; not to die betimes.

Let me advise thee, while thou hast to live here,
Ev'n for man's honour sake, take not a blow more!

Lapet. You should advise them not to strike me
then, Sir;

For I'll take none, I assure you, 'less they're given.

Sham. How fain would I preserve man's form from
shame,

And cannot get it done! However, Sir,
I charge thee live not long.

Lapet. This is worse than beating.

Sham. Of what profession art thou, tell me, Sir,

⁷ *I would not, Sir,*

Unless 'twere offer'd me; and if from an enemy,

I'd be loth to deny it from a stranger.] The conjunctive particle
and in the middle line seems plainly to denote the loss of some sen-
tence previous to it, and the humour seems greatly to suffer by that
loss. As to the sentiment it may, I believe, be restored, but as se-
veral expressions will give it, it is impossible to guess how near we
shall come to the old reading. I propose,

I would not, Sir,

Unless 'twere offer'd me; if from a friend

I'd take't in friendship, and if from an enemy

I would be loth to deny it from a stranger.

Seward.

Seward makes this proposed interpolation: But the old text gives
very complete sense; and there is no saying where arbitrary varia-
tions would end, if insertions, omissions, or alterations, were made
whenever the critic thinks it might improve the passages under his
consideration. An editor should give the author's text, not his own.

Besides

Besides a taylor? for I'll know the truth.

Lapet. A taylor? I'm as good a gentleman—
Can shew my arms and all.

Sham. How black and blue they are:
Is that your manifestation? Upon pain
Of pounding thee to dust, assume not wrongfully
The name of *gentleman*, because I'm one
That must not let thee live!

Lapet. I've done, I've done, Sir.
If there be any harm, beshrew the herald!
I'm sure I ha' not been so long a gentleman,
To make this anger: I have nothing, no where,
But what I dearly pay for.

Sham. Groom, begone! [Exit *Lapet.*
I never was so heart-sick yet of man.

Enter the Lady, and Lapet's Wife.

Gent. Here comes a cordial, Sir, from th' other sex,
Able to make a dying face look chearful.

Sham. The blessedness of ladies!

Lady. You're well met, Sir.

Sham. The sight of you has put an evil from me,
Whose breath was able to make Virtue sicken.

Lady. I'm glad I came so fortunately. What was it,
Sir?

Sham. A thing that takes a blow, lives and eats after it,
In very good health: You ha' not seen the like, madam;
A monster worth your sixpence, lovely worth.

Lady. Speak low, Sir! by all likelihoods 'tis her
Husband,
That now bestow'd a visitation on me. Farewell, Sir!
[Exit.

Sham. Husband? is't possible that he has a wife?
Would any creature have him? 'tis some forc'd match!
If he were not kick'd to th' church o' th' wedding day,
I'll never come at court. Can be no otherwise;
Perhaps he was rich; speak, mistress Lapet, was't not so?

Wife. Nay, that's without all question.

Sham. Oh, ho! he would not want kickers enough then.

326 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

If you are wise, I much suspect your honesty,
For Wisdom never fastens constantly,
But upon Merit: If you incline to fool,
You are alike unfit for his society;
Nay, if it were not boldness in the man
That honours you, to advise you, troth, his company
Should not be frequent with you.

Wife. 'Tis good counsel, Sir.

Sham. Oh, I'm so careful where I reverence,
So just to Goodness, and her precious purity,
I am as equally jealous, and as fearful,
That any undeserved stain might fall
Upon her sanctified whiteness, as of the sin
That comes by wilfulness.

Wife. Sir, I love your thoughts,
And honour you for your counsel and your care.

Sham. We are your servants.

Wife. He's but a gentleman
O' th' chamber; he might have kiss'd me, faith!
Where shall one find less courtesy than at court?
Say, I have an undeserver to my husband,
That's ne'er the worse for him: Well, strange-lip'd man,
'Tis but a kiss lost; there'll more come again. [*Exit.*]

Enter the Passionate Lord; he makes a congee or two to nothing.

I Gent. Look, who comes here, Sir! his love-fit's
upon him:

I know it, by that set smile, and those congees,
How courteous he's to nothing? which indeed
Is the next kin to woman, only shadow,
The elder sister of the twain, because 'tis seen too,
See how it kisses the fore-finger still!
Which is the last edition, and, being come
So near the thumb, every cobbler has got it.

Sham. What a ridiculous piece Humanity
Here makes itself!

I Gent. Nay, good, give leave a little, Sir;
You're so precise a manhood——

Sham.

Sham. It afflicts me
When I behold unseemliness in an image
So near the godhead ! 'Tis an injury
To glorious eternity.

I Gent. Pray use patience, Sir !

Pas. I do confess it freely, precious lady ;
And Love's suit is so, the longer it hangs
The worse it is : Better cut off, sweet madam.
Oh, that same drawing-in your nether lip there,
Foreshews no goodness, lady ; make you question on't ?
Shame on me, but I love you !

I Gent. Who is't, Sir,
You are at all this pains for ? may I know her ?

Pas. For thee, thou fairest, yet the falsest woman,
That ever broke man's heart-strings.

I Gent. How ? how's this, Sir ?

Pas. What, the old trick of ladies ? man's apparel ?
Will't ne'er be left amongst you ? Steal from court
in't !

I Gent. I see the fit grows stronger.

Pas. Pray let's talk a little.

Sham. I can endure no more !

I Gent. Good, let's alone a little !
You are so exact a work ! love light things somewhat,
Sir^s.

Sham. They're all but shames.

I Gent. What is't you'd say to me, Sir ?

Pas. Can you be so forgetful to enquire it, lady ?

* *You are so exact a work : Love light things somewhat, Sir.]* It seems probable that *worth* was the true word instead of *work*, as Shamont calls the lady before—*lovely worth*, and one of the gentlemen in the first page of the play says of Shamont,

There is not such a curious piece of courage.

Notwithstanding this, *work* being good sense may still be the true reading. The advice to Shamont to love light things a little, is to laugh and divert himself at the absurdities and phrensies of men. Mr. Sympfon thought it obscure and that it wanted explanation.

Seward.

Seward seems mistaken in supposing Shamont calls the Lady *lovely* WORTH : He tells her the fight is *lovely* [*i. e. well*] *worth* sixpence :

—— *You ha' not seen the like, madam ;*

A monster worth your sixpence, LOVELY worth.

I Gent. Yes, truly, Sir.

Pas. The more I admire your flintiness!
What cause have I given you, illustrious madam,
To play this strange part with me?

I Gent. Cause enough:

Do but look back, Sir, into your memory,
Your love to other women. Oh, lewd man,
'T has almost kill'd my heart; you see I'm chang'd
with it;

I ha' lost the fashion of my sex with grief on't!
When I have seen you courting of a dowdy
(Compar'd with me), and kissing your fore-finger
To one o' th' black-guard's mistresses; would not this
Crack a poor lady's heart, that believ'd love,
And waited for the comfort? But 'twas said, Sir,
A lady of my hair cannot want pitying;
The country's coming up: Farewell to you, Sir!

Pas. Whither intend you, Sir?

I Gent. A long journey, Sir:

The truth is, I'm with-child, and go to travel.

Pas. With-child? I never got it.

I Gent. I heard you were busy

At the same time, Sir; and was loth to trouble you.

Pas. Why, are not you a whore then, excellent
madam?

I Gent. Oh, by no means; 'twas done, Sir, in the state
Of my belief in you, and that quits me;
It lies upon your falshood.

Pas. Does it so?—

You shall not carry her tho', Sir; she's my contract.

Sham. I prithee, thou four elements ill-brued,
Torment none but thyself! Away, I say,
Thou beast of passion, as the drunkard is
The beast of wine! Dishonour to thy making,
Thou man in fragments!

Pas. Hear me, precious madam!

Sham. Kneel for thy wits to Heav'n.

Pas. Lady, I'll father it,
Whoe'er begot it: 'Tis the course of greatness.

Sham. How Virtue groans at this!

Pas.

THE PASSIONATE MADMAN. 329

Paf. I'll raise the court, but I will stay your flight.

Sham. How wretched is that piece? [*Exit Paf.*]

Gent. He's the Duke's kinsman, Sir.

Sham. That cannot take a passion away, Sir,
Nor cut a fit but one poor hour shorter;
He must endure as much as the poorest beggar,
That cannot change his money; there's the equality
In our impartial essence. What's the news now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your worthy brother, Sir, has left his charge,
And come to see you.

Enter the Soldier.

Sham. Oh, the noblest welcome
That ever came from man, meet thy deservings!
Methinks, I've all Joy's treasure in mine arms now.

Sold. You are so fortunate in prevention, brother,
You always leave the answerer barren, Sir,
You comprehend in few words so much worth.

Sham. 'Tis all too little for thee: Come, thou'rt
welcome!

So I include all. Take especial knowledge, pray,
Of this dear gentleman, my absolute friend,
That loves a soldier far above a mistress⁹!
Thou excellently faithful to 'em both!
But love to manhood owns the purer troth. [*Exe.*]

⁹ *That loves a soldier far above a mistress,*

Thou excellently faithful to 'em both.] The emendation here of
thou to tho' (although the old reading was not absolute nonsense, sup-
posing the points altered) is so easy that I cannot fear the reader's con-
currence.

Servant.

We really think the old reading most spirited and best, only mak-
ing a full point after *mistress*.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter the Soldier, and the Lady.

Lady. **T**HERE should be in this gallery—Oh, they're here.

Pray sit down: Believe me, Sir, I'm weary.

Sold. It well becomes a lady to complain a little Of what she never feels: Your walk was short, madam; You can be but afraid of weariness, Which well implies the softness of your sex¹⁰: As for the thing itself, you never came to't.

Lady. You're wondrously well read in ladies, Sir.

Sold. Shall I think such a creature as you, madam, Was ever born to feel pain, but in travel? There's your full portion,

Besides a little tooth-ache in the breeding, Which a kind husband too takes from you, madam.

Lady. But where do ladies, Sir, find such kind husbands?

Perhaps you have heard
The rheumatic story of some loving chandler now,
Or some such melting fellow, that you talk
So prodigal of mens' kindness: I confess, Sir,
Many of those wives are happy, their ambition
Does reach no higher than to love and ignorance,
Which makes an excellent husband, and a fond one:
Now, Sir, your great ones aim at height and cunning,
And so are oft deceiv'd, yet they must venture it;
For 'tis a lady's contumely, Sir,

¹⁰ Which well employs the softness of your sex;] What is it that employs the softness of the sex, weariness, or the fear of it? 'Tis scarcely sense in either light, and Mr. Symphon seems to have hit of the true reading *implies*.

Senward.

To

To have a lord an ignorant; then the world's voice
Will deem her for a wanton, ere she taste on't:
But to deceive a wise man, to whose circumspection
The world resigns itself with all its envy¹¹,
'Tis less dishonour to us than to fall;
Because his believ'd wisdom keeps out all.

Sold. 'Would I were the man, Lady, that should venture
His wisdom to your goodness!

Lady. You might fail
In the return, as many men have done, Sir.
I dare not justify what is to come of me,
Because I know it not; tho' I hope virtuously;
Marry, what's past, or present, I durst put
Into a good man's hand; which if he take
Upon my word for good, it shall not cozen him.

Sold. No, nor hereafter.

Lady. It may hap so too, Sir:
A woman's goodness, when she is a wife,
Lies much upon a man's desert, believe it, Sir;
If there be fault in her, I'll pawn my life on't,
'Tis first in him, if she were ever good¹²:
That makes me, knowing not a husband yet,
Or what he may be, promise no more virtues
Than I may well perform; for that were cozenage.

Sold. Happy were he that had you, with all fears!
That's my opinion, Lady.

Enter Shamont and a Servant, listening.

Serv. What say you now, Sir?
Dare you give confidence to your own eyes?

Sham. Not yet I dare not,

Serv. No?

Sham. Scarce yet, or yet,

¹¹ *With all his envy.*] Corrected by Seward.

¹² 'Tis first in him, if she were ever good,
That makes one; knowing not a husband yet,
Or what he may be: I promise no more virtues,

Than I may well perform.] The punctuation amended by
Seward; who also discarded the pronoun *I*. We have altered *one* to
me: The error of the press is probable, and the sense requires it.

332 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

Altho' I see 'tis he. Why, can a thing,
That's but myself divided, be so false?

Serv. Nay, do but mark how the chair plays his
part too:

How amorously 'tis bent.

Sham. Hell take thy bad thoughts!

For they are strange ones. Never take delight
To make a torment worse. Look on 'em, Heav'n!
For that's a brother, send me a fair enemy,
And take him! for a fouler fiend there breathes not.
I will not sin to think there's ill in her,
But what's of his producing;
Yet Goodness, whose inclosure is but flesh,
Holds out oft-times but sorrily. But as black, Sir,
As ever kindred was, I hate mine own blood,
Because it is so near thine. Live without honesty;
And mayst thou die with an unmoisten'd eye,
And no tear follow thee! [*Exeunt Sham. and Serv.*]

Lady. You're wondrous merry, Sir;
I would your brother heard you!

Sold. Or my sister³¹;
I would not, out o' th' way, let fall my words, Lady,
For the precisest humour.

Enter Passionate Lord.

Pas. Yea, so close?

Sold. They're merry, that's the worst you can re-
port of 'em;

They're neither dangerous, nor immodest.

Pas. So, Sir!

Shall I believe you, think you?

Sold. Who's this, Lady?

Lady. Oh, the Duke's cousin; he came late from
travel, Sir.

Sold. Respect belongs to him.

Pas. For, as I said, Lady,

'They're merry, that's the worst you can report of 'em;

³¹ O my sister.] First folio. Subsequent editions, Oh, my sister.
The text by Seward.

'They're

' They're neither dangerous, nor immodest.'

Sold. How's this ?

Paf. And there I think I left.

Sold. Abuses me !

Paf. Now to proceed, Lady : Perhaps I swore I lov'd you ;

If you believe me not, you're much the wiser——

Sold. He speaks still in my person, and derides me !

Paf. For I can cog with you——

Lady. You can all do so ;

We make no question of mens' promptness that way.

Paf. And smile, and wave a chair with comely grace too,

Play with our tassel gently ¹⁴, and do fine things,

That catch a lady sooner than a Virtue.

Sold. I never us'd to let man live so long

That wrong'd me !

Paf. Talk of battalions, wooe you in a skirmish ¹⁵ ;

Discharge my mind to you, lady ; and, being sharp-set,

Can court you at half-pike ; or name your weapon,

We cannot fail you, lady.

Enter First Gentleman.

Sold. Now he dies,

Were all succeeding hopes stor'd up within him !

1 Gent. Oh, fy ! i'th' court, Sir ?

¹⁴ *Play with our tassel gently.*] Probably we should read *your* for *our*.

¹⁵ ——— *wooed you in a skirmish* ;

Divine my mind to you.] *Divine* so intirely loses the metaphor and consequently the humour, that it is most probable a corruption. We should not very willingly strike out a word when we hav'n't one to supply its place somewhat near the trace of the letters ; but as we know that words are sometimes totally changed by the inattention of the transcriber or printer, so when the context not only points out but demands a word very unlike what has been hitherto in the text, we ought to submit. This I take to be the present case, and I therefore read,

——— *wooed you in a skirmish* ;

Discharge my mind to you.

Seward.

Sold.

334 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

Sold. I most dearly thank you, Sir.

Gent. 'Tis rage ill spent upon a Passionate Madman.

Sold. That shall not privilege him for ever, Sir.

A Madman call you him? I've found too much reason Sound in his injury to me, to believe him so.

Gent. If ever truth from man's lips may be held In reputation with you¹⁶, give this confidence!

And this his love-fit, which we observe still By's flattering; and his fineness, at some other time He'll go as slovenly as heart can wish.

The love and pity that his highness shews to him, Makes every man the more respectful of him:

H'has never a passion, but is well provided for, As this of love; he is full fed in all

His swinge, as I may term it: Have but patience, And you shall witness somewhat!

Sold. Still he mocks me:

Look you! in action, in behaviour, Sir.

Hold still the chair, with a grand mischief to you!

Or I'll set so much strength upon your heart, Sir——

Paf. I feel some power has restrain'd me, lady:

If it be sent from Love, say, I obey it,

And ever keep a voice to welcome it.

S O N G.

Thou deity, swift-winged Love,

Sometimes below, sometimes above,

Little in shape, but great in power;

Thou that mak'st a heart thy tower,

And thy loop-holes ladies' eyes,

From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise¹⁷;

¹⁶ *In reputation with you, give this confidence!*

And this his love-fit, which we observe still,

By's flattering and his fineness; at some other time, &c.] Here seems something wanting.

¹⁷ *From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise;] i. e. not only those who are foolishly fond, but the wise also: As it will bear this sense*

THE PASSIONATE MADMAN. 335

Did all the shafts in thy fair quiver
Stick fast in my ambitious liver,
Yet thy power would I adore,
And call upon thee to shoot more,
Shoot more, shoot more!

Enter one like a Cupid, offering to shoot at him.

Paf. I prithee hold tho', sweet celestial boy!

I'm not requited yet with love enough
For the first arrow that I have within me;
And if thou be an equal archer, Cupid,
Shoot this lady, and twenty more for me.

Lady. Me, Sir?

i Gent. 'Tis nothing but device; fear it not, Lady!
You may be as good a maid after that shaft, madam,
As e'er your mother was at twelve and a half:
'Tis like the boy that draws it, 't has no sting yet.

Cupid [aside]. 'Tis like the miserable maid that
draws it,

That sees no comfort yet, seeing him so passionate.

Paf. Strike me the duchess of Valois in love with
me,

With all the speed thou canst, and two of her women!

Cupid. You shall have more. [Exit.]

Paf. Tell 'em, I tarry for 'em.

i Gent. Who would be angry with that walking
trouble now,

That hurts none but itself?

Sold. I am better quieted.

Paf. I'll have all woman-kind struck in time for me
After thirteen once.

I see this Cupid will not let me want;
And let him spend his forty shafts an hour,
They shall be all found from the Duke's exchequer.
He's come already.

sense I let it stand without putting a more obvious antithesis to *wife*,
fools. *Seward.*

Fond is used in the sense of *fools*, according to the usage of our old
authors.

Enter

Enter again the same Cupid, Two Brothers, Six Women, Masquers, Cupid's bow bent all the way towards them, the first Woman singing and playing, and a Priest.

S O N G.

Oh, turn thy bow !
Thy power we feel and know,
Fair Cupid, turn away thy bow !
They be those golden arrows,
Bring ladies all their sorrows ;
And 'till there be more truth in men,
Never shoot at maid again !

Paf. What a felicity of whores are here ¹⁸ !
And all my concubines struck bleeding new !
A man can in his life-time make but one woman,
But he may make his fifty queans a month.

Cup. Have you remember'd a priest, honest brothers ?

1 Bro. Yes, sister, and this is the young gentleman ;
Make you no question of our faithfulness.

2 Bro. Your growing shame ¹⁹, sister, provokes our care.

Priest. He must be taken in this fit of love, gentlemen ?

1 Bro. What else, Sir ? he shall do't.

2 Bro. Enough.

¹⁸ *What a felicity of whores are here ?*] Mr. Symphon thinks *felicity* stands as a designed mistake for *multiplicity*. But he does not observe the common conciseness of poetry, which instead of saying, *What a felicity is it to have such a number of whores here ?* expresses it by two words, *felicity of whores*. The very nerves and almost the essence of poetry consists in this conciseness. Seward.

Still the expression is rather hard, and very possibly corrupt.

¹⁹ *His growing shame.*] *Growing shame* plainly means the sister's being with child ; the change therefore of *his* to *your*, unless we change *sister* and make them speak to the Priest, which would be rather more natural as it would be in the two lines above, and the whole might perhaps have run thus,

*Yes, sister. This is the young gentleman [meaning the Madman.],
Make you no question of our faithfulness.*

2 Bro. Her growing shame, Sir, provokes all our care. Seward.

1 Bro.

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Bro. Be chearful, wench! [*A dance, Cupid leading.*]

Paf. Now, by the stroke of pleasure, (a deep oath)
Nimble hopt, ladies all! What height they bear too!
A story higher than your common statures;
A little man must go up stairs to kifs 'em:
What a great space there is
Betwixt Love's dining-chamber and his garret?
I'll try the utmost height. The garret stoops, me-
thinks:

The rooms are made all bending, I see that,
And not so high as a man takes 'em for.

Cupid. Now, if you'll follow me, Sir, I've that power
To make 'em follow you.

Paf. Are they all shot?

Cupid. All, all, Sir; every mother's daughter of 'em.

Paf. Then there's no fear of following: If they be
Once shot, they'll follow a man to th' devil.
As for you, Sir——

[*Exit with the Lady and the Masquers.*]

Sold. Me, Sir?

Gent. Nay, sweet Sir!

Sold. A noise, a threatning! did you not hear it, Sir?

Gent. Without regard, Sir; so would I hear you.

Sold. This must come to something; never talk
of that, Sir!

You never saw it otherwise.

Gent. Nay, dear Merit——

Sold. Me, above all men?

Gent. Troth, you wrong your anger.

Sold. I will be arm'd, my honourable lecher——

Gent. Oh, fy, sweet Sir!

Sold. That devours womens' honesties by lumps,
And never chew'ft thy pleasure.

Gent. What do you mean, Sir?

Sold. What does he mean, t' engross all to himself?
There's others love a whore as well as he, Sir.

Gent. Oh, an that be part o' th' fury, we have a
city

Is very well provided for that case:

338 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

Let him alone with her, Sir! we have women
Are very charitable to proper men,
And to a soldier that has all his limbs:
Marry, the sick and lame gets not a penny;
Right womens' charity! and the husbands follow't too.
Here comes his highness, Sir.

Enter Duke and Lords.

Sold. I'll walk to cool myself.

[*Exit.*

Duke. Who's that?

1 Gent. The brother of Shamont.

Duke. He's brother then

To all the court's love, they that love discretely,
And place their friendliness upon desert:
As for the rest, that with a double face
Look upon Merit much like Fortune's visage²⁰,
That looks two ways, both to life's calms and storms,
I'll so provide for him, chiefly for him,
He shall not wish their loves, nor dread their envies.
And here comes my Shamont.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. That lady's virtues are my only joys;
And he to offer to lay siege to them!

Duke. Shamont!

Sham. Her goodness is my pride: In all discourses,
As often as I hear rash-tongu'd gallants
Speak rudely of a woman, presently
I give in but her name, and they are all silent.
Oh, who would lose this benefit?

Duke. Come hither, Sir.

Sham. 'Tis like the gift of healing, but diviner:
For that but cures diseases in the body,
This works a cure on fame, on reputation;
The noblest piece of surgery upon earth!

²⁰ Fortune's visage.] Fortune, like Janus, being double-visag'd, the one face looking on the calms, the other on the storms of life, is a picture, I believe, quite new, but equal, if not superior, to the ancient classical portraiture of this sickle deity.

Seward.

Duke.

Duke. Shamont!—He minds me not.

Sham. A brother do't?

Duke. Shamont, I say!

[Gives him a touch with his switch.

Sham. Ha!

If he be mortal, by this hand he perishes! [Draws.

Unless it be a stroke from Heav'n, he dies for't!

Duke. Why, how now, Sir? 'twas I.

Sham. The more's my misery.

Duke. Why, what's the matter, prithee?

Sham. Can you ask it, Sir?

No man else should: Stood forty lives before him,

By this I would have op'd my way to him.

It could not be you, Sir; excuse him not,

Whate'er he be, as you are dear to Honour,

That I may find my peace again!

Duke. Forbear, I say!

Upon my love to truth, 'twas none but I.

Sham. Still miserable!

Duke. Come, come; what ails you, Sir?

Sham. Never sat Shame cooling so long upon me,
Without a satisfaction in revenge;

And Heav'n has made it here a sin to wish it.

Duke. Hark you, Sir!

Sham. Oh, you've undone me!

Duke. How?

Sham. Cruelly undone me;

I've lost my peace and reputation by you!

Sir, pardon me; I can ne'er love you more. [Exit.

Duke. What language call you this, Sirs?

1 Gent. Truth, my lord,

I've seldom heard a stranger.

2 Gent. He is a man of a most curious valour,
Wondrous precise, and punctual in that virtue.

Duke. But why to me so punctual? my last thought
Was most entirely fix'd on his advancement.

Why, I came now to put him in possession
Of his fair fortunes, (what a mis-conceiver 'tis!)

And, from a gentleman of our chamber merely,

340 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

Make him vice-admiral; I was settled in't:
I love him next to health. Call him, Gentlemen!
Why, would not you, or you, ha' taken as much,
And never murmur'd? [*Exit First Gent.*]

2 *Gent.* Troth, I think we should, my lord;
And there's a fellow walks about the court
Would take a hundred of 'em.

Duke. I hate you all for it;
And rather praise his high-pitch'd fortitude,
Tho' in extremes for niceness: Now I think on't,
I would I'd never done't!—Now, Sir, where is he?

Enter First Gentleman.

1 *Gent.* His suit is only, Sir, to be excus'd.

Duke. He shall not be excus'd; I love him dearlier:
Say, we entreat him; go! he must not leave us.

[*Exeunt Two Gentlemen.*]

So Virtue blefs me, I ne'er knew him parallell'd!
Why, he's more precious to me now than ever.

Enter Two Gentlemen and Shamont.

2 *Gent.* With much fair language we have brought
him.

Duke. Thanks!—

Where is he?

2 *Gent.* Yonder, Sir.

Duke. Come forward, man.

Sham. Pray pardon me; I'm a sham'd to be seen, Sir.

Duke. Was ever such a touchy man heard of?
Prithee, come nearer.

Sham. More into the light?

Put not such cruelty into your requests, my lord:
First, to disgrace me publicly, and then draw me
Into mens' eye-sight, with the shame yet hot
Upon my reputation.

Duke. What disgrace, Sir?

Sham. What?

Such as there can be no forgiveness for,
That I can find in honour.

Duke.

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Duke. That's most strange, Sir.

Sham. Yet I have search'd my bosom to find one,
And wrestled with my inclination;
But 'twill not be: 'Would you had kill'd me, Sir!
With what an ease had I forgiven you then!
But to endure a stroke from any hand,
Under a punishing angel's, which is justice,
Honour disclaim that man! For my part chiefly,
Had it been yet the malice of your sword,
Tho' it had cleft me, it had been noble to me;
You should have found my thanks paid in a smile,
If I had fell unworded: But to shame me
With the correction that your horse should have,
Were you ten thousand times my royal lord,
I cannot love you, never, nor desire
To serve you more.

If your drum call me, I am vow'd to valour;
But peace shall never know me yours again,
Because I've lost mine own. I speak to die, Sir:
'Would you were gracious that way to take off shame,
With the same swiftness as you pour it on!
And since it is not in the power of monarchs
To make a gentleman, which is a substance
Only begot of merit, they should be careful
Not to destroy the worth of one so rare,
Which neither they can make, nor, lost, repair. [*Exit.*]

Duke. You've set a fair light, Sir, before my judgment,
Which burns with wondrous clearness; I acknowledge it,

And your worth with it: But then, Sir, my love,
My love—What, gone again?

1 Gent. And full of scorn, my lord.

Duke. That language will undo the man that keeps it,
Who knows no difference 'twixt contempt and manhood.

Upon your love to goodness, Gentlemen,
Let me not lose him long?—How now?

Enter a Huntsman.

Hunts. The game's at height, my lord.

Duke. Confound both thee and it! Hence, break it off!

He hates me brings me news of any pleasure.

I felt not such a conflict, since I could

Distinguish betwixt worthiness and blood. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter the Two Brothers, First Gentleman, with those that were the Masquers, and the Cupid.

1 Gent. **I** HEARTILY commend your project, gentlemen;

'Twas wise and virtuous.

1 Bro. It was for the safety

Of precious honour, Sir, which near blood binds us to:

He promis'd the poor easy fool there marriage;

There was a good maidenhead lost i'th' belief on't,

Beshrew her hasty confidence!

1 Gent. Oh, no more, Sir!

You make her weep again: Alas, poor Cupid!—

Shall she not shift herself?

1 Bro. Oh, by no means, Sir;

We dare not have her seen yet: All the while

She keeps this shape, it is but thought device,

And she may follow him so without suspicion,

To see if she can draw all his wild passions

To one point only, and that's love, the main point:

So far his highness grants, and gave at first

Large approbation to the quick conceit;

Which then was quick indeed.

1 Gent. You make her blush, in sooth.

1 Bro. I fear 'tis more the flag of shame than grace,
Sir.

1 Gent.

I Gent. They both give but one kind of colour, Sir.
If it be bashfulness in that kind taken,
It is the same with grace; and there, she weeps again.
In truth you are too hard, much, much too bitter, Sir;
Unless you mean to have her weep her eyes out,
To play a Cupid truly.

I Bro. Come, ha' done then!
We should all fear to sin first; for 'tis certain,
When 'tis once lodg'd, tho' entertain'd in mirth,
It must be wept out, if it e'er come forth.

I Gent. Now 'tis so well; I'll leave you.

I Bro. Faithfully welcome²¹, Sir!
Go, Cupid, to your charge: He's your own now;
If he want love, none will be blam'd but you.

Cupid. The strangest marriage, and unfortunat'st
bride

That ever human memory contain'd!

I cannot be myself for't.

[Exit.

Enter the Clown.

Clown. Oh, gentlemen!

I Bro. How now, Sir? what's the matter?

Clown. His melancholy passion is half spent already;
Then comes his angry fit at the very tail on't:
Then comes in my pain, gentlemen; h'has beat me
E'en to a cullis: I am nothing, right worshipful,
But very pap, and jelly; I've no bones,
My body's all one brewis²²! they talk of ribs
And chines most freely abroad i' the world; why, I

²¹ Faithfully welcome. Sir.] Symphon, (Mr. Seward says, 'very
'justly') divides *faithfully* into two words. 'Faith fully welcome.

²² My body's all one business.] I can't fix any idea to *business* here
that does not make it a meer expletive. I am not so satisfied with
my conjecture *bruise* as not to wish to see a better, tho' as it seems
preferable to the old reading, it must take its place 'till it has sufficient
reason for resigning it again. Since this was wrote I received Mr.
Symphon's conjecture,

— all o'er bruises.

But *one bruise* is more poetical as well as more comic. Seward.

A still more comic expression, and applied to the same occasion, oc-
curs more than once in our Authors; *i. e.* brewis. Either that or *bruise*
will do here.

344 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

Have no such thing; whoever lives to see me
Dead, gentlemen, shall find me all mummy,
Good to fill gallipots, and long dildo glasses;
I shall not have a bone to throw at a dog.

Omnes. Alas, poor vassal, how he goes!

Clown. Oh, gentlemen,
I am unjointed; do but think o'that!
My breast is beat into my maw, that what I eat
I'm fain to take't in all at mouth with spoons;
A lamentable hearing! and 'tis well known,
My belly's driven into my back. I earn'd
Four crowns a-month most dearly, gentlemen:
And one he must have, when the fit's upon him;
The privy-purse allows it, and 'tis thriftiness;
He would break else some forty pounds in casements,
And in five hundred years undo the kingdom:
I've cast it up to a quarrel.

1 Bro. There's a fellow
Kick'd about court, I would he had his place, Brother,
But for one fit of his indignation!

2 Bro. And suddenly I've thought upon a means
for't.

1 Bro. I prithee how?

2 Bro. 'Tis but preferring, Brother,
This stockfish to his service, with a letter
Of commendations, the same way he wishes it,
And then you win his heart; for, o' my knowledge,
He has laid wait this half-year for a fellow
That will be beaten; and with a safe conscience
We may commend the carriage of this man in't.
Now servants he has kept²³, lusty tall feeders,
But they have beat him, and turn'd themselves away:
Now one that would endure, is like to stay,
And get good wages of him; and the service too
Is ten times milder, Brother; I would not wish it else:
I see the fellow has a fore crush'd body,
And the more need he has to be kick'd at ease.

²³ Now servants he has kept.] The word *now* seems to have been printed here by mistake: It stands in its right place two lines lower.

Clown.

Clown. Ay, sweet gentlemen, a kick of ease!
Send me to such a master.

2 Bro. No more, I say!
We have one for thee, a soft-footed master;
One that wears wool in's toes²⁴.

Clown. Oh, gentlemen,
Soft garments may ye wear, soft skins may ye wed,
But as plump as pillows, both for white and red!
And now will I reveal a secret to you,
Since you provide for my poor flesh so tenderly:
H'has hir'd mere rogues, out of his chamber-window,
To beat the Soldier, monsieur Shamont's brother—

1 Bro. That nothing concerns us, Sir.

Clown. For no cause, gentlemen,
Unless it be for wearing shoulder-points,
With longer taggs than his.

2 Bro. Is not that somewhat?
By'rakin, Sir, the difference of long taggs
Has cost many a man's life, and advanc'd other some.
Come, follow me!

Clown. See what a gull am I!
Oh, every man in his profession!
I know a thump now as judiciously
As the proudest he that walks, I'll except none;
Come to a tagg, how short I fall! I'm gone. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lapet.

Lapet. I have been ruminating with myself,
What honour a man loses by a kick.
Why, what's a kick? the fury of a foot,
Whose indignation commonly is stamp'd
Upon the hinder quarter of a man,
Which is a place very unfit for honour,

²⁴ *We have one for thee a soft-footed
One that wears wool in's toes.*

Clown. Oh gentlemen,

Soft garments may you wear, MASTER,

Soft skins may y' wed,

But plump, &c.] Thus, in defiance of measure, sense, and even
rhime, has this passage been exhibited.

The

346 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

The world will confess so much :

Then what disgrace, I pray, does that part suffer,
Where honour never comes ? I'd fain know that.

This being well forc'd, and urg'd, may have the pow'r
To move most gallants to take kicks in time,
And spurn out the duellos out o'th' kingdom :

For they that stand upon their honour most,
When they conceive there is no honour lost,

(As, by a table that I have invented

For that purpose alone, shall appear plainly,

Which shews the vanity of all blows at large,

And with what ease they may be took of all sides,

Numbering but twice o'er the letters *patience*,

From *P. A.* to *C. E.*) I doubt not but in small time

To see a dissolution of all blood-shed,

If the reform'd *kick* do but once get up :

For what a lamentable folly 'tis,

If we observe't, for every little juffle,

Which is but the ninth part of a sound thump,

In our meek computation, we must fight forsooth ;
yes !

If I kill, I'm hang'd ; if I be kill'd myself,

I die for't also : Is not this trim wisdom ?

Now for the *con.* a man may be well beaten,

Yet pass away his fourscore years smooth after :

I had a father did it ; and, to my power,

I will not be behind him.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. Oh, well met !

Lapet. Now a fine *punch* or two ! I look for't duly.

Sham. I've been to seek you.

Lapet. Let me know your lodging, Sir :

I'll come to you once a-day, and use your pleasure, Sir.

Sham. I'm made the fittest man for thy society !

I'll live and die with thee ; Come, shew me a cham-
ber !

There is no house but thine, but only thine,

That's fit to cover me : I've took a blow, sirrah.

Lapet.

THE PASSIONATE MADMAN. 347

Lapet. I would you had indeed! Why, you may see,
Sir,

You'll all come to't in time, when my book's out.

Sham. Since I did see thee last, I've took a blow.

Lapet. Pho, Sir, that's nothing! I ha' took forty
since.

Sham. What, and I charg'd thee thou shouldst not?

Lapet. Ay, Sir,

You might charge your pleasure; but they would give't
me,

Whether I would or no.

Sham. Oh, I walk

Without my peace; I've no companion now!

Prithee resolve me, (for I cannot ask

A man more beaten to experience,

Than thou art in this kind) what manner of blow

Is held the most disgraceful, or distasteful?

For thou dost only censure 'em by the hurt,

Not by the shame, they do thee: Yet, having felt

Abuses of all kinds, thou mayst deliver,

Though't be by chance, the most injurious one.

Lapet. You put me to't, Sir; but, to tell you truth,
They're all as one with me, little exception.

Sham. That little may do much; let's have it from
you!

Lapet. With all the speed I may: First then, and
foremost,

I hold so reverently of the *bastinado*, Sir,

That if it were the dearest friend i' th' world,

I'd put it into his hand.

Sham. Go to! I'll pass that then.

Lapet. You're the more happy, Sir; 'would I were
past it too:

But being accusom'd to't, it is the better carried.

Sham. Will you forward?

Lapet. Then there's your *fouse*, your *wherit*, and
your *dowst*,

Tugs on the hair, your *bob* o' th' lips, a whelp on't,

I ne'er could find much difference. Now your *thump*,

A thing deriv'd first from your hemp-beaters,

Takes

348 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,
Takes a man's wind away most spitefully²⁵;
'There's nothing that destroys a cholick like it,
For't leaves no wind i'th' body.

Sham. On, Sir, on!

Lapet. Pray give me leave; I'm out of breath, with
thinking on't.

Sham. This is far off yet.

Lapet. For the *twinge* by th' nose,
'Tis certainly unsightly, so my table says,
But helps against the head-ache, wondrous strangely.

Sham. Is't possible?

Lapet. Oh, your *crush'd nostrils* flakes your opilation,
And makes your pent pow'rs flush to wholesome sneezes.

Sham. I never thought there had been half that virtue
In a wrung nose before.

Lapet. Oh, plenitude, Sir.

Now come we lower, to our *modern kick*,
Which has been mightily in use of late,
Since our young men drank coltsfoot; and I grant you
'Tis a most scornful wrong, 'cause the foot plays it:
But mark again, how we that take't requite it
With the like scorn, for we receive it backward;
And can there be a worse disgrace retorted?

Sham. And is this all?

Lapet. All but a *lug* by th' ear,
Or such a trifle.

Sham. Happy sufferer!

All this is nothing to the wrong I bear:
I see the worst, disgrace, thou never felt'st yet:
It is so far from thee thou canst not think on't;
Nor dare I let thee know it, 'tis so abject.

Lapet. I would you would tho', that I might prepare
for't!

For I shall ha't at one time or another.

If't be a *thwack*, I make account of that;

²⁵ Takes a man's wind away most spitefully:

[There's nothing that destroys a cholick like it.] The particle *but*
between these sentences is so necessary to the humour of the passage,
and to distinguish properly the good effects of the *thump* from the bad
ones, that I look on it only as an accidental omission of the pre.s.

Seaward.

There's

THE PASSIONATE MADMAN. 349

There's no new-fashion'd swap that e'er came up yet,
But I've the first on 'em, I thank 'em for't.

Enter the Lady and Servants.

Lady. Hast thou enquir'd ?

1 Serv. But can hear nothing, madam.

Sham. If there²⁶ be but so much substance in thee
To make a shelter for a man disgrac'd,
Hide my departure from that glorious woman,
That comes with all perfection about her,
So noble that I dare not be seen of her,
Since shame took hold of me : Upon thy life,
No mention of me ! [Exit.

Lapet. I'll cut out my tongue first,
Before I'll lose my life ; there's more belongs to't.

Lady. See, there's a gentleman ; enquire of him.

2 Serv. For monsieur Shamont, madam ?

Lady. For whom else, Sir ?

1 Serv. Why, this fellow dares not see him.

Lady. How !

1 Serv. Shamont, madam ?

His very name's worse than a fever to him ;
And when he cries, there's nothing stills him sooner :
Madam, your page of thirteen is too hard for him ;
'Twas tried i'th' wood-yard.

Lady. Alas, poor griev'd Merit !
What is become of him ? If he once fail,
Virtue shall find small friendship ! farewell, then,
To ladies' worths, for any hope in men !
He lov'd for goodness, not for wealth or lust,
After the world's foul dotage ; he ne'er courted
The body, but the beauty of the mind,
A thing which common courtship never thinks on :
All his affections were so sweet and fair,
There is no hope for fame, if he despair.

[Exeunt Lady and Servants.]

²⁶ *If there be but so much substance in thee.*] The verse here wanting a syllable, and a note of exclamation at Shamont's surprise and shame to see his mistress, seeming necessary, it is supposed an omission and restor'd.

Seward reads, HA ! if there, &c.

Enter

Enter the Clown; he kicks Lapet.

Lapet. Good morrow to you again most heartily, Sir! Cry you mercy, I heard you not; I was somewhat busy.

Clown. He takes it as familiarly as an *ave*, Or precious salutation: I was sick 'Till I had one ²⁷, because I am so us'd to't.

Lapet. However you deserve, your friends and mine here Give you large commendations i' this letter; They say you will endure well.

Clown. I'd be loath To prove 'em liars: I've endur'd as much As mortal pen and ink can set me down for.

Lapet. Say you me so?

Clown. I know and feel it so, Sir; I have it under black and white already; I need no pen to paint me out.

Lapet. He fits me, And hits my wishes pat, pat: I was never In possibility to be better mann'd; For he's half lame'd already; I see't plain, But take no notice on't, for fear I make The rascal proud, and dear, t' advance his wages. First, let me grow into particulars with you! What have you endur'd of worth? let me hear.

Clown. Marry, Sir, I am almost beaten blind.

Lapet. That's pretty well For a beginning; but many a mill-horse Has endur'd as much.

Clown. Shame o' th' miller's heart For his unkindness then!

Lapet. Well, Sir, what then?

Clown. I have been twice thrown down stairs, just before supper.

Lapet. Pho! so have I; that's nothing.

Clown. Ay, but, Sir,

²⁷ *I was sick, &c.*] Perhaps Lapet's speech should begin here.

Was yours, pray, before supper?

Lapet. There thou poshest me.

Clown. Ay, marry, that's it; 't had been less grief to me,

Had I but fill'd my belly, and then tumbled;
But to be flung down fasting, there's the dolor!

Lapet. It would have griev'd me, that indeed. Proceed, Sir!

Clown. I have been pluck'd and tugg'd by th' hair
o' th' head

About a gallery, half an acre long.

Lapet. Yes, that's a good one, I must needs confess;
A principal good one that, an absolute good one!
I have been trod upon, and spurn'd about,
But never tugg'd by th' hair, I thank my fates.

Clown. Oh, 'tis a spiteful pain.

Lapet. Peace; never speak on't,
For putting men in mind on't!

Clown. To conclude,
I'm bursten, Sir; my belly will hold no meat.

Lapet. No? that makes amends for all.

Clown. Unless 't be puddings,
Or such fast food; any loose thing beguiles me;
I'm ne'er the better for't.

Lapet. Sheeps' heads will stay with thee?

Clown. Yes, Sir, or chawdrons²⁸.

Lapet. Very well, Sir;
Your bursten fellows must take head of surfeits.
Strange things, it seems, you have endur'd.

Clown. Too true, Sir.

Lapet. But now the question is, what you will endure
Hereafter in my service?

Clown. Any thing
That shall be reason, Sir, for I'm but froth;

²⁸ *Chaldrons.*] The orthography is *chawdrons*. We meet with the expression in *Macbeth*: Mr. Stevens says it means *entrails*; and that it was 'a word formerly in common use in the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, is a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chaldron*.'

352 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

Much like a thing new calv'd; or, come more nearer, Sir,
You've seen a cluster of frog-spawns in April;
Ev'n such a starch am I, as weak and tender
As a green woman yet.

Lapet. Now I know this;
I will be very gently angry with thee,
And kick thee carefully.

Clown. Oh, ay, sweet Sir!

Lapet. Peace, when thou'rt offer'd well! lest I be-
gin now.

Your friends and mine have writ here, for your truth
They'll pass their words themselves: And I must meet
'em. [Exit.

Clown. Then have you all:
As for my honesty, there's no fear of that²⁹,
For I have never a whole bone about me. [Exit.

Musick. Enter the *Passionate Lord*, rudely and carelessly
apparelled, unbraced, and untrussed; *Cupid* following.

Cupid. Think upon love, which makes all creatures
handsome,
Seemly for eye-sight! go not so diffusedly³⁰:
There are great ladies purpose, Sir, to visit you.

Pas. Grand plagues! Shut in my casements, that
the breaths
Of their coach-mares reek not into my nostrils!
Those beasts are but a kind of bawdy fore-runners.

Cupid. It is not well with you, when you speak ill of
fair ladies.

Pas. Fair mischiefs! give me a nest of owls, and
take 'em!

²⁹ As for my honesty, there is no fear of that,

For I have never a whole bone about me.] Mr. Sympfon ob-
serves that this is a very unaccountable reason for a man's being ho-
nest. It certainly is so in general, but not in this place. The Clown
means by *honesty* here, his *veracity* in the account he had given of him-
self, and all his bones being broke was a pretty strong testimony of it.

Seward.

³⁰ Diffusedly;] i. e. disorderly, or negligently; as in Henry V.
'— swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire.'

R.

Happy is he, say I, whose window opens
 To a brown baker's chimney ³¹ ! he shall be sure there
 To hear the bird sometimes after twilight ³².
 What a fine thing 'tis, methinks, to have our garments
 Sit loose upon us thus, thus carelessly !
 It is more manly and more mortifying ;
 For we're so much the readier for our shrouds :
 For how ridiculous were't to have Death come,
 And take a fellow pinn'd up like a mistress !
 About his neck a ruff, like a pinch'd lanthorn,
 Which school-boys make in winter ; and his doublet
 So close and pent, as if he fear'd one prison
 Would not be strong enough to keep his soul in,
 But's tailor makes another ;
 And trust me, (for I know't when I lov'd, Cupid)
 He does endure much pain, for the poor praise
 Of a neat-sitting suit.

Cupid. One may be handsome, Sir,
 And yet not pain'd, nor proud.

Pas. There you lie, Cupid,
 As bad as Mercury : There is no handsomeness,
 But has a wash of pride and luxury.
 And you go there too, Cupid, away, dissembler !
 Thou tak'st the deed's part, which befools us all :

³¹ *To a broken baker's chimney.*] We have the same allusion in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, where Ophelia, in her distraction, says, 'The owl was a baker's daughter.' R.

³² *To hear the bird sometimes after twilight.*] The deficiency of the measure first gave a suspicion of some loss in this line : In the next place *sometimes* seems a degrading expletive, which has, I believe, excluded a noble poetical image. It must be observed that the melancholy fit, which ends in one of the finest songs that ever was penned, is now coming fast upon him, therefore images of solemnity and horror, though yet mixed with some degree of oddity, begin to seize him ; and the reader will see what a small change of letters, together with the restoring the monosyllable which seems to have been accidentally dropt, will improve this into a very fine one :

he shall be sure there

To hear the night-bird's summons after twilight. Seaward.

The text being sense, an improvement unwarranted ought not to supersede it.—The *bird* refers to the *owl* mentioned two lines above.

354 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

Thy arrow heads shoot out sinners³³: Hence, away!
And after thee I'll send a powerful charm,
Shall banish thee for ever.

Cupid. Never, never!

I am too sure thine own.

[*Exit,*

Pas. [*sings.*] Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights

Wherein you spend your folly!

There's nought in this life sweet,

If man were wise to see't,

But only melancholy;

Oh, sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,

A sigh that piercing mortifies,

A look that's fasten'd to the ground,

A tongue chain'd up, without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,

Places which pale passion loves!

Moon-light walks, when all the fowls

Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls!

A midnight bell, a parting groan!

These are the sounds we feed upon;

³³ *Thy arrow heads shoot out sinners.*] I believe every reader will assent to the change of *out* to *at*; but I have ventured at a greater change, and to read,

Thy arrows shoot at sinners; —

Expurg'ing *heads* as spurious, it injuring both sense and measure, tho' it does not absolutely destroy either. The way I suppose it to have crept into the text is this. 'Tis well known that the most common error of transcribers is their taking a word into a line that belongs to the next above or below. I suppose therefore the prompter's copy to have accidentally inserted *deeds* (which had no apostrophe in any former edition) into this line, which making absolute nonsense, the editors of the first edition gave *heads* as an emendation. I find that Mr. Symphon thinks the *deed's part* unintelligible as well as the line I have amended. I am surpris'd that a married man should be at a loss to know what *deed* Cupid incited to. *Seward.*

We are not satisfied with Seward's alteration, particularly his obliteration of *heads*: *Thy arrow heads shoot out sinners*, might mean to continue the idea of Cupid's taking the *deed's part*, and say that his *darts shot forth sin*.

Then

Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley :
Nothing's so dainty sweet³⁴ as lovely melancholy.

[Exit.

*Enter at another door Lapet, the Cupid's Brothers
watching his coming.*

1 Bro. So, so ! the woodcock's ginn'd : Keep this
door fast, Brother.

2 Bro. I'll warrant this.

1 Bro. I'll go incense him instantly ;
I know the way to't.

2 Bro. Will't not be too soon,
Think you, and make two fits break into one ?

1 Bro. Pho ! no, no ; the tail of his melancholy
Is always the head of his anger, and follows
As close as the report follows the powder.

Lapet. This is the appointed place, and the hour's
struck.

If I can get security for's truth,
I'll never mind his honesty : Poor worm !
I durst lay him by my wife, which is a benefit
Which many masters ha' not : I shall ha' no maid
Now got with-child, but what I get myself,
And that's no small felicity ; in most places
They're got by th' men, and put upon the masters :
Nor shall I be resisted when I strike,
For he can hardly stand ; these are great blessings !

Pas. [within.] I want my food ; deliver me a varlet !

Lapet. How now ! from whence comes that ?

Pas. I am allow'd a carcase to insult on ;
Where is the villain ?

Lapet. He means not me, I hope.

Pas. My maintenance, rascals ! my bulk³⁵, my ex-
hibition !

³⁴ *Nothing's so dainty*—] Milton certainly took many of his senti-
ments in his *Il Penseroso* from this song. We have here the plan
which is there drawn out into larger dimensions, and is one of the
finest poetic buildings that England has to boast of. *Seward.*

³⁵ *Bulk.*] One of the significations affixed to this word by Skinner,
in his *Etymologicon*, is '*Venter, hinc Hisp. Bucle, Venterculus anima-*
lis, Belg. Bulcke, Thorax.'

Lapet. Bless us all !

What names are these ? 'Would I were gone again !

The Passionate Lord enters in fury with a truncheon.

Pas. [*sings.*] A curse upon thee, for a slave !

Art thou here, and heardst me rave ?

Fly not sparkles from mine eye,

To shew my indignation nigh ³⁶ ?

Am I not all foam and fire,

With voice as hoarse as a town-crier ?

How my back opes and shuts together

With fury, as old mens' with weather !

Couldst thou not hear my teeth gnash hither ?

Lapet. No, truly, Sir ; I thought it had been a squirrel
Shaving a hazel-nut.

Pas. Death, hell, fiends, and darkness !

I will thrash thy mangy carcase.

Lapet. Oh, sweet Sir !

Pas. There cannot be too many tortures

Spent upon those lousy quarters.

Lapet. Hold !—oh !

[*Falls down for dead.*]

Pas. Thy bones shall rue, thy bones shall rue !

Thou nasty, scurvy, mungrel toad,

Mischief on thee !

Light upon thee

All the plagues

That can confound thee,

Or did ever reign abroad !

Better a thousand lives it cost,

Than have brave anger spilt or lost.

[*Exit.*]

Lapet. May I open mine eyes yet, and safely peep ?
I'll try a groan first : Oh !—Nay then, he's gone.
There was no other policy but to die ;

³⁶ *To shew my indignation nigh ?*] i. e. The effects of indignation in beating the first he could meet with. Mr. Symphon thinks we should read *high*, which is indeed good sense, but not necessary.

THE PASSIONATE MADMAN. 357

He would ha' made me else. Ribs, are you sore?
I was ne'er beaten to a tune before.

Enter the Two Brothers.

1 *Bro.* Lapet!

Lapet. Again?

[*Falls again.*]

1 *Bro.* Look, look! he's flat again,
And stretch'd out like a corse; a handful longer
Than he walks, trust me, Brother.—Why, Lapet!—
I hold my life we shall not get him speak now.—
Monsieur Lapet!—It must be a privy token,
If any thing fetch him, he's so far gone.—
We come to pass our words for your man's truth.

Lapet. Oh, gentlemen, ye're welcome! I've been
thrash'd, i' faith.

2 *Bro.* How! thrash'd, Sir?

Lapet. Never was Shrove-Tuesday bird
So cudgell'd, gentlemen.

1 *Bro.* Pray how? by whom, Sir?

Lapet. Nay, that I know not.

1 *Bro.* Not who did this wrong?

Lapet. Only a thing came like a warlike song.

1 *Bro.* What, beaten with a song?

Lapet. Never more tightly, gentlemen:
Such crotchets happen now and then; methinks,
He that endures well, of all waters drinks. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Soldier and First Gentleman.

Sold. YES, yes; this was a madman, Sir, with you,
A Passionate Madman.

1 *Gent.* Who would ha' look'd for this, Sir?

Sold. And must be privileg'd; a pox privilege him!
I was never so dry-beaten since I was born,

358 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

And by a litter of rogues, mere rogues; the whole
twenty

Had not above nine elbows 'mongst 'em all too;
And the most part of those left-handed rascals,
The very vomit, Sir, of hospitals,
Bridewells, and spital-houses; such nasty smellers,
That if they'd been unfurnish'd of club-truncheons,
They might have cudgell'd me with their very stink,
It was so strong and sturdy: And shall this,
This filthy injury, be set off with *madness*?

I *Gent.* Nay, take your own blood's counsel, Sir;
hereafter;

I'll deal no further in't: If you remember,
It was not come to blows, when I advis'd you.

Sold. No; but I ever said 'twould come to some-
thing;

And 'tis upon me, thank him! Were he kin
To all the mighty emperors upon earth,
He has not now in life three hours to reckon!
I watch but a free time.

Enter Shamont.

I *Gent.* Your noble brother, Sir. I'll leave you
now. [Exit.]

Sham. Soldier, I would I could persuade my thoughts
From thinking thee a brother, as I can
My tongue from naming on't! Thou hast no friend
here,

But Fortune and thy own strength; trust to them!

Sold. How! what's the incitement, Sir³⁷?

Sham. Treachery to Virtue,
Thy treachery, thy faithless circumvention.
Has Honour so few daughters, (never fewer!)
And must thou aim thy treachery at the best?
The very front of Virtue? that bless'd lady,
The Duke's sister?
Created more for Admiration's cause,

³⁷ *Sold.* How! what's, &c.] This line is restored from the first folio.

'Than for Love's ends; whose excellency sparkles
More in divinity, than mortal beauty;
And as much difference 'twixt her mind and body,
As 'twixt this earth's poor centre and the sun:
And couldst thou be so injurious to fair goodness,
Once to attempt to court her down to frailty?
Or put her but in mind that there is weakness,
Sin, and desire, which she should never hear of?
Wretch, th'hast committed worse than sacrilege,
In the attempting on't, and ought'st to die for't!

Sold. I rather ought to do my best to live, Sir.
Provoke me not! for I've a wrong sits on me,
That makes me apt for mischief: I shall lose
All respects suddenly of friendship, brotherhood,
Or any sound that way!

Sham. But 'ware me most;
For I come with a two-edg'd injury,
Both my disgrace, and thy apparent falshood!
Which must be dangerous.

Sold. I courted her, Sir:
Love starve me with delays, when I confess it not!

Sham. There's nothing then but death
Can be a penance fit for that confession.

Sold. But far from any vicious taint.

Sham. Oh, Sir,
Vice is a mighty stranger grown to courtship.

Sold. Nay, then, the fury of my wrong light on thee!

Enter First Gentleman, and others.

1 *Gent.* Forbear! the Duke's at hand;
Here, hard at hand, upon my reputation!

Sold. I must do something now. [Exit.]

Sham. I'll follow you close, Sir.

1 *Gent.* We must entreat you must not; for the Duke
Desires some conference with you.

Sham. Let me go,
As ye are gentlemen!

2 *Gent.* Faith, we dare not, Sir.

Sham. Dare ye be false to honour, and yet dare not

360 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

Do a man justice? Give me leave!

1 *Gent.* Good sweet Sir!

H'has sent twice for you.

Sham. Is this brave, or manly?

1 *Gent.* I prithee, be conform'd!

Sham. Death——

Enter Duke.

2 *Gent.* Peace! he's come, in troth.

Sham. Oh, have you betray'd me to my shame afresh?
How am I bound to loath you!

Duke. Shamont, welcome!

I sent twice.

2 *Gent.* But, my lord, he never heard on't.

Sham. Pray pardon him for his falseness! I did, Sir,
Both times: I'd rather be found rude, than faithless.

Duke. I love that bluntness dearly: H'has no vice;
But is more manly than some other's virtue,
That lets it out only for show or profit.

Sham. Will't please you quit me, Sir? I've urgent
business!

Duke. Come, you're so hasty now! I sent for you
To a better end.

Sham. And if it be an end,
Better or worse, I thank your goodness for't.

Duke. I've ever kept that bounty in condition,
And thankfulness in blood, which well becomes
Both prince and subject, that where any wrong
Bears my impression, or the hasty figure
Of my repented anger, I'm a law
Ev'n to myself, and doom myself most strictly
To justice, and a noble satisfaction:
So that what you, in tenderness of honour,
Conceive to be loss to you, which is nothing
But curious opinion, I'll restore again,
Altho' I give you the best part of Genoa,
And take to boot but thanks for your amends.

Sham. Oh, miserable satisfaction!

Ten times more wretched than the wrong itself!

Never

THE PASSIONATE MADMAN. 361

Never was ill better made good with worse!
 Shall it be said, that my posterity
 Shall live the sole heirs of their father's shame?
 And raise their wealth and glory from my stripes?
 You have provided nobly, bounteous Sir,
 For my disgrace, to make it live for ever,
 Out-lasting brass or marble!
 This is my fear's construction, and a deep one,
 Which neither argument nor time can alter:
 Yet, I dare swear, I wrong your goodness in't, Sir,
 And the most fair intent on't; which I reverence
 With admiration, that in you, a prince,
 Should be so sweet and temperate a condition,
 To offer to restore where you may ruin,
 And do't with justice; and in me, a servant,
 So harsh a disposition, that I cannot
 Forgive where I should honour, and am bound to't.
 But I have ever had that curiosity³⁸
 In blood, and tenderness of reputation,
 Such an antipathy against a blow—
 I cannot speak the rest! good Sir, discharge me!
 It is not fit that I should serve you more,
 Nor come so near you: I'm made now for privacy,
 And a retir'd condition; that's my suit,
 To part from court for ever, my last suit;
 And, as you profess bounty, grant me that, Sir!

Duke. I would deny thee nothing.

Sham. Health reward you, Sir! [Exit.

Duke. He's gone again already, and takes hold

³⁸ But I have ever had that curiosity.] Curiosity has both in these Authors and Shakespeare been so often put where *courtesy* has seemed to the editors of both the better word, that I begin to doubt whether we have not all been wrong in making the change, as in *Lear*,

‘————— permit

‘The *curiosity* of nations to deprive me.’

I cannot now recollect where it has been altered in this edition. There is certainly a tolerable idea to be affixed to it, particularly in the passage above, so that I'll change it no more. Seward,

As *curiosity* has not only ‘a tolerable idea affixed to it,’ but is particularly expressive here, we cannot think Mr. Seward has displayed any *courtesy* in not altering it.

362 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

Of any opportunity: Not riches
Can purchase him, nor honours, peaceably,
And force were brutish. What a great worth's gone
with him!

And but a gentleman? Well, for his sake,
I'll ne'er offend more 'those I cannot make;'
They were his words, and shall be dear to memory.
Say, I desire to see him once again.

Yet stay! he's so well forward of his peace,
'Twere pity to disturb him: He would groan
Like a foul fetch'd again, and that were injury;
And I've wrong'd his degree too much already.
Call forth the gentlemen of our chamber instantly!

1 *Serv.* [*within.*] I shall, my lord.

Duke. I may forget again,
And therefore will prevent: The strain of this
Troubles me so, one would not hazard more.

Enter First Gentleman and divers others.

1 *Gent.* Your will, my lord?

Duke. Yes, I discharge you all.

2 *Gent.* My lord——

Duke. Your places shall be otherwise dispos'd of.

4 *Gent.* Why, Sir?

Duke. Reply not! I dismiss you all:
You're gentlemen; your worths will find you fortunes;
Nor shall your farewell tax me of ingratitude.
I'll give you all noble remembrances,
As testimonies 'gainst reproach and malice,
That you departed lov'd.

3 *Gent.* This is most strange, Sir.

1 *Gent.* But how is your Grace furnish'd, these
dismiss'd?

Duke. Seek me out grooms,
Men more insensible of reputation,
Less curious and precise in terms of honour;
That, if my anger chance let fall a stroke,
As we're all subject to impetuous passions,
Yet it may pass unmurmur'd, undisputed,
And not with braver fury prosecuted.

[*Exit.*

1 *Gent.*

THE PASSIONATE MADMAN. 363

1 *Gent.* It shall be done, my lord.

3 *Gent.* Know you the cause, Sir?

1 *Gent.* Not I, kind gentlemen, but by conjectures;
And so much shall be yours when you please.

4 *Gent.* Thanks, Sir!

3 *Gent.* We shall i'th' mean time think ourselves
guilty

Of some foul fault, thro' ignorance committed.

1 *Gent.* No, 'tis not that, nor that way.

4 *Gent.* For my part,

I shall be disinherited, I know so much.

1 *Gent.* Why, Sir? for what?

4 *Gent.* My fire's of a strange humour;

He'll form faults for me, and then swear 'em mine;

And commonly the first begins with lechery;

He knows his own youth's trespass.

1 *Gent.* Before you go,

I'll come and take my leave, and tell you all, Sirs.

3 *Gent.* Thou wert ever just and kind. [*Exe.*]

1 *Gent.* That's my poor virtue, Sir;

And parcel valiant³⁹; but it's hard to be perfect:

The chusing of these fellows now will puzzle me,

Horribly puzzle me; and there's no judgment

Goes true upon man's outside, there's the mischief.

He must be touch'd, and tried, for gold or dross;

There is no other way for't, and that's dangerous too:

But since I'm put in trust, I will attempt it;

The Duke shall keep one daring man about him.

Enter a Gallant.

Soft! who comes here? A pretty bravery this!

Every one goes so like a gentleman,

'Tis hard to find a difference, but by the touch.

I'll try your metal sure. [*Strikes him.*]

Gal. Why, what do you mean, Sir?

1 *Gent.* Nay, an you understand it not, I do not.

Gal. Yes; 'would you should well know!

I understand it for a box o'th' ear, Sir.

³⁹ *And parcel valiant;* i. e. In part, or partly valiant. *Seward.*

1 *Gent.*

364 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

I Gent. And, o' my troth, that's all I gave it for.

Gal. 'Twere best it be so!

I Gent. This is a brave coward,

A jolly threat'ning coward; he shall be captain.

Sir, let me meet you an hour hence i'th' lobby.

Gal. Meet you? the world might laugh at me then,
i'faith.

I Gent. Lay by your scorn and pride (they're scurvy
qualities)

And meet me; or I'll box you while I have you,

And carry you gambri'd thither like a mutton.

Gal. Nay, an you be in earnest, here's my hand;
I will not fail you.

I Gent. 'Tis for your own good——

Gal. Away!

I Gent. Too much for your own good, Sir, a pox
on you!

Gal. I prithee curse me all day long so.

I Gent. Hang you!

Gal. I'll make him mad; he's loth to curse too
much to me.

Indeed I never yet took box o'th' ear,

But it redounded, I must needs say so——

I Gent. Will you be gone?

Gal. Curse, curse, and then I go.—

Look how he grins! I've anger'd him to th' kidnies.

[*Exit.*]

I Gent. Was ever such a prigging coxcomb seen?
One might have beat him dumb now in this humour,

Enter a Plain Fellow.

And he'd ha' grin'd it out still. Oh, here's one
Made to my hand, methinks looks like a craven⁴⁰:
Less pains will serve his trial; some slight juffle.

⁴⁰ *Craven*;] i. e. a coward. So, in *Philaster*, vol. i. p. 163,
Thou'rt a craven, I warrant.

Again, in *Henry V.* act iv. sc. vii.

'Is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

'He is a *craven* and a villain else.'

R.

Fel.

THE PASSIONATE MADMAN. 365

Fel. How! Take you that, Sir; and if that content you not——

I Gent. Yes, very well, Sir; I desire no more.

Fel. I think you need not; for you have not lost by't. [Exit,

I Gent. Who would ha' thought this would have prov'd a gentleman?

I'll never trust long chins and little legs again;

I'll know 'em sure for gentlemen hereafter:

A gristle but in show, but gave his cuff

With such a fetch, and reach of gentry,

As if h' had had his arms before the flood.

I've took a villainous hard task upon me,

Now I begin to have a feeling on't.

Enter Lapet, and Clown his servant, and so habited.

Oh, here comes a tried piece: Now the reform'd kick!

The millions of punches, spurns and nips

That he has endur'd! His buttock's all black lead;

He's half a Negro backward; he was past a Spaniard

In Eighty-eight, and more Ægyptian like:

His table and his book come both out shortly,

And all the cowards in the town expect it.

So, if I fail of my full number now,

I shall be sure to find 'em at church corners,

Where Dives and the suff'ring ballads hang⁴¹.

Lapet. Well, since thou'rt of so mild a temper, of

So meek a spirit, thou mayst live with me,

'Till better times do smile on thy deserts.—

I'm glad I am got home again.

Clown. I'm happy

In your service, Sir; you'll keep me from the hospital.

Lapet. So! bring me the last proof; this is corrected.

Clown. Ay, you're too full of your correction, Sir.

⁴¹ *The suff'ring ballads;*] i. e. We suppose, gallows poetry.

So, in Rowley's Noble Spanish Souldier, 1634.

'The king! should I be bitter 'gainst the king,

'I shall have scurvy ballads made of me,

'Sung to the hanging tune.'

366 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

Lapet. Look I have perfect books within this half-hour!

Clown. Yes, Sir.

Lapet. Bid him put all the *thumps* in Pica Roman, And with great T's, you vermin, as *thumps* should be.

Clown. Then in what letter will you have your kicks?

Lapet. All in *Italica*; your backward blows All in *Italica*, you hermaphrodite!

When shall I teach you wit?

Clown. Oh, let it alone,

'Till you have some yourself, Sir!

Lapet. You mumble?

Clown. The victuals are lock'd up; I'm kept from mumbling. [Exit.

Lapet. He prints my blows upon pot-paper too, the rogue!

Which had been proper for some drunken pamphlet.

I *Gent.* Monsieur Lapet! How the world rings of you, Sir!

Your name sounds far and near.

Lapet. A good report it bears, For an enduring name.

I *Gent.* What luck have you, Sir!

Lapet. Why, what's the matter?

I *Gent.* I'm but thinking on't!

I've heard you wish this five year for a place;

Now there's one fall'n, and freely without money too;

And empty yet, and yet you cannot have't.

Lapet. No? what's the reason? I'll give money for't, Rather than go without, Sir.

I *Gent.* That's not it, Sir;

The troth is, there's no *gentleman* must have it,

Either for love or money; 'tis decreed so:

I was heartily sorry when I thought upon you;

Had you not been a gentleman, I had fitted you.

Lapet. Who? I a gentleman? a pox, I'm none, Sir.

I *Gent.* How!

Lapet. How! why, did you ever think I was?

I *Gent.* What! not a gentleman?

Lapet.

Lapet. I would thou'dst put it upon me, i'faith!
Did not my grandfather cry cony-skins?
My father aqua-vitæ? a hot gentleman!
All this I speak on, i' your time and memory too;
Only a rich uncle died, and left me chattels:
You know all this so well too!

i Gent. Pray excuse me, Sir!
Ha' not you arms?

Lapet. Yes; a poor couple here,
That serve to thrust in wild-fowl.

i Gent. Herald's arms,
Symbols of gentry, Sir; you know my meaning;
They have been shewn and seen.

Lapet. They have?

i Gent. Ay, fex, have they.

Lapet. Why, I confess, at my wife's instigation once,
(As women love these herald's kickshaws naturally)
I bought 'em; but what are they, think you? puffs.

i Gent. Why, that's proper to your name, being
Lapét,

Which is *La fart*, after the English letter.

Lapet. The herald, Sir, had much ado to find it.

i Gent. And can you blame him?

Why, 'tis the only thing that puzzles the devil.

Lapet. At last, he look'd upon my name again;
And having well compar'd it, this he gave me;
The two cholics playing upon a wind-instrument.

i Gent. An excellent proper one! But, I pray tell
me,

How does he express the cholics? they're hard
things.

Lapet. The cholics? with hot trenchers at their
bellies;

There's nothing better, Sir, to blaze a cholic.

i Gent. And are not you a gentleman by this, Sir?

Lapet. No; I disclaim't!

No belly-ache upon earth shall make me one;
He shall not think to put his gripes upon me,
And wring out gentry so, and ten pound first.

If the wind-instrument will make my wife one,
 Let her enjoy't, for she was a harper's grand-child!
 But, Sir, for my particular, I renounce it.

Gent. Or to be call'd so?

Lapet. Ay, Sir, or imagin'd.

Gent. None fitter for the place: Give me thy hand!

Lapet. A hundred thousand thanks, beside a bribe, Sir!

Gent. You must take heed of thinking toward a gentleman now.

Lapet. Pish! I am not mad, I warrant you! Nay, more, Sir;

If one should twit me i'th' teeth that I am a gentleman,
 Twit me their worst, I am but one since Lammas;
 That I can prove, if they would see my heart out.

Gent. Marry, in any case, keep me that evidence.

Enter Clown.

Lapet. Here comes my servant: Sir, Galoshio
 Has not his name for nought; he will be trod upon.
 What says my printer now?

Clown. Here's your last proof, Sir;
 You shall have perfect books now in a twinkling.

Lapet. These marks are ugly.

Clown. He says, Sir, they're proper;
 Blows should have marks, or else they're nothing worth.

Lapet. But why a peel-crow here?

Clown. I told 'em so, Sir:

A scare-crow had been better.

Lapet. How, slave!—Look you, Sir!
 Did not I say, this *werit* and this *bob*,
 Should be both Pica Roman.

Clown. So said I, Sir;
 Both *picked Romans*, and he has made 'em Welsh bills.
 Indeed, I know not what to make on 'em.

Lapet. Heyday! a *souse*, *Italica*?

Clown. Yes, that may hold, Sir:
Souse is a *bona roba*; so is *flops* too.

Lapet.

THE PASSIONATE MADMAN. 369

Lapet. But why stands *bastinado* so far off here?

Clown. Alas, you must allow him room to lay about him, Sir.

Lapet. Why lies this *spurn* lower than that *spurn*, Sir?

Clown. Marry, this signifies one kick down stairs, Sir,

The other in a gallery : I ask'd him all these questions.

I *Gent.* Your book's name? prithee, *Lapet*, mind me!

You never told me yet:

Lapet. Marry, but shall, Sir:

'Tis call'd The Uprising of the Kick,

And The Downfal of the Duello.

I *Gent.* Bring that to pass, you'll prove a happy member,

And do your country service: Your young bloods Will thank you then, when they see fourscore.

Lapet. I hope

To save my hundred gentlemen a-month by't; Which will be very good for the private house.

Clown. Look you! your Table's finish'd, Sir, already.

Lapet. Why then, behold my master-piece! See, see, Sir;

Here's all your blows, and blow-men whatsoever, Set in their lively colours, givers and takers.

I *Gent.* Troth, wondrous fine, Sir!

Lapet. Nay, but mark the postures!

The standing of the takers I admire more than the givers:

They stand scornfully, most contumeliously; I like not them.

Oh, here's one cast into a comely figure.

Clown. My master means him there that's cast down headlong.

Lapet. How sweetly does this fellow take his *dowest*!

Stoops like a camel, that heroic beast,

At a great load of nutmegs: And how meekly

This other fellow here receives his *wherit*!

370 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

Clown. Oh, master, here's a fellow stands most gallantly,
Taking his *kick* in private behind the hangings,
And raising up his hips to't. But, oh, Sir,
How daintily this man lies trampled on!
'Would I were in thy place, whate'er thou art!
How lovely he endures it!

1 Gent. But will not
These things, Sir, be hard to practise, think you?

Lapet. Oh, easy, Sir; I'll teach 'em in a dance.

1 Gent. How! in a dance?

Lapet. I'll lose my new place else,
Whate'er it be; I know not what 'tis yet.

1 Gent. And now you put me in mind, I could
employ it well,

For your grace, specially: For the Duke's cousin
Is by this time in's violent fit of mirth;
And a device must be sought out for suddenly,
To over-cloy the passion.

Lapet. Say no more, Sir!

I'll fit you with my scholars, new practitioners,
Endurers of the time.

Clown. Whereof I am one, Sir.

1 Gent. You carry it away smooth: Give me thy
hand, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter the Two Brothers.

Paf. [*within.*] **H**A, ha, ha!
2 Bro. Hark, hark! how loud
his fit's grown!

Paf. Ha, ha, ha!

1 Bro. Now let our sister lose no time, but ply it
With all the power she has!

2 Bro. Her shame grows big, brother;

The

THE PASSIONATE MADMAN. 371

The Cupid's shape will hardly hold it longer;
'Twould take up half an ell of cheyney damask more,
And all too little; it struts per'lously;
There is no tamp'ring with these Cupids longer:
The mere conceit with woman-kind works strong.

Paf. Ha, ha, ha!

2 Bro. The laugh comes nearer now;

'Twere good we were not seen yet. [*Exeunt Brothers.*]

Enter Passionate Lord and Base.

Paf. Ha, ha, ha!

And was he bastinado'd to the life? ha, ha, ha!
I prithee say, lord general, how did the rascals
Entrench themselves?

Base. Most deeply, politicly, all in ditches.

Paf. Ha, ha, ha!

Base. 'Tis thought he'll ne'er bear arms i'th' field
again:

H'has much ado to lift 'em to his head, Sir.

Paf. I would he had!

Base. On either side round truncheons play'd so thick,
That shoulders, chines, nay flanks, were paid to th'
quick.

Paf. Well said, lord general! ha, ha, ha!

Base. But pray how grew the diff'rence first be-
twixt you?

Paf. There was never any, Sir; there lies the jest,
man!

Only because he was taller than his brother,
There's all my quarrel to him; and methought
He should be beaten for't, my mind so gave me, Sir,
I could not sleep for't: Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Another good jest quickly, while 'tis hot now;
Let me not laugh in vain! ply me, oh, ply me,
As you will answer't to my cousin Duke!

Base. Alas, who has a good jest?

Paf. I fall, I dwindle in't.

Base. Ten crowns for a good jest!—Ha' you a good
jest, Sir?

A 2

Enter

*Enter Servant.**Serv.* A pretty moral one.*Base.* Let's ha't, whate'er it be!*Serv.* There comes a Cupid

Drawn by six fools.

Base. That's nothing.*Pas.* Help it, help it then!*Base.* I ha' known six hundred fools drawn by a Cupid.*Pas.* Ay, that, that, that's the finer moral: Ha, ha, ha!

Now I begin to be song-ripe methinks.

Base. I'll sing you a pleasant air, Sir, before you ebb.

S O N G.

Pas. Oh, how my lungs do tickle! ha, ha, ha!*Base.* Oh, how my lungs do tickle! oh, oh, ho, ho!*Pas.* Set a sharp jest

Against my breast,

Then how my lungs do tickle!

As nightingales,

And things in cambrick rails,

Sing best against a prickle.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Base. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ha!*Pas.* Laugh!*Base.* Laugh!*Pas.* Laugh!*Base.* Laugh!*Pas.* Wide!*Base.* Loud!*Pas.* And vary!*Base.* A smile is for a simpering novice,*Pas.* One that ne'er tasted caveare,*Base.* Nor knows the smack of dear anchovies.*Pas.* Ha, ha, ha; ha, ha!*Base.* Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!*Pas.*

Paf. A giggling waiting-wench for me,
That shews her teeth how white they be!

Base. A thing not fit for gravity,
For theirs are foul and hardly three.

Paf. Ha, ha, ha!

Base. Ho, ho, ho!

Paf. Democritus, thou ancient fleerer,
How I miss thy laugh, and ha-sense⁴²!

Base. There you nam'd the famous jeerer,
That e'er jeer'd in Rome or Athens.

Paf. Ha, ha, ha!

Base. Ho, ho, ho!

Paf. How brave lives he that keeps a fool,
Altho' the rate be deeper!

Base. But he that is his own fool, Sir,
Does live a great deal cheaper.

Paf. Sure I shall burst, burst, quite break,
Thou art so witty.

Base. 'Tis rare to break at court,
For that belongs to th' city.

Paf. Ha, ha! my spleen is almost worn
To the last laughter.

Base. Oh, keep a corner for a friend;
A jest may come hereafter.

Enter Lapet and Clown, and four others, like fools, dancing, the Cupid leading, and bearing his table, and holding it up to Lapet at every strain, and acting the postures.

Lapet. Twinge all now! twinge, I say!

⁴² How I miss thy laugh, and ha' since.] After some vain endeavours to make out a meaning here, I am forced to substitute *ha-sense*, instead of *ha' since*, which I own a very odd expression, yet I think not unsuitable to the comic humour of the song. *Ha* is the note of laughter, and therefore *ha-sense* will signify the *laughing sense*, or the sense that was contained in Democritus's laughter. Democritus, like Epicurus, taught that the world was made by chance, and that souls dy'd with the bodies, and used to laugh at the follies of men in hunting fame and wealth with so much toil and trouble, both which they must so soon inevitably part with.

Seward.

2 Strain.

Soufe upon Soufe.

3 Strain.

Douces fingle.

4 Strain.

Juffle fides.

5 Strain.

Knee belly.

6 Strain.

Kickfee Buttock.

7 Strain.

Lapet. Downderry !*Enter the Soldier, his fword drawn.**Sold.* Not angry law, nor doors of brafs, fhall keep me

From my wrong's expiation ! To thy bowels

I return my difgrace ; and after turn

My face to any death that can be fentenc'd. [*Exit.**Base.* Murder ! oh, murder ! ftop the murderer there !*Lapet.* I'm glad he's gone ! h'has almoft trod my guts out :

Follow him who lift for me ! I'll ha' no hand in't.

Clown. Oh, 'twas your luck and mine to be fquelch'd, mafter :

H'has ftamp'd my very puddings into pancakes.

Cupid. Oh, brothers, oh, I fear 'tis mortal ! help, oh, help !I'm made the wretched'ft woman by this accident,
That ever love beguil'd !*Enter Two Brothers.*2 *Bro.* We are undone, Brother ;

Our fhames are too apparent. Away, receptacle

Of luxury and difhonour ! moft unfortunate,

To make thyfelf but lackey to thy fpoil ⁴³,⁴³ ——— moft unfortunate,To make thyfelf but lucky to thy fpoil.] If there is a fenfe in this expreffion, it has efaped me ; nor can I hit on any emendation
very

After thy sex's manner!—Lift him up, Brother:
He breathes not to our comfort; he's too wasted
Ever to chear us more. A surgeon speedily!
Hence, the unhappiest that e'er stept aside!
She'll be a mother, 'fore she's known a bride.

Cupid. Thou hadst a most unfortunate conception,
Whate'er thou prov'st to be! In midst of mirth
Comes ruin for a welcome to thy birth. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. This is a beautiful life now! Privacy,
The sweetness and the benefit of essence.
I see there is no man but may make his Paradise;
And it is nothing but his love, and dotage
Upon the world's foul joys, that keeps him out on't:
For he that lives retir'd in mind and spirit,
Is still in Paradise, and has his innocence
Partly allow'd for his companion too,
As much as stands with justice. Here no eyes
Shoot their sharp-pointed scorns upon my shame:
They know no terms of reputation here,
No punctual limits, or precise dimensions:
Plain down-right honesty is all the beauty
And elegancy of life found amongst shepherds;
For knowing nothing nicely, or desiring it,
Quits many a vexation from the mind,
With which our quainter knowledge doth abuse us.
The name of Envy is a stranger here,
That dries mens' bloods abroad, robs health and rest:
Why, here's no such fury thought on; no, nor falshood,
That brotherly disease, fellow-like devil,
That plays within our bosom, and betrays us.

very satisfactory. If we read *lackey* for *lucky* it may become sense, viz.
To make thyself a lackey, servant or minister of thy own spoil, a
thing which wanton women frequently do. I'm forced to substitute
this, in the room of *lucky*, tho' not without wishing to have hit on
something more clear.

Seward.

Enter First Gentleman.

I Gent. Oh, are you here?

Sham. La Nove! 'tis strange to see thee.

I Gent. I ha' rid one horse to death, to find you out, Sir.

Sham. I am not to be found of any man
That saw my shame, nor seen long.

I Gent. Good, your attention!

You ought to be seen now, and found out, Sir,
If ever you desire, before your ending,
To perform one good office, nay, a dear one;
Man's time can hardly match it.

Sham. Be't as precious
As reputation, if it come from court,
I will not hear on't.

I Gent. You must hear of this, Sir.

Sham. Must?

I Gent. You shall hear it.

Sham. I love thee, that thou'lt die.

I Gent. 'Twere nobler in me, than in you living:
You

Will live a murderer, if you deny
This office.

Sham. E'en to death, Sir.

I Gent. Why, then, you
Will kill your brother.

Sham. How?

I Gent. Your brother, Sir.

Bear witness, Heav'n, this man destroys his brother,
When he may save him; his least breath may save him!
Can there be wilfuller destruction?

He was forc'd to take a most unmanly wrong,
Above the suff'ring virtue of a soldier;
H' has kill'd his injurer, a work of honour!
For which, unless you save him, he dies speedily.
My conscience is discharg'd: I'm but a friend;
A brother should go forward where I end. [Exit.

Sham. Dies?

Say

THE PASSIONATE MADMAN. 377

Say he be naught! that's nothing to my goodness,
Which ought to shine thro' use, or else it loses
The glorious name 'tis known by. He's my brother;
Yet peace is above blood: Let him go! Ay,
But where's the no bleness of affection then?
That must be car'd for too, or I'm imperfect.
The same blood that stood up in wrath against him,
Now, in his misery, runs all to pity:
I'd rather die than speak one syllable
To save myself; but, living as I am,
There's no avoiding on't; the world's humanity
Expects it hourly from me. Curse of Fortune!
I took my leave so well too—Let him die!
'Tis but a brother lost—So pleasingly
And swiftly I came off, 'twere more than irksomeness,
To tread that path again; and I shall never
Depart so handsomely. But then where's posterity?
The consummation of our house and name?
I'm torn in pieces betwixt love and shame. [Exit.

SCENE III.

*Enter Lapet, Clown, Poltrot, Moulbazon, and others,
the new court-officers.*

Lapet. Good morrow, fellow Poltrot⁴⁴, and Moul-
bazon;

Good morrow, fellows all!

Polt. Monsieur Lapet!

Lapet. Look, I've remember'd you; here's books
apiece for you!

Moul. Oh, Sir, we dearly thank you.

Lapet. So you may;

There's two impressions gone already, Sirs.

Polt. What! no? in so short a time?

Lapet. 'Tis as I tell you, Sir.

My Kick sells gallantly, I thank my stars.

Clown. So does your Table; you may thank the
moon too.

⁴⁴ *Poltrot.*] Perhaps it should be *Poltron*.

Lapet. 'Tis the book sells the Table.

Clown. But 'tis the bookfeller

That has the money for 'em, I'm sure o' that.

Lapet. 'Twill much enrich the company of Stationers ;

'Tis thought 'twill prove a lasting benefit,
Like the Wise Masters ⁴⁵, and the Almanacks,
The Hundred Novels ⁴⁶, and the Book of Cookery :
For they begin already to engross it,
And make it a stock-book, thinking indeed
'Twill prove too great a benefit and help
For one that's new set up : They know their way,
And make him warden e'er his beard be grey.

Moul. Is't possible such virtue should lie hid,
And in so little paper ?

Lapet. How ! why, there was the Carpenter,
An unknown thing ; an odoriferous pamphlet,
Yet no more paper, by all computation,
Than Ajax Telamon would use at once ;
Your Herring prov'd the like ⁴⁷, able to buy
Another Fisher's Folly, and your Pasquil ⁴⁸
Went not below the Mad-Caps of that time ;
And shall my elaborate Kick come behind, think you ?

Clown. Yes, it must come behind ; 'tis in *Italica* too,
According to your humour.

⁴⁵ *The Wise Masters.*] *The Wise Masters of Rome*, a book which hath frequently since been reprinted, and to this day much admired by the lower class of readers. R.

⁴⁶ *The Hundred Novels.*] Boccace's Decameron. R.

⁴⁷ *Your Herring.*] Probably either 'Nashe's Lenten Stuff ;' containing the description and first procreation and encrease of the town of Great Yarmouth in Norfolk ; with a new play never played before, of the Praise of the *Red-Herring*, &c.' quarto 1599 ; or else, 'A Herring's Tale ; containing a poetical fiction of divers matters worthie the reading ;' quarto, 1598. R.

⁴⁸ *Pasquil.*] *Pasquil's Mad-Cap*, a pamphlet written by Nicholas Breton, an author who is mentioned before by our Authors ; see note 50 on Wit Without Money. He wrote a second part of this pamphlet, with the additional title of the 'Fool's Cap, with Pasquil's Passion ; begun by himself, and finished by his friend Morphorius ;' quarto, 1600. R.

Lapet. Not in sale, varlet?

Clown. In sale, Sir? it shall sail beyond 'em all, I tro.

Lapet. What have you there now? oh, page the twenty-first.

Clown. That page is come to his years; he should be a serving-man.

Lapet. Mark how I snap up the *Duello* there ⁴⁹!

One would not use a dog so,

I must needs say; but's for the common good.

Clown. Nay, Sir, your commons seldom fight at sharp, But buffet in a warehouse.

Lapet. This will save

Many a gentleman of good blood from bleeding, Sirs:

I have a curse from many a barber-surgeon;

They'd give but too much money to call't in.

Turn to page forty-five; see what you find there.

Clown. Oh, out upon him!

Page forty-five! that's an old thief indeed!

Enter Duke, the Lady, and First Gentleman.

Lapet. The Duke! clap down your books! Away, Galoshio!

Clown. Indeed I am too foul to be i' th' presence! They use to shake me off at the chamber-door still. [*Ex.*

Lady. Good my Lord, grant my suit! let me not rise Without the comfort on't! I have not often Been tedious in this kind.

Duke. Sister, you wrong yourself, And those great virtues that your fame is made of, To waste so much breath for a murderer's life.

Lady. You cannot hate th' offence more than I do, Sir, Nor the offender; the respect I owe Unto his absent brother makes me a suitor, A most importunate sister: Make me worthy But of this one request!

Duke. I am deaf
To any importunacy, and sorry

⁴⁹ *The Duello*;] A pamphlet by the famous Mr. Selden, entitled, 'The Duello, or Single Combat,' &c. first printed in quarto, 1610; reprinted in his Works.

380 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

For your forgetfulness: You never injur'd
Your worth so much; you ought to be rebuk'd for't!
Pursue good ways; end as you did begin!
'Tis half the guilt to speak for such a sin.

Lady. This is Love's beggary right; that now is ours,
When ladies love, and cannot shew their powers. [*Exit.*

Duke. La Nove!

I Gent. My Lord.

Duke. Are these our new attendants?

Lapet. We are, my lord; and will endure as much
As better men, my lord; and more, I trust.

Duke. What's he?

I Gent. My lord, a decay'd gentleman,
That will do any service.

Duke. A decay'd one?

I Gent. A renounc'd one, indeed, for this place only.

Duke. We renounce him then: Go, discharge him
instantly!

He that disclaims his gentry for mere gains,
That man's too base to make a vassal on.

Lapet. What says the Duke?

I Gent. Faith, little to your comfort, Sir;
You must be a gentleman again.

Lapet. How!

I Gent. There's no remedy.

Lapet. Marry, the fates forefend! ne'er while I
breathe, Sir.

I Gent. The Duke will have it so; there's no resisting:
He spied it i' your forehead.

Lapet. My wife's doing!

She thought she should be put below her betters now,
And sued to ha' me a gentleman again.

I Gent. And very likely, Sir.

Marry, I'll give you this comfort; when all's done,
You'll never pass but for a scurvy one;
That's all the help you have. Come, shew your pace!

Lapet. The heaviest gentleman that e'er lost place:
Bear witness, I am forc'd to't. [*Exit.*

Duke. Tho' you've a coarser title yet upon you
Than

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Than those that left your places, without blame,
'Tis in your power to make yourselves the same.
I cannot make you gentlemen; that's a work
Rais'd from your own deservings; merit, manners,
And in-born virtue does it: Let your own goodness
Make you so great, my power shall make you greater;
And, more t' encourage you, this I add again,
There's many grooms now exact gentlemen.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. Methinks 'tis strange to me to enter here!
Is there in Nature such an awful power,
To force me to this place? and make me do this?
Is man's affection stronger than his will?
His resolution? was I not resolv'd
Never to see this place more? do I bear
Within my breast one blood that confounds the other?
The blood of love, and will, and the last weakest?
Had I ten millions, I would give it all now,
I were but past it, or 'twould never come!
For I shall never do't, or not do't well,
But spoil it utterly betwixt two passions.—
Yonder's the Duke himself: I will not do't now,
Had twenty lives their several sufferings in him. [*Exit.*

Duke. Who's that went out now?

Pol. I saw none, my lord.

Duke. Nor you?

Moul. I saw the glimpse of one, my lord.

Duke. Whate'er it was, methought it pleas'd me
strangely,

And suddenly my joy was ready for't.

Did you not mark it better?

Pol. and Moul. Troth, my lord,
We gave no great heed to't.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. 'Twill not be answer'd!
It brings me hither still, by main force, hither:
Either

382 THE NICE VALOUR; OR,

Either I must give over to profess humanity,
Or I must speak for him.

Duke. 'Tis here again:

No marvel 'twas so pleasing! 'tis delight
And worth itself. Now it appears unclouded.

Sham. My lord—

He turns away from me! by this hand,
I am ill-us'd of all sides! 'tis a fault
That Fortune ever had, t' abuse a goodness.

Duke. Methought you were saying somewhat.

Sham. Mark the language!

As coy as Fate! I see 'twill ne'er be granted.

Duke. We little look'd in troth to see you here yet.

Sham. Not till the day after my brother's death, I
think.

Duke. Sure some great business drew you.

Sham. No, in sooth, Sir;

Only to come to see a brother die, Sir,
That I may learn to go too; and, if he deceive me not,
I think he will do well in't of a soldier,
Manly, and honestly; and if he weep then,
I shall not think the worse on's manhood for't,
Because he's leaving of that part that has it.

Duke. H'has slain a noble gentleman; think on't, Sir!

Sham. I would I could not, Sir.

Duke. Our kinsman too.

Sham. All this is but worse, Sir.

Duke. When 'tis at worst—

Yet, seeing thee, he lives!

Sham. My lord—

Duke. He lives!

Believe it as thy bliss; he dies not for't:
Will this make satisfaction for things past?

Sham. Oh, my lord—

Duke. Will it? speak!

Sham. With greater shame to my unworthiness.

Duke. Rise, then! we're even. I never found it harder
To keep just with a man: My great work's ended!
I knew your brother's pardon was your suit, Sir,
However

However your nice modesty held it back.

Sham. I take a joy now to confess it, Sir.

Enter First Gentleman.

1 Gent. My lord——

Duke. Hear me first, Sir, whatever your news be:
Set free the Soldier instantly.

1 Gent. 'Tis done, my lord.

Duke. How!

1 Gent. In effect, 'twas part of my news too;
There's fair hope of your noble kinsman's life, Sir.

Duke. What say'st thou?

1 Gent. And the most admir'd change
That living flesh e'er had! he's not the man, my lord:
Death cannot be more free from passions⁵⁰, Sir,
Than he is at this instant; he's so meek now;
He makes those seem passionate were never thought of;
And, for he fears his moods have oft disturb'd you, Sir,
He's only hasty now for his forgiveness:
And here, behold him, Sir!

Enter the Passionate Lord, the Cupid, and two Brothers.

Duke. Let me give thanks first!
Our worthy cousin——

Pas. Your unworthy trouble, Sir!
For which, with all acknowledg'd reverence,
I ask your pardon; and for injury
More known and wilful: I have chose a wife,
Without your counsel, or consent, my lord.

Duke. A wife? where is she, Sir?

Pas. This noble gentlewoman——

Duke. How!

Pas. Whose honour my forgetful times much
wrong'd.

Duke. He's madder than he was.

⁵⁰ —— *He's not the man, my lord;*

Death cannot, &c.] Here seems a line lost here, the sense to
this effect:

—— *He's not the man, my lord,*

HE WAS BEFORE THE SOLDIER WOUNDED HIM.

1 *Gent.* I would ha' sworn for him !

Duke. The Cupid, cousin ?

Paf. Yes, this worthy lady, Sir.

Duke. Still worse and worse !

1 *Bro.* Our sister, under pardon, my lord.

Duke. What !

2 *Bro.* Which shape Love taught her to assume.

Duke. Is't truth then ?

1 *Gent.* It appears plainly now, below the waist,
my lord.

Duke. Shamont, didst ever read of a She-Cupid ?

Sham. Never in fiction yet ; but it might hold, Sir ;
For Desire is of both genders.

Enter the Lady.

Duke. Make that good here !

I take thee at thy word, Sir.

Sham. Oh, my lord,

Love would appear too bold and rude from me ;
Honour and admiration are her rights ;
Her goodness is my faint, my lord.

Duke. I see

You're both too modest to bestow yourselves :
I'll save that virtue still ; 'tis but my pains : Come ;
It shall be so. [*He joins Shamont's hand and his sister's.*]

Sham. This gift does but set forth my poverty.

Lady. Sir, that which you complain of is my riches.

Enter the Soldier.

Duke. Soldier, now every noise sounds peace, thou'rt
welcome !

Sold. Sir, my repentance sues for your blest favour,
Which once obtain'd, no injury shall lose it ;
I'll suffer mightier wrongs.

Duke. Rise, lov'd and pardon'd !

For where Hope fail'd, nay, Art itself resign'd,
Th'hast wrought that cure which skill could never find :
Nor did there cease, but to our peace extend :
Never could wrongs boast of a nobler end ! [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

O U R Poet bid us say, for his own part,
He cannot lay too much forth of his art;
But fears our over-acting Passions may,
As not adorn, deface his labour'd play:
Yet still he's resolute, for what is writ
Of Nicer Valour, and assumes the wit;
But for the love-scenes, which he ever meant
Cupid in's petticoat should represent,
He'll stand no shock of censure. The play's good⁵¹,
He says he knows it (if well understood):
But we (blind god) beg, if thou art divine,
Thou'lt shoot thy arrows round; this play was thine.

⁵¹ *The play's good.*] In many respects *the play's good*, and written in the true spirit of our Authors; much true poetry, original fancy, uncommon pleasantry, and every thing—but consistency, and nature.

E T I C A

O
The first of the three parts of the
book is the most important. It
contains the principles of the
art. The second part is the
most useful. It contains the
rules of the art. The third part
is the most interesting. It
contains the history of the art.
The first part is the most
important. It contains the
principles of the art. The
second part is the most useful.
It contains the rules of the
art. The third part is the most
interesting. It contains the
history of the art.



THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.



*Fear still;
I will be revenge enough to keep you
waking.
Ye have no mind of marriage, ha' ye?
La.P. Surely no great mind now.*

Act V.

THE

HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

Gardiner, in his Commendatory Verses, ascribes this Play to Fletcher alone. It was first printed in the folio of 1647. No alteration hath ever been made of it; nor hath it been acted, as we believe, within the memory of any person now living.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Duke of Orleans, a spleenful detraſting lord.

Earl of Amiens, brother-in-law to Orleans, a noble accompliſh'd gentleman, ſervant to Lamira.

Montague, the Honelt Man.

Longueville, } two faithful followers of Montague.
Dubois, }

Veramour¹, the loving and loyal page of Montague.

Laverdine, a knaviſh courtier.

La-Poop, a cowardly ſea-captain.

Malicorn, a ſharking citizen.

Two Lawyers.

Two Creditors.

Officers.

Servants.

W O M E N.

Duchefs of Orleans, a virtuous lady, and chaſte (but ſuſpected) wife to the Duke.

Lamira, a modeſt virgin, rich and noble.

Charlotte, Lamira's woman.

SCENE, FRANCE.

¹ *Veramer.*] So this name has been generally wrote in all the editions, only in one ſcene it is ſpelt *Veramor*, and in another *Veramour*; the one being a Latin, the other a French compound-word ſignifying *true love*. One of theſe therefore was undoubtedly the true name, which ſo well expreſſes the character. I have preferred the former. *Seward.*

Being a French ſtory, the *latter* ſeems to be preferable.

T H E

HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Orleans and Amiens, at several doors.

Ami. **M**ORROW, my lord of Orleans!
Orl. You salute me like a stranger²;
Brother Orleans were, to me, a title more
 Belonging whom you call the husband of
 Your sister.

Ami. 'Would the circumstances of
 Your brotherhood had never offer'd cause
 To make our conversation less familiar!
 I meet you like a hindrance in your way!
 Your great law-suit is now upon the tongue,
 And ready for a judgment.

Orl. Came you from
 The hall now?

Ami. Without stay. The court is full;
 And such a press of people does attend
 The issue, as if some great man were brought
 To his arraignment.

² *You salute me like a stranger.*] This scene was most part printed as prose, and where the lines were ranged like verse every one of them was wrong, so that the whole is now ranged anew. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's arrangements only extend to the entrance of Montague, &c.

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Orl. Every mother's son
Of all that multitude of hearers, went
To be a witness of the misery
Your sister's fortunes must have come to, if
My adversary, who did love her first,
Had been her husband.

Ami. The success may draw
A testimony from them, to confirm
The same opinion; but they went prepar'd
With no such hope or purpose.

Orl. And did you
Entreat the number of them that are come,
'With no such hope or purpose?'

Ami. Tush! your own
Experience of my heart can answer you.

Orl. This doubtful makes me clearly understand
Your disposition.

Ami. If your cause be just,
I wish you a conclusion like your cause.

Orl. I can have³ any common charity
To such a prayer: From a friend I would
Expect a love to prosper in, without
Exceptions; such a love as might make all
My undertakings thankful to't: Precisely just
Is seldom faithful in our wishes to
Another man's desires. Farewell! [Exit.]

Enter Montague, Dubois, Longueville, and Veramour.

Dubois. Here comes your adversary's brother-in-law.

Long. The lord of Amiens.

Dubois. From the hall, I think.

Ami. I did so. Save your lordship!

³ *I can have, &c.*] This speech is obscure, and has been still further obscured by the bad pointing. The sense is this: Amiens having wished Orleans success if his cause be just, Orleans replies, 'that such a wish might proceed from any common acquaintance, but a friend would wish a friend success in *all* his undertakings; for he, who confines his good wishes to precise justice, is seldom sincere in them.'

Mont. That's a wish,
My lord, as courteous to my present state,
As ever honest mind was thankful for;
For now my safety must expose itself
To question: Yet to look for any free
Or hearty salutation, Sir, from you,
Would be unreasonable in me.

Ami. Why?

Mont. Your sister is my adversary's wife;
That nearness needs must consequently draw
Your inclination to him.

Ami. I will grant
Him all the nearness his alliance claims;
And yet be nothing less impartial,
My lord of Montague.

Mont. Lord of Montague yet;
But, Sir, how long the dignity or state
Belonging to it will continue, stands
Upon the dangerous passage of this hour;
Either for evermore to be confirm'd,
Or, like the time wherein 'twas pleaded, gone;
Gone with it, never to be call'd again!

Ami. Justice direct your process to the end!
To both your persons my respect shall still
Be equal; but the righteous cause is that
Which bears my wishes to the side it holds:
Where-ever, may it prosper! [Exit.]

Mont. Then my thanks⁴
Are proper to you: If a man may raise
A confidence upon a lawful ground,
I have no reason to be once perplex'd
With any doubtful motion. Longueville,
That lord of Amiens (didst observe him?) has
A worthy nature in him.

Long. Either 'tis
His nature, or his cunning.

⁴ *Then my thanks, &c.*] This is also rather obscure, but signifies,
'If you wish well to the just cause, you deserve my thanks for mine
'is the rightful side.'

Mont. That's the vizard
Of most mens' actions, whose dissembled lives
Do carry only the similitude
Of goodness on 'em; but for him,
Honest behaviour makes a true report
What disposition does inhabit him,
Essential Virtue.

Long. Then 'tis pity that
Injurious Orleans is his brother.

Dubois. He's but his brother-in-law.

Long. Law? that's as bad...

Dubois. How is your law as bad? I rather wish
The hangman thy executor, than that
Equivocation should be ominous.

Enter Two Lawyers, and Two Creditors.

Long. Some of your Lawyers!

1 *Law.* What is ominous?

2 *Law.* Let no distrust trouble your lordship's
thought!

1 *Law.* The evidences of your question'd land
Ha' not so much as any literal
Advantage in 'em to be made against
Your title.

2 *Law.* And your counsel understands
The business fully.

1 *Law.* They are industrious, just——

2 *Law.* And very confident.

1 *Law.* Your state endures
A voluntary trial; like a man
Whose honours are maliciously accus'd.

2 *Law.* The accusation serves to clear his cause——

1 *Law.* And to approve his truth more.

2 *Law.* So shall all
Your adversary's pleadings strengthen your
Possession.

1 *Law.* And be set upon record,
To witness the hereditary right
Of you and yours.

2 *Law.*

2 *Law*. Courage! you have the law.

Long. And you, the profits.

Mont. If discouragement

Could work upon me, your assurances

Would put me strongly into heart again;

But I was never fearful; and let Fate

Deceive my expectation, yet I am

Prepar'd against dejection!

1 *Cred*. So are we.

2 *Cred*. We have receiv'd a comfortable hope
That all will speed well.

Long. What is he, Dubois?

Dubois. A creditor.

Long. I thought so; for he speaks
As if he were a partner in his state.

Mont. Sir, I am largely indebted to your loves—

Long. More to their purses.

Mont. Which you shall not lose.

1 *Cred*. Your lordship—

Dubois. That's another Creditor.

1 *Cred*. Has interest in me.

Long. You have more of him.

1 *Cred*. And I have had so many promises
From these, and all your learned counsellors,
How certainly your cause will prosper, that—

Long. You brought no serjeants with you—

Dubois. To attend

His ill success?

Mont. Good Sir, I will not be
Unthankful either to their industries,
Or your affections.

1 *Law*. All your land, my lord,
Is at the bar now; give me but ten crowns,
I'll save you harmless.

Long. Take him at his word!
If he does lose, you're sav'd by miracle:
For I ne'er knew a lawyer yet undone.

1 *Law*. Then now you shall, Sir, if this prospers
not.

Long. Sir, I beseech you do not force your voice

To

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To such a loudness, but be thrifty now !
 Preserve it till you come to plead at bar ;
 It will be much more profitable in
 The satisfaction, than the promise.

1 *Law.* Is

Not this a satisfaction to engage
 Myself for this assurance, if he——

Mont. No, Sir ; my ruin never shall import
 Another's loss, if not by accident,
 And that my purpose is not guilty of :
 You are engag'd in nothing but your care. [*Exe. Law.*
 Attend the procurator to the court ;
 Observe how things incline, and bring me word !

Long. I dare not, Sir ; if I be taken there,
 Mine ears will be in danger.

Mont. Why ? hast thou
 Committed something that deserves thine ears ?

Long. No, but I fear the noise ! my hearing will be
 Perish'd by th' noise ; it is as good to want
 A member, as to lose the use——

Mont. The ornament is excepted.

Long. Well, my lord,
 I'll put 'em to the hazard.

[*Exit.*

1 *Cred.* Your desires
 Be prosperous to you !

2 *Cred.* Our best prayers wait
 Upon your fortune. [*Exeunt Creditors.*

Dubois. For yourselves, not him.

Mont. Thou canst not blame 'em ; I am in their debts.

Ver. But had your large expence (a part whereof
 You owe 'em) for unprofitable silks
 And laces, been bestow'd among the poor,
 That would have pray'd the right way, for you,
 Not upon you——

Mont. For unprofitable silks
 And laces ? Now, believe me, honest boy,
 Th' hast hit upon a reprehension that
 Belongs unto me.

Ver. By my soul, my lord,
 I had not so unmannerly a thought,

To

To reprehend you!

Mont. Why, I love thee for't;
 Mine own acknowledgment confirms thy words:
 For once, I do remember, coming from
 The mercer's, where my purse had spent itself
 On those unprofitable toys thou speak'st of,
 A man half naked with his poverty
 Did meet me, and requested my relief:
 I wanted whence to give it; yet his eyes
 Spoke for him; those I could have satisfied
 With some unfruitful sorrow (if my tears
 Would not have added rather to his grief,
 Than eas'd it), but the true compassion that
 I should have given I had not: This began
 To make me think how many such mens' wants
 The vain superfluous cost I wore upon
 My outside would have cloath'd, and left myself
 A habit as becoming. To encrease
 This new consideration, there came one
 Clad in a garment plain and thrifty, yet
 As decent as these fair dear follies, made
 As if it were of purpose to despise
 The vanity of show; his purse had still
 The power to do a charitable deed,
 And did it.

Dubois. Yet your inclination, Sir,
 Deserv'd no less to be commended than
 His action.

Mont. Prithee, do not flatter me!
 He that intends well, yet deprives himself
 Of means to put his good thoughts into deed,
 Deceives his purpose of the due reward
 That goodness merits. Oh, antiquity,
 Thy great examples of nobility
 Are out of imitation; or at least
 So lamely follow'd, that thou art as much
 Before this age in virtue, as in time!

Dubois. Sir, it must needs be lamely follow'd, when
 The chiefest men who love to follow it

Are

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Are for the most part cripples.

Mont. Who are they?

Dubois. Soldiers, my lord, foldiers.

Mont. 'Tis true, Dubois;

But if the law disables me no more

For noble actions than good purposes,

I'll practise how to exercise the worth

Commended to us by our ancestors:

The poor neglected soldier shall command

Me from a lady's courtship, and the form

I'll study shall no more be taught me by

The tailor, but the scholar; that expence

Which hitherto has been to entertain

Th' intemperate pride and pleasure of the taste,

Shall fill my table more to satisfy,

And less to surfeit. What an honest work

It would be, when we find a virgin in

Her poverty and youth inclining to

Be tempted, to employ as much perswasion and

As much expence to keep her upright, as

Men use to do upon her falling!

Dubois. 'Tis charity

That many maids will be unthankful for;

And some will rather take it for a wrong,

To buy 'em out of their inheritance,

The thing that they were born to.

Enter Longueville.

Mont. Longueville,

Thou bring'st a chearful promise in thy face;

There stands no pale report upon thy cheek,

To give me fear or knowledge of my loss;

'Tis red and lively. How proceeds my suit?

Long. That's, with leave, Sir,

A labour, that to those of Hercules

May add another; or, at least, be call'd

An imitation of his burning shirt:

For 'twas a pain of that unmerciful

Perplexity, to shoulder thro' the throng

Of people that attended your success,
My sweaty linen fix'd upon my skin,
Still as they pull'd me took that with it; 'twas
A fear I should have left my flesh among 'em:
Yet I was patient, for, methought, the toil
Might be an emblem of the difficult
And weary passage to get out of law.
And, to make up the dear similitude,
When I was forth seeking my handkerchief
To wipe my sweat off, I did find a cause
To make me sweat more; for my purse was lost
Among their fingers.

Dubois. There 'twas rather found.

Long. By them.

Dubois. I mean so.

Mont. Well, I will restore

Thy damage to thee. How proceeds my suit?

Long. Like one at broker's; I think, forfeited.
Your promising counsel at the first
Put strongly forward with a labour'd speed,
And such a violence of pleading, that
His fee in sugar-candy scarce will make
His throat a satisfaction for the hurt
He did it; and he carried the whole cause
Before him, with so clear a passage, that
The people in the favour of your side
Cried Montague, Montague! in the spite of him
That cried out *silence*, and began to laugh
Your adversary's advocate to scorn;
Who, like a cunning footman, set me forth
With such a temperate easy kind of course,
To put him into exercise of strength,
And follow'd his advantages so close,
That when your hot-mouth'd pleader thought h'had
won,

Before he reach'd it he was out of breath,
And then the other stript him.

Mont. So, all's lost?

Long. But how I know not; for, methought, I stood
Confounded

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Confounded with the clamour of the court,
Like one embark'd upon a storm at sea,
Where the tempestuous noise of thunder, mix'd
With roaring of the billows, and the thick
Imperfect language of the seamen, takes
His understanding and his safety both
Together from him.

Mont. Thou dost bring ill news!

Long. Of what I was unwilling to have been
The first reporter.

Mont. Didst observe no more?

Long. At least no better.

Mont. Then thou'rt not inform'd
So well as I am: I can tell thee that
Will please thee; for, when all else left my cause,
My very adversaries took my part.

Long. Whosoever told you that,
Abus'd you.

Mont. Credit me, he took my part
When all forsook me.

Long. Took it from you?

Mont. Yes;

I mean so: And I think he had just cause
To take it, when the verdict gave it him.

Dubois. His spirit would ha' sunk him, ere he could
Have carried an ill fortune of this weight
So lightly.

Mont. Nothing is a misery,
Unless our weakness apprehend it so;
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves
In any thing that's manly, than to make
Ill fortune as contemptible to us
As it makes us to others.

Enter Lawyers.

Long. Here come they,
Whose very countenances will tell you how
Contemptible it is to others.

Mont. Sir!

Long.

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Long. The Sir of knighthood may be given him,
Ere they hear you now.

Mont. Good Sir, but a word!

Dubois. How soon the loss of wealth makes any man
Grow out of knowledge!

Long. Let me see: I pray, Sir,
Never stood you upon the pillory?

1 Law. The pillory?

Long. Oh, now I know you did not;
You've ears, I thought ye had lost 'em: Pray, observe;
Here's one that once was gracious in your eyes!

1 Law. Oh, oh! my lord⁵!—I have an eye upon
him.

Long. But ha' you ne'er a counsel to redeem
His land yet from the judgment?

2 Law. None but this;

A writ of error to remove the cause.

Long. No more of error! we have been in that
Too much already,

2 Law. If you will reverse⁶

The judgment, you must trust to that delay——

Long. Delay? indeed, he's like to trust to that,
With you has any dealing.

2 Law. Ere the law

Proceeds to an *habere facias possessionem*.

Mont. That is a language, Sir, I understand not.

Long. Thou art a very strange unthankful fellow,
To have taken fees of such a liberal measure,
And then to give a man hard words for's money!

1 Law. If men will hazard their salvations,

⁵ Ob, my lord, have an eye upon him.] What can this mean? was the Lawyer advising Montague to have an eye upon his servant Longueville? It seems an omission, for two syllables are wanting to the verse; and the *ab* being repeated which will well suit the solemn contempt of the Lawyer's countenance giving one, the other is absolutely required by the sense. I read therefore

Ob, oh! my lord—I have an eye upon him.

Seward.

Perhaps this is spoken to some of the Lawyers' followers: The same words are repeated by a Creditor in the next page.

⁶ If you will reverse.] Seward reads, *reverse*.

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What should I say? I've other business!

Mont. You are i'th' right; that's it you should say,
now
Prosperity has left me.

Enter Two Creditors.

1 Cred. Have an eye upon him! if
We lose him now, he's gone for ever: Stay,
And dog him! I'll go fetch the officers.

Long. Dog him, you blood-hound? by this point,
thou shalt
More safely dog an angry lion, than
Attempt him.

Mont. What's the matter?

Long. Do but stir
To fetch a serjeant, and, besides your loss
Of labour, I will have you beaten till
Those casements in your faces be false lights!

Dubois. Falser than those you sell by!

Mont. Who gave you
Commission to abuse my friends thus?

Long. Sir,
Are those your friends that would betray you?

Mont. 'Tis
To save themselves, rather than betray me.

1 Cred. Your lordship makes a just construction of it.

2 Cred. All our desire is but to get our own.

Long. Your wives' desires and yours do differ then.

Mont. So far as my ability will go,
You shall have satisfaction. Longueville!

Long. And leave yourself neglected? Every man
Is first a debtor to his own demands, being honest.

Mont. As I take it, Sir,
I did not entertain you for my counsellor.

Long. Counsel's the office of a servant, when
The master falls upon a danger, as
Defence is: Never threaten with your eyes!
They are no cockatrices. Do you hear?
Talk with the girdler; or the millener;

He

He can inform you of a kind of men
That first undid the profit of those trades
By bringing up the form of carrying
Their morglays⁷ in their hands; with some of those
A man may make himself a privilege
To ask a question at the prison-gates,
Without your good permission.

2 *Cred.* By your leave!

Mont. Stay, Sir! what one example since the time
That first you put your hat off to me, have
You noted in me to encourage you
To this presumption? By the justice now
Of thine own rule, I should begin with thee;
I should turn thee away ungratified
For all thy former kindnesses, forget
Thou ever didst me any service.—'Tis not fear
Of being arrested, makes me thus incline
To satisfy you; for you see by him,
I lost not all defences with my state:
The curses of a man, to whom I am
Beholding, terrify me more than all
The violence he can pursue me with.—
Dubois, I did prepare me for the worst;
These two small cabinets do comprehend
The sum of all the wealth that it hath pleas'd
Adversity to leave me; one as rich
As th' other, both in jewels: Take thou this,
And as the order put within it shall
Direct thee, distribute it half between
Those Creditors, and th' other half among
My servants;—for, Sir, they're my creditors
As well as you are; they have trusted me
With their advancement. If the value fail
To please you all, my first encrease of means
Shall offer you a fuller payment. Be content
To leave me something; and imagine that
Ye put a new beginner into credit.

⁷ *Morglays.*] *Morglay* was the sword of Bevis of Southampton;
and from thence a sword, in antient writers, is frequently called by
that name. See Every Man in his Humour, act iii. scene i. R.

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Cred. So prosper our own blessings, as we wish
You to your merit!

Mont. Are your silences
Of discontent⁸ or of sorrow?

Dubois. Sir,
We would not leave you.

Long. Do but suffer us
To follow you, and what our present means
Or industries hereafter can provide,
Shall serve you.

Mont. Oh, desire me not to live
To such a baseness, as to be maintain'd
By those that serve me! Pray begone; I will
Defend your honesties to any man,
That shall report you have forsaken me:
I pray, begone!—Why dost thou weep, my boy?
[*Exeunt Servants and Creditors.*
Because I do not bid thee go too?

Ver. No;
I weep, my lord, because I would not go;
I fear you will command me.

Mont. No, my child,
I will not; that would discommend th' intent
Of all my other actions: Thou art yet
Unable to advise thyself a course,
Should I put thee to seek it; after that⁹,
I must excuse, or at the least forgive,
Any uncharitable deed than can
Be done against myself.

Ver. Every day,
My lord, I tarry with you, I'll account
A day of blessing to me; for I shall
Have so much less time left me of my life
When I am from you; and if misery
Befal you (which I hope so good a man
Was never born to) I will take my part,

⁸ Of discontent.] Perhaps the original was, *discontentment*.

⁹ After that.] This expression is rather obscure; but signifies,
'Should I dismiss you, after that cruelty, I should have no right to
'complain of any injury done to myself.'

And make my willingness encrease my strength
To bear it. In the winter I will spare
Mine own cloaths from myself to cover you;
And in the summer carry some of yours,
To ease you: I'll do any thing I can!

Mont. Why, thou art able to make Misery
Asham'd of hurting, when thy weakness can
Both bear it, and despise it. Come, my boy!
I will provide some better way for thee
Than this thou speak'st of. 'Tis the comfort, that
Ill fortune has undone me into th' fashion;
For now, in this age, most men do begin
To keep but one boy, that kept many men. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Orleans, Servant, and Duchefs following.

Orl. Where is she? call her!

Duch. I attend you, Sir.

Orl. Your friend, sweet madam——

Duch. What friend, good my lord?

Orl. Your Montague, madam, he will shortly want
Those courtly graces that you love him for:
The means wherewith he purchas'd this, and this,
And all his own provisions, to the least
Proportion of his feeding, or his cloaths,
Came out of that inheritance of land
Which he unjustly liv'd on; but the law
Has given me right in't, and possession: Now
Thou shalt perceive his bravery vanish, as
This jewel does from thee now, and these pearls
To him that owes 'em.

Duch. You're the owner, Sir,
Of every thing that does belong to me.

Orl. No, not of him, sweet lady.

Duch. Oh, good Heaven!

Orl. But in a while your mind will change, and be
As ready to disclaim him, when his wants
And miseries have perish'd his good face,
And taken off the sweetness that has made
Him pleasing in a woman's understanding.

Duch. Oh, Heav'n, how gracious had Creation been

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To women, who are born without defence,
If to our hearts there had been doors, thro' which
Our husbands might have look'd into our thoughts,
And made themselves undoubtful !

Orl. Made 'em mad !

Duch. With honest women ?

Orl. Thou dost still pretend
A title to that virtue : Prithee let
Thy honesty speak freely to me now !
Thou know'st that Montague, of whose land
I am the master, did affect thee first,
And should have had thee, if the strength of friends
Had not prevail'd above thine own consent :
I have undone him ! tell me, how thou dost
Consider his ill fortune and my good ?

Duch. I'll tell you justly : His undoing is
An argument for pity and for tears,
In all their dispositions that have known
The honour and the goodness of his life ;
Yet that addition of prosperity
Which you have got by't, no indifferent man
Will malice or repine at, if the law
Be not abus'd in't. Howsoever, since
You have the upper fortune of him, 'twill
Be some dishonour to you to bear yourself
With any pride or glory over him.

Orl. This may be truly spoken ; but in thee
It is not honest.

Duch. Yes ; so honest, that
I care not if the chaste Penelope
Were now alive to hear me.

Enter Amiens.

Orl. Who comes there ?

Duch. My brother.

Ami. Save you !

Orl. Now, Sir ! you have heard
Of prosperous Montague ?

Ami. No, Sir ; I have heard
Of Montague, but of your prosperity.

Orl.

Orl. Is he distracted?

Ami. He does bear his loss.

With such a noble strength of patience, that
Had Fortune eyes to see him, she would weep
For having hurt him, and pretending that
She did it but for trial of his worth,
Hereafter ever love him.

Orl. I perceive

You love him; and, because I must confess
He does deserve that, (tho', for some respects,
I have not given him that acknowledgment)
Yet in mine honour I did still conclude
To use him nobly.

Ami. Sir, that will become
Your reputation, and make me grow proud
Of your alliance.

Orl. I did reserve

The doing of this friendship 'till I had
His fortunes at my mercy, that the world
May tell him 'tis a willing courtesy.

Duch. This change will make me happy!

Orl. 'Tis a change;

Thou shalt behold it: Then observe me! When
That Montague had possession of my land,
I was his rival, and at last obtain'd
This lady, who, by promise of her own
Affection to him, should have been his wife:
I had her, and with-held her like a pawn,
'Till now my land is render'd to me again;
And since it is so, you shall see I have
The conscience not to keep her: Give him her!

[*Draws.*

For, by the faithful temper of my sword,
She shall not tarry with me.

Ami. Give me way!— [*Draws.*

Thou most unworthy man!—God!—Give me way!¹⁰
Or, by the wrong he does the innocent,
I'll end thy misery and his wickedness
Together!

¹⁰ *Thou most unworthy man—give me way.*] So former editions.

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Duch. Stay, and let me justify
My husband in that! I have wrong'd his bed"—

[*Exit Amiens.*

Never—all shames that can afflict me, fall
Upon me, if I ever wrong'd you!

Orl. Didst
Thou not confess it?

Duch. 'Twas to save your blood
From shedding: That has turn'd my brother's edge.
He that beholds our thoughts as plainly as
Our faces, knows it, I did never hurt
My honesty, but by accusing it.

Orl. Womens' consents are sooner credited
Than their denials; and I'll never trust
Her body, that prefers any defence
Before the safety of her honour.—Here!

Enter Servant.

Shew forth that stranger.—Give me not a word!
Thou see'st a danger ready to be tempted.

Duch. Cast that upon me, rather than my shame;
And, as I am now dying, I will vow
That I am honest!

Orl. Put her out of doors!
But that I fear my land may go again
To Montague, I would kill thee! I am loth
To make a beggar of him that way¹²; or else—

¹¹ ——— *I have wrong'd his bed.*

[*Exeunt Amiens and Orleans.*

Enter Orleans in amazement, the servants following him.

Never—all shames, &c.] These stage-directions are not only wrong, but ridiculous. We believe that Amiens departs, shocked at the self-accusation of the Duchess, and that Orleans, with his drawn sword, prepares to kill her, which occasions her immediate recantation. What he says afterwards strongly tends to confirm this interpretation:

Thou see'st a danger ready to be tempted.

Her answer conveys the same idea;

Cast that, &c.

¹² *To make a beggar of him that way;* i. e. By forfeiting my life and estate to the king, give Montague an opportunity of begging it from him. If this is not the Poets meaning, it is dark to me. *Seward.*

It seems to be ironical.

Go!

Go! now you have the liberty of flesh;
 And you may put it to a double use,
 One for your pleasure, th'other to maintain
 Your well-beloved; he will want: [*Exit Duch.*]
 In such a charitable exercise
 The virtue will excuse you for the vice. [*Exit.*]

Enter Amiens drawn, Montague and Veramour meeting.

Mont. What means your lordship?

Ver. For the love of Heav'n—

Ami. Thou hast advantage of me; cast away
 This buckler!

Mont. So he is, Sir¹³, for he lives
 With one that is undone.—Avoid us, boy!

Ver. I'll first avoid my safety:
 Your rapier shall be button'd¹⁴ with my head,
 Before it touch my master.

Ami. Montague!

Mont. Sir?

Ami. You know my sister—

Mont. Yes, Sir.

Ami. For a whore.

Mont. You lie! and shall lie lower if you dare
 Abuse her honour.

Enter Duchefs.

Duch. I am honest.

Ami. Honest?

Duch. Upon my faith, I am.

Ami. What did then

¹³ *This buckler.*

Mont. So he is, Sir.] At first sight, we imagined that some words, relative to Veramour, were wanting after the word BUCKLER: But, on further consideration of Montague's reply, *So he is*, it appeared to convey one of the numerous contemptible puns which disgrace this Comedy, particularly that interesting character, and alluding to Veramour's being the buckler of a man that is *undone*, i. e. UNBUCKLED. A few lines lower he says, *You LIE, and shall LIE lower*; and on hearing the decision of the law-suit, he says, *My adversary TOOK my part*; meaning punningly, *My adversary took my estate FROM me*; with various others.

¹⁴ *Button'd.]* Alluding to the button on a foil.

Persuade thee to condemn thyself?

Duch. Your safety.

Ami. I had rather be expos'd
To danger, than dishonour: Th' hast betray'd
The reputation of my family
More basely, by the falseness of that word,
Than if thou hadst deliver'd me asleep
Into the hand of a base enemy. Relief
Will never make thee sensible of thy
Disgraces: Let thy wants compel thee to it!

Duch. Oh, I'm a miserable woman! [*Exit Ami.*]

Mont. Why, madam?

Are you utterly without means to relieve you?

Duch. I've nothing, Sir, unless by changing of
These cloaths for worse, and then at last the worst
For nakedness.

Mont. Stand off, boy!—Nakedness
Would be a change to please us, madam, to
Delight us both.

Duch. What nakedness, Sir?

Mont. Why, the nakedness
Of body, madam; we were lovers once,

Duch. Never dishonest lovers.

Mont. Honesty
Has no allowance now to give ourselves.

Duch. Nor you allowance against honesty.

Mont. I'll send my boy hence: Opportunity
Shall be our servant. Come, and meet me first
With kisses like a stranger at the door,
And then invite me nearer, to receive
A more familiar inward welcome; where,
Instead of tapers made of virgin-wax,
Th' encreasing flames of our desires shall light
Us to a banquet; and, before the taste
Be dull with satisfaction, I'll prepare
A nourishment compos'd of every thing
That bears a natural friendship to the blood,
And that shall set another edge upon't;
Or else, between the courses of the feast
We'll dally out an exercise of time,

That

That ever as one appetite expires
Another may succeed it.

Duch. Oh, my lord,
How has your nature lost her worthiness?
When our affections had their liberty,
Our kisses met as temperately as
The hands of sisters or of brothers, that
Our bloods were then as moving¹⁵; then you were
So noble, that I durst have trusted your
Embraces in an opportunity
Silent enough to serve a ravisher,
And yet come from you undishonour'd: How
You think me alter'd, that you promise your
Attempt success, I know not; but were all
The sweet temptations that deceive us set
On this side, and on that side all the tortures¹⁶,
These neither should persuade me, nor those force.

Mont. Then misery may waste your body.

Duch. Yes;
But lust shall never.

Mont. I have found you still
As uncorrupted as I left you first.
Continue so, and I will serve you with
As much devotion as my word, my hand,
Or purse can shew you! And, to justify
That promise, here is half the wealth I have!

¹⁵ ——— that

[*Our bloods were then as moving.*] This seems very dark. To sling light upon it, I believe we should read *tho'* for *that*, and interpret, *Tho'* our bloods were then from our being in youth and prosperity more stirring than they ought to be now. *Seward.*

The words will scarce bear this construction of *Seward*; at least, without changing *as* to *more*: '*Tho'* our bloods were then *more* moving.' We think the old text may signify, 'That our bloods, like our kisses, were no more moving, sensual, or intemperate, than those of brothers and sisters.'

¹⁶ *The sweet temptations that deceive us set*

[*On this side, and on that side all the waiters.*] What is *waiters* in contrast to temptations, it cannot mean merely servants to help him to force her; that is too poor an expression to be admitted. 'Tis most probably corrupt, tho' I cannot find a word near the trace of the letters to supply its place. Several words occur, as *tortures, terrors, racks*, — or *all that fright us*. I prefer the first. *Seward.*

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Take it! you owe me nothing, 'till you fall
From virtue; which the better to protect,
I have bethought me of a present means.—
Give me the letter!—This commends my boy
Into the service of a lady, whose
Free goodness you have been acquainted with,
Lamira.

Duch. Sir, I know her.

Mont. Then believe

Her entertainment will be noble to you.
My boy shall bring you thither, and relate
Your manner of misfortune, if your own
Report needs any witness: So, I kiss
Your hand, good lady!

Duch. Sir, I know not how
To promise; but I cannot be unthankful.

Mont. All that you can implore in thankfulness
Be yours, to make you the more prosperous!
Farewell, my boy!—I am not yet oppress'd,
Having the pow'r to help one that's distress'd. [*Exe.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Longueville and Dubois.

Long. **W**HAT shall we do now? swords are
out of use,
And words are out of credit.

Dubois. We must serve.

Long. The means to get a service will first spend
Our purses; and, except we can allow
Ourselves an entertainment, service will
Neglect us: Now, 'tis grown into a doubt
Whether the master or the servant gives
The countenance.

Dubois. Then fall in with mistresses!

Long. They keep more servants now, indeed, than
men:

But yet the age is grown so populous
Of those attendants, that the women are

Grown

Grown full too.

Dubois. What shall we propound ourselves?

Long. I'll think on't.

Dubois. Do. Old occupations have
Too many fetters-up to prosper; some
Uncommon trade would thrive now.

Long. We will ev'n
Make up some half a dozen proper men;
And should not we get more than all
Your female sinners?

Dubois. If the house be seated,
As it should be, privately.

Long. Ay; but that would make
A multitude of witches.

Dubois. Witches? how, prithee?

Long. Thus; the bawds would all
Turn witches to revenge themselves upon us;
And the women that come to us, for disguises
Must wear beards; and that is, they say,
A token of a witch.

Dubois. What shall we then do?

Long. We must study on't with more consideration.
Stay, *Dubois!* are not the lord of Orleans
And the lord of Amiens enemies?

Dubois. Yes; what of that?

Long. Methinks the factions of two such great men
Should give a promise of advancement now,
To us that want it.

Dubois. Let the plot be thine,
And in the enterprize I'll second thee.

Long. I have it! We will first set down ourselves
The method of a quarrel, and make choice
Of some frequented tavern, or such a place
Of common notice, to perform it in,
By way of undertaking, to maintain
The several honours of those enemies:
Thou for the lord of Orleans; I for Amiens.

Dubois. I like the project; and I think 'twill take
The better, since their difference first did rise
From his occasion whom we follow'd once.

Long.

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Long. We cannot hope less, after the report,
Than entertainment or gratuity:
Yet those are ends I do not aim at most.
Great spirits that are needy, and will thrive,
Must labour while such troubles are alive. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Laverdine and La-Poop.

La-P. Slander is sharper than the sword!
I've fed these three days upon leaf-tobacco,
For want of other victuals.

Lav. You have liv'd
The honestest, captain. But be not so dejected!
But hold up thy head, and meat will sooner fall
In thy mouth.

La-P. I care not so much for meat,
So I had but good liquor, for which my gurs
Croak like so many frogs for rain.

Lav. It seems
You are troubled with the wind-cholic, captain:
Swallow a bullet; it is present remedy,
I will assure you.

La-P. A bullet? I'll tell you, Sir!¹⁷
My paunch is nothing but a pile of bullets:
When I was in any service, I stood between
My general and the shot, like a mud-wall:
I am all lead; from th' crown of the head to the
Soal of the foot, not a sound bone about me.

Lav. It seems you've been in terrible hot service,
Captain.

La-P. It has ever been
The fate of the Low-Country wars to spoil
Many a man; I ha' not been the first,
Nor shall not be the last. But, I'll tell you, Sir,
(Hunger has brought it into mind) I serv'd
Once at the siege of Brest, ('tis memorable
To this day) where we were in great distress
For victuals; whole troops fainted more for want
Of food than for blood, and died; yet we were
Resolv'd to stand it out. I myself was

¹⁷ *A bullet? If you be captain,
My paunch, &c.]* So first folio.

But then gentleman of a company, and had
As much need as any man : And indeed
I'd perish'd, had not a miraculous providence
Preserv'd me.

Lav. As how, good captain ?

La-P. Marry, Sir,
E'en as I was fainting and falling down
For want of sustenance, the enemy
Made a shot at me, and struck me full
In the paunch with a penny-loaf.

Lav. Instead of a bullet ?

La-P. Instead of a bullet.

Lav. That was miraculous indeed !
And that loaf sustain'd you ?

La-P. Nourish'd me,
Or I had famish'd wi' the rest.

Lav. You have done
Worthy acts, being a soldier. And now you shall
Give me leave to requite your tale, and to acquaint you
With the most notorious deeds that I've done,
Being a courtier : I protest, captain,
I'll lie no more than you have done.

La-P. I can
Endure no lies.

Lav. I know you cannot, captain,
Therefore I will only tell you of strange things :
I did once a deed of charity, for itself ;
I assisted a poor widow in a suit,
And obtain'd it ; yet, I protest, I took not
A penny for my labour.

La-P. It is no
Such strange thing.

Lav. By Mars, captain, but it is,
And a very strange thing too, in a courtier ;
It may take the upper-hand of your penny-loaf
For a miracle. I could have told you
How many ladies have languish'd for my love,
And how I was once solicited by
The mother, the daughter, and grandmother ; out of
The least of which I might have digg'd myself

A for-

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A fortune; they were all great ladies, for two of them
Were so big I could hardly embrace them;
But I was sluggish in my rising courses,
And therefore let them pass. What means I had
Is spent upon such as had the wit to cheat me;
That wealth being gone, I've only bought experience
With it, with a strong hope to cheat others.—
But see, here comes the much-declined Montague,
Who'd all the manor-houses, which were the body
Of his estate, o'erthrown by a great wind!

Enter Montague and Mallicorn.

La-P. How! by a great wind?
Was he not overthrown by law?

Lav. Yes, marry was he;
But there was terrible puffing and blowing
Before he was o'erthrown, if you observ'd;
And believe it, captain, there is no wind so dangerous
To a building as a lawyer's breath.

La-P. What's he with him?

Lav. An eminent citizen, monsieur Mallicorn:
Let's stand aside, and listen their design!

Mal. Sir, profit is the crown of labour; 'tis
The life, the soul of the industrious merchant:
In it he makes his Paradise, and for't neglects
Wife, children, friends, parents, nay, all the world,
And delivers up himself to th' violence of storms,
And to be tossed into unknown airs.
As there's no faculty so perilous,
So there is none so worthy profitable¹⁸.

¹⁸ *So there is none so worthy profitable.*] i. e. Profit is the most
worthily profitable of any faculty. This is little more than to say,
profit is profit. But the absurdity is not chargeable upon the original.
Almost the whole act has been hitherto printed as prose, and where
the measure is not easily restored, there the sense too is frequently
deficient; and where both fail together, there is the fullest proof of a
corruption. Both in this place are very easily amended by adding or
rather restoring two particles:

As there's no faculty so perilous,

So there is none so worthy as the profitable.

Seward.

Seward's addition, in our opinion, injures both measure and sense.
The two lines signify, 'As there is no profession incurs so much
'danger as the Merchant, so there is none so reputably lucrative.'
Montague's answer proves this.

Mont.

Mont. Sir, I am very well posselt of it¹⁹;
And what of my poor fortunes remains,
I would gladly hazard upon the sea; it cannot
Deal worie with me than the land, though't sink
Or throw it in the hands of pirates. I have yet
Five hundred pounds left, and your honest
And worthy acquaintance may make me a young
merchant:

The one moiety of what I have I'd gladly
Adventure.

Mal. How! adventure? you shall hazard
Nothing; you shall only join with me in certain
Commodities that are safe arriv'd unto
The quay: You shall neither be in doubt of danger
Nor damage; but, so much money disburs'd,
So much receive. Sir, I would have you conceive
I pursue it not for any good your money will
Do me, but merely out of mine own freeness
And courtesy to pleasure you.

Mont. I can
Believe no less; and you express
A noble nature, seeking to build up
A man so ruin'd as myself.

Lav. Captain, here's subject
For us to work upon, if we have wit:
You hear that there is money yet left, and 'tis
Going to be laid out in rattles, bells,
Hobby-horses, brown paper, or some such-like sale
Commodities; now it would do better in our purses,
Upon our backs in good gold-lace and scarlet;
And then we might pursue our projects, and our
Devices towards my lady Annabella.
Go to! there is a conceit newly landed:
Hark! I stand in good reputation with him,
And therefore may the better cheat him: Captain,
Take a few instructions from me.

¹⁹ *Posselt of it.*] That is, *acquainted with or informed of it.* So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, act i. sc. v. Bobadil says, '*Posselt* no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.' R.

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Mont. What money
I have's at your disposing; and upon twelve,
I'll meet you at the palace with it.

Mal. I'll there

Expect you; and so I take my leave.

Lav. You apprehend me? [Exit *Mal.*

La-P. Why, d'ye think I'm a dunce?

Lav. Not a dunce, captain;

But you might give me leave to misdoubt that
Pregnancy in a soldier, which is proper and
Hereditary to a courtier: But prosecute it;
I will both second and give credit to it.—
Good monsieur Montague! I would your whole
Revenues lay within the circuit of
Mine arms, that I might as easily bestow,
Or restore it unto you as my courtesy!

La-P. My zealous wishes, Sir, do accompany his
For your good fortunes.

Lav. Believe it, Sir, our
Affection towards you is a strong bond of friendship.

Mont. To which I shall most willingly seal. But,
believe me,

Gentlemen, in a broken estate the bond
Of friendship oft is forfeited; but that
It is your free and ingenuous nature to renew it.

Lav. Sir, I will amply extend myself to your use,
And am very zealously afflicted, as not
One of your least friends, for your crooked fate:
But let it not seize you with any dejection;
You have, as I hear, a sufficient
Competency left, which, well dispos'd,
May erect you as high in the world's
Account as ever.

Mont. I can't live to hope it,
Much less enjoy it: Nor is it any part
Of my endeavour; my study is to render
Ev'ry man his own, and to contain myself
Within the limits of a gentleman.

Lav. I have the grant of an office given me by
Some

Some noble favourites of mine in court;
There stands but a small matter between me
And it: If your ability be such
To lay down the present sum, out of the love
I bear you, before any other man,
It shall be confirm'd yours.

Mont. I've heard you often speak of such a thing;
If't be assur'd to you, I'll gladly deal in it:
That portion I have I would not hazard
Upon one course, for I see the most certain
Is uncertain.

La-P. Having money, Sir,
You could not light upon men that could give
Better direction. There's at this time a friend
Of mine upon the seas (to be plain with you,
He is a pirate) that hath wrote to me
To work his freedom; and by this gentleman's
Means, whose acquaintance is not small at court,
We have the word of a worthy man for't: only there is
Some money to be suddenly disburs'd;
And if your happiness be such to make it up,
You shall receive treble gain by't;
And good assurance for it.

Mont. Gentlemen,
Out of the weakness of my estate you seem
To have some knowledge of my breast, that would,
If it were possible, advance my declin'd fortunes;
To satisfy all men of whom I have
Had credit; and I know no way better
Than these which you propose: I have some money
Ready under my command; some part of it is
Already promis'd, but the remainder is
Yours to such uses as are propounded.

Lav. Appoint some certain place of meeting;
For these affairs require expedition.

Mont. I'll make't my present business. At twelve I am
To meet Mallicorn, the merchant, at the palace,
(You know him, Sir) about some negotiation
Of the same nature; there I will be ready
To tender you that money, upon such

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Conditions as we shall conclude of.

Lav. The care
Of it be yours, so much as the affair
Concerns you !

Mont. Your caution is effectual; and till then
I take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Lav. Good Mr. Montague !

[*Within a clamour, Down with their weapons !*]

*Enter Longueville and Dubois, their swords drawn ;
Servants and others between them.*

Ser. Nay, gentlemen, what mean you ? Pray be quiet !
Have some respect unto the house.

Long. A treacherous slave !

Dubois. Thou dost revile thyself, base Longueville !

Long. I say thou art a villain, and a corrupt one,
That hast some seven years fed on thy master's trencher,
Yet ne'er bred'st good blood towards him, for if thou
hadst,

Thou'dst have a sounder heart.

Dubois. So, Sir ! you can
Use your tongue something nimbler than your sword.

Long. 'Would you could use your tongue well of
your master, friend !

You might have better employment for your sword.

Dubois. I say
Again, and I will speak it loud and often,
That Orleans is a noble gentleman,
With whom Amiens is too light to poise the scale.

Long. He is the weaker, for taking of a praise
Out of thy mouth.

Dubois. This hand shall seal his merit
At thy heart.

Lav. Part them, my masters, part them !

Serv. Part them, Sir ?

Why do you not part them ? you stand by
Wi' your sword in your hand, and cry, *part 'em !*

Lav. Why,
You must know, my friend, my cloaths are better
than yours ;

And

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And, in a good suit, I do ne'er use to part any body.

La-P. And it is discretion.

Lav. Ay, marry is it, captain.

Long. Dubois, tho' this place

Privilege thee, know, where next we meet,

The blood, which at thy heart flows, drops at thy feet!

Dubois. I would not spend it better [*Exit Long.*]
Than in this quarrel, and on such a hazard.

Enter Amiens in haste ; his sword drawn.

Ami. What uproar is this? Must my name here
be question'd

In tavern-brawls, and by affected ruffians?

Lav. Not we indeed, Sir.

Dubois. Fear cannot make me shrink out of your fury,
Tho' you were greater than your name doth make you;
I'm one, and the opposer: If your sworn rage
Have aught in malice to enforce, express it.

Ami. I seek thee not; nor shalt thou ever gain
That credit, which a blow from me would give thee.
By my soul, I more detest that fellow
Which took my part than thee, that he durst offer
To take my honour in his feeble arms,
And spend it in a drinking-room. Which way went he?

Lav. That way, Sir.—I would you would after!
For I do fear we shall have some more scuffling.

Ami. I'll follow him; and, if my speed o'ertake him.
I shall ill thank him for his forwardness. [*Exit.*]

Lav. I'm glad he's gone; for I don't love to see
A sword drawn in the hand of a man that looks
So furious; there's no jesting with edge tools:
How say you, captain?

La-P. I say, 'tis better jesting
Than to be in earnest with them.

Enter Orleans.

Orl. How now?

What is the difference? They say there have been
Swords drawn, and in my quarrel: Let me know
That man, whose love is so sincere to spend

His blood for my sake! I will bounteously
Requite him.

Lav. We were all of your side;
But there he stands begun it.

Orl. What's thy name?

Dubois. Dubois.

Orl. Give me thy hand! Thou hast receiv'd no hurt?

Dubois. Not any; nor were this body
Stuck full of wounds, I should not count them hurts,
Being taken in so honourable a cause
As the defence of my most worthy lord.

Orl. The dedication of thy love to me
Requires my ample bounty: Thou art mine;
For I do find thee made unto my purposes.
Monsieur Laverdine, pardon my neglect!
I not observed you. And how runs rumour?

Lav. Why,
It runs, my lord, like a footman without a cloak,
To shew that what's once rumour'd it can't be hid²⁰.

Orl. And what say the rabble?
Am not I the subject of their talk?

Lav. Troth, my lord,
The common mouth speaks foul words.

Orl. Of me,
For turning away my wife, do they not?

Lav. Faith,
The men do a little murmur at it, and say,
'Tis an ill precedent in so great a man.
Marry, the women, they rail outright.

Orl. Out upon them, rampallions²¹! I will keep

²⁰ *To shew that what's once rumour'd it cannot be hid.*] Several pages together here have been hitherto printed as prose; even Longueville's speech at his exit, which ends in rhyme. Here the reader will see that what contributed to spoil the measure, hurt the sense also, and both are restored together.

To shew that what's once rumour'd can't be hid. *Seward.*
Neither the sense or measure would be injured by the old text: The nominative absolute is common in our old writers. A few lines lower we find, *The women, THEY rail.*

²¹ *Rampallions.*] The meaning of this word is pretty obvious. It is used by Sir John Falstaff, speaking to the Hostess, in the Second Part of Henry IV. act. ii. scene i.

Myself safe enough out of their fingers.
But what say my pretty jolly compos'd gallants,
That censure every thing more desperate
Than it is dangerous? what say they?

Lav. Marry,
They're laying wagers what death you shall die:
One offers to lay five hundred pounds (and yet
H' had but a groat about him, and that was in
Two two-pences too) to any man that would
Make't up a shilling, that you were kill'd with a pistol
Charged with white powder²²; another offer'd
To pawn his soul for five shillings, (and yet
Nobody would take him) that you were stabb'd to death,
And should die with more wounds than Cæsar.

Orl. And who should be the butchers that should
do it?

Montague, and his associates?

Lav. So

It is conjectur'd.

La-P. And, believe it, sweet prince,
It is to be fear'd, and therefore prevented.

Orl. By turning
His purpose on himself? were not that the way?

Lav. The most direct path for your safety:
For where doth Danger sit more furious
Than in a desperate man?

La-P. And being you have
Declin'd his means²³, you have encreas'd his malice.

Lav. Besides the general report that steams
In every man's breath, and stains you all o'er
With infamy, that Time, the devourer of all things,
Cannot eat out.

La-P. Ay, for that former familiarity
Which he had with your lady.

Lav. Men speak't as boldly as words of compliment;

²² White powder.] *White powder* was generally imagined to occasion no sound when used in discharging a pistol. Some of the conspirators in Queen Elizabeth's time, confessed, that their intention was to have murdered the Queen with fire-arms charged in this manner.

²³ *Declin'd his means*;] i. e. Begn the cause of their declension.

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Good morrow, good even, or God save you, Sir,
Are not more usual: If the word *cuckold* had been
Written upon your forehead in great capital letters,
It could not have been dilated with more confidence.

Orl. He shall not sleep another night; I'll have
His blood, tho't be requir'd at my hands again!

Lav. Your lordship may, and without hazarding
Your own person: Here's a gentleman in whose looks
I see a resolution to perform it.

Dubois. Let his lordship
Give me but his honourable word for my life,
I'll kill him as he walks.

Lav. Or pistol him
As he sits at meat——

La-P. Or at game——

Lav. Or as he's drinking——

Dubois. Any way.

Orl. Wou't thou?

Call what is mine thine own! Thy reputation shall not
Be brought in question for't, much less thy life;
It shall be nam'd a deed of valour in thee,
Not murder: Farewell!

[*Exit.*

Dubois. I need no more encouragement;
It is a work I will persuade myself
That I was born to.

Lav. And you may persuade
Yourself too that you shall be sav'd by it,
Being that it is for his honourable lordship.

Dubois. But you must yield me means, how, when
and where.

Lav. That shall be our tasks; nay, more, we will
Be agents with thee: This hour we are to meet him,
On the receipt of certain monies, which
Indeed we purpose honestly to cheat him of,
And that's the main cause I would have him slain:
Who works with safety makes a double gain. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Longueville, Amiens following him.

Ami. Stay, Sir! I've took some pains to overtake you.
Your name is Longueville?

Long.

Long. I have the word
Of many honest men for't,—I crave your lordship's
pardon!

Your sudden apprehension on my steps
Made me to frame an answer unwitting, and
Unworthy your respect.

Ami. D' you know me?

Long. Yes, my lord.

Ami. I know not you; nor am I well pleas'd to make
This time, as the affair now stands, the induction
Of your acquaintance. You're a fighting fellow?

Long. How, my lord?

Ami. I think I too much grace you;
Rather you are a fellow dares not fight,
But spit and puff and make a noise, whilst
Your trembling hand draws out your sword, to lay it
Upon andirons, stools, or tables, rather
Than on a man.

Long. Your honour may best speak this; yet,
With little safety, if I thought it serious.

Ami. Come, you're a very braggart;
And you have given me cause to tell you so:
What weakness have you ever seen in me
To prompt yourself, that I could need your help?
Or what other reasons could induce you to it?
You ne'er yet had a meal's meat from my table,
Nor, as I remember, from my wardrobe
Any cast suit.

Long. 'Tis true.

I ne'er durst yet have such a servile spirit
To be the minion of a full-swoln lord,
But always did detest such slavery:
A meal's meat? or a cast suit? I'd first eat the stones,
And from such rags the dunghills do afford
Pick me a garment.

Ami. I've mistook the man!
His resolute spirit proclaims him generous;
He has a noble heart, as free to utter
Good deeds as to act them; for had he not been right,
And of one piece, he would have crumpled, curl'd,

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And struck himself out of the shape of man
 Into a shadow.—But, prithee tell me,
 If no such fawning hope did lead thee on
 To hazard life for my sake,
 What was it that incited thee? tell me; speak it,
 Without the imputation of a fycophant!

Long. Your own desert; and with it was join'd
 Th' unfeigned friendship that I judg'd you ever
 Held unto my former lord.

Ami. The noble Montague?

Long. Yes;
 The noble and much-injur'd Montague.

Ami. To such a man as thou art, my heart shall be
 A casket: I will lock thee up there, and
 Esteem thee as a faithful friend,
 The richest jewel that a man enjoys:
 And, being thou didst follow once my friend,
 And in thy heart still dost, not with his fortunes
 Casting him off, thou shalt go hand in hand
 With me, and share as well in my
 Ability as love: 'Tis not my end
 To gain men for my use, but a true friend. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Dubois.

Dubois. There's no such thriving way to live in grace,
 As to have no sense of it; his back nor belly
 Shall not want warming that can practise me mischief:
 I walk now with a full purse, grow high and wanton,
 Prune and brisk myself in the bright shine
 Of his good lordship's favours; and for what virtue?
 For fashioning myself a murderer.
 Oh, noble Montague, to whom I owe
 My heart, with all my best thoughts, tho' my tongue
 Have promis'd t' exceed the malice of thy destiny,
 Never in time of all my service knew I
 Such a sin tempt thy bounty! those that did feed
 Upon thy charge, had merit or else need.

Enter Laverdine and La-Poop, with disguises.

Lav. Dubois! most prosperously met!

Dubois

Dubois. How now ?

Will he come this way ?

Law. This way, immediately ;

Therefore, thy assistance, dear *Dubois* !

Dubois. What, have you cheated him of the money
you spoke of ?

Law. Fough ! as easily as a silly country wench
Of her maidenhead ; we had it in a twinkling.

Dubois. 'Tis well. Captain, let me help you ; you
must be

Our leader in this action.

La-P. Tut ! fear not ;

I'll warrant you, if my sword hold, we'll make
No sweating sickness of it ²⁴.

Dubois. Why, that's well said.

But let's retire a little, that we may come

On the more bravely. This way, this way ! [*Exe.*]

*Enter Montague in the hands of Three Officers, and
Three Creditors.*

1 Cred. Officers, look to him ; and be sure you take
Good security before he part from you !

Mont. Why, but, my friends,

²⁴ No sweating sickness of it.] The *Sweating Sickness*, called *Sudor Anglicus*, and *Febris Ephemera Britannica*, is by some supposed to have been a disorder peculiarly incident to the English nation. It first appeared in the year 1485, and afterwards in 1506, 1517, 1528, and 1551, and each time made a prodigious havock in the human species. Dr. Mead supposes it originally to have been imported by the French troops, brought over by Henry VII. who caught the infection from others, about that time returned from the siege of Rhodes. The violence of the disease eluded every effort made by the physicians to stop the progress of it. Those who were attacked by it seldom lived more than twenty-four hours, and many were carried off in half the time. The most singular circumstance attending it was this, which is related by several writers, That the natives of every other Country but England escaped it, and that those natives who fled into foreign climates were pursued by it, and fell victims to its malignity. Dr. Mead supposes it to have been a species of the Pestilence.—A very poetical and accurate account of its symptoms and effects may be read in Dr. Armstrong's *Art of Preserving Health*, book iii. line 532, &c.

R.

You

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You take a strange course with me! the sums I owe you
Are rather forgetfulness, (they are so slight)
Than want of will or honesty to pay you.

1 *Cred.* Ay, Sir, it may be so; but we must be paid,
And we will be paid before you 'scape:
We've wife and children, and a charge; and you
Are going down the wind, as a man may say;
And therefore it behoves us to look to't
In time.

2 *Cred.* Your cloak here would satisfy me;
Mine is not above a three-pound matter,
Besides th' arrest.

3 *Cred.* 'Faith, and mine is much
About that matter too; your girdle and hanger,
And your beaver, shall be sufficient bail for it.

1 *Cred.* If you have ever a plain black suit at home,
This silken one, with your silk stockings, garters,
And roses, shall pacify me too; for I
Take no delight, if I've a sufficient pawn,
To cast any gentleman in prison; therefore
'Tis but an untrussing matter, and you are free.
We are no unreasonable creatures, you see:
For mine own part, I protest I'm loth to put you
To any trouble for security.

Mont. Is there
No more of you? he would next demand my skin.

1 *Cred.* No, Sir;
Here are no more of us, nor do any of us
Demand your skin; we know not what to do with it;
But it may be, if you ow'd your glover
Any money, he knew what use to make of it.

Mont. Ye dregs of baseness, vultures amongst men,
That tire²⁴ upon the hearts of generous spirits——

1 *Cred.* You do us wrong, Sir; we tire no ge-
nerous spirits;
We tire nothing but our hacknies.

²⁴ *That tire upon, &c.*] So, in Decker's *Match Me in London*, 1631,

• ——— the vulture *tires*

• Upon the eagle's heart.'

Enter Mallicorn.

Mont. But here comes one made of another piece!
A man well meriting that free-born name
Of Citizen. Welcome, my deliverer!
I am fallen into the hands of blood-hounds, that
For a sum less than their honesties,
Which is nothing, would tear me out of my skin.

Mal. Why, Sir, what is the matter?

1 Cred. Why, Sir,
The matter is, that we must have our money;
Which if we can't have, we'll satisfy ourselves
With his carcase, and be paid that ways.
You had as good, Sir, not have been so peremptory.
Officer, hold fast!

1 Officer. The strenuous fist
Of Vengeance now is clutch'd; therefore fear no-
thing!

Mal. What may be the debt in gross?

Mont. Some forty crowns;
Nay, rather not so much: 'Tis quickly cast.

Mal. 'Tis strange to me, that your estate should have
So low an ebb, to stick at such slight sums.
Why, my friends, you are too strict in your accounts,
And call too sudden on this gentleman;
He has hopes left yet to pay you all.

1 Cred. Hopes?
Ay, marry! bid him pay his friends with hopes,
And pay us with current coin! I knew
A gallant once that fed his creditors
Still with hopes, and bid 'em they should fear
Nothing, for he had 'em tied in a string;
And trust me, so he had indeed, for at last
He and all his hopes hopt in a halter.

Mont. Good Sir,
With what speed you may, free me
Out of the company of these slaves, that have
Nothing but their names to shew 'em men.

Mal. What would
You wish me do, Sir? I protest I ha' not

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The present sum (small as it is) to lay down for you;
And for giving my word, my friends no later
Than yesternight made me take bread and eat it,
That I should not do it for any man breathing i'th'
world:

Therefore I pray hold me excus'd!

Mont. You do not speak

This seriously?

Mal. As e'er I said my prayers,
I protest to you.

Mont. What may I think of this?

Mal. Troth, Sir, thought's free for any man; we
abuse

Our betters in it; I have done it myself.

Mont. Trust me, this speech of yours doth much
amaze me!

Pray leave this language; and out of that
Same sum you lately did receive of me,
Lay down as much as may discharge me.

Mal. You're

A merry man, Sir; and I am glad you take your
Crosses so temperately. Fare you well, Sir!
And yet I have something more to say to you;
A word in your ear, I pray! To be plain with you,
I did lay this plot to arrest you, to enjoy
This money I have of yours with the more safety.
I'm a fool to tell you this now; but, in good
faith,

I could not keep it in; and the money would
Ha' done me little good else. An honest citizen
Cannot wholly enjoy his own wife for you;
They grow old before they have true use of them,
Which is a lamentable thing, and truly
Much hardens the hearts of us citizens
Against you. I can say no more, but am
Heartily sorry for your heaviness;
And so I take my leave.

[Exit,

Cred. Officers,

Take hold on him again! for monsieur Mallicorn
Will do nothing for him, I perceive.

Enter

THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE. 429

Enter Dubois, La-Poop, and Laverdine.

Dubois. Nay, come,
My masters, leave dancing of the old measures,
And let's assault him bravely!

Lav. By no means;
For it goes against my stomach to kill a man
In an unjust quarrel.

La-P. It must needs
Be a clog to a man's conscience all his life-time.

Lav. It must indeed, captain: Besides, do you not
See he has gotten a guard of friends about him,
As if he had some knowledge of our purpose?

Dubois. Had he a guard of devils, as I think 'em
Little better, my sword should do the message that
It came for.

Lav. If you will be so desperate,
The blood lie upon your own neck, for we'll
Not meddle in't!

Dubois. I am your friend and servant;
Struggle with me, and take my sword.—

*[Dubois runs upon Montague, and struggling yields
him his sword; the Officers draw; Laverdine and
La-Poop in the scuffling retire; Montague chaseth
them off the stage, himself wounded.]*

Noble Sir, make your way! You've slain an Officer.

Mont. Some one of them has certainly requited me;
For I do lose much blood.

1 Officer. Udsprecious!
We've lost a brother: Pursue the gentleman!

2 Officer. I'll not meddle with him: You see what
comes on't;

Besides, I know he'll be hang'd, ere he be taken.

1 Officer. I tell thee, yeoman, he must be taken
Ere he be hang'd.—He is hurt in the guts;
Run afore therefore, and know how his wife
Will eate his sausages a-pound.

3 Officer. Stay, brother!
I may live; for surely I find I am but hurt
In the leg, a dangerous kick on the shin-bone. *[Exe.]*

A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Lamira, Ducheſs, and Veramour.

Lam. **Y**OU ſee, lady,
What harmleſs ſports our country life
affords;

And tho' you meet not here with city dainties,
Or courtly entertainment; what you have
Is free and hearty.

Duch. Madam, I find here
What is a ſtranger to the court, content;
And receive courteſies done for themſelves,
Without an expectation of return,
Which binds me to your ſervice.

Lam. Oh, your love!
My homely houſe, built more for uſe than ſhow,
Obſerves the golden mean, equally diſtant
From glittering pomp, and ſordid avarice:
For maſques, we will obſerve the works of Nature;
And in the place of viſitation, read;
Our phyſic ſhall be wholeſome walks; our viands
Nouriſhing, not provoking; for I find
Pleaſures are tortures that leave ſtings behind.

Duch. You have a great eſtate.

Lam. A competency
Sufficient to maintain me and my rank;
Nor am I, I thank Heav'n, ſo courtly bred
As to employ the utmoſt of my rents
In paying tailors for fantaſtic robes;
Or, rather than be ſecond in the faſhion,
Eat out my officers and my revenues
With grating uſury; my back ſhall not be
The baſe on which your ſoothing citizen
Erects his ſummer-houſes; nor, on th' other ſide,
Will I be ſo penuriouſly wiſe,

As

As to make money, that's my slave, my idol;
Which yet to wrong, merits as much reproof,
As to abuse our servant.

Duch. Yet, with your pardon,
I think you want the crown of all contentment.

Lam. In what, good madam?

Duch. In a worthy husband.

Lam. God²⁵! it is strange the galley-slave should
praise

His oar, or strokes; or you, that have made shipwreck
Of all delight upon this rock call'd Marriage,
Should sing encomiums on it.

Duch. Madam, tho'
One fall from's horse and break his neck, will you
Conclude from that it is unfit to ride?
Or must it follow, because Orleans
My lord is pleas'd to make his passionate trial
Of my suspected patience, that my brother
(Were he not so, I might say worthy Amiens)
Will imitate his ills, that cannot fancy²⁶
What's truly noble in him?

Lam. I must grant
There's as much worth in him as can be look'd for
From a young lord; but not enough to make
Me change my golden liberty, and consent
To be a servant to it, as wives are
To the imperious humours of their lords.
Methinks, I'm well: I rise and go to bed,
When I think fit; eat what my appetite
Desires, without control; my servants' study
Is my contentment, and to make me merry

²⁵ — *It is strange the galley slave should praise.*] This verse wants a syllable which the reader must supply by some note of exclamation at the beginning. It being common in all the editions of our Authors to leave dashes for exclamatory particles, and for every species of lesser oaths. *Seward.*

We have supplied the deficiency; and, we do not doubt, with the Author's own word.

²⁶ *That cannot fancy.*] *Seward* silently reads,
That you can't fancy, &c.

432 THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

Their furthest aims ; my sleeps are enquir'd after,
 My rising-up saluted with respect :
 Command and liberty now wait upon
 My virgin state ; what would I more ? change all,
 And for a husband ? no ! these freedoms die,
 In which they live, with my virginity :
 'Tis in their choice, that's rich, to be a wife,
 But not, being yoa'k'd, to chuse the single life.—
 Veramour²⁶ !

Ver. Madam.

Lam. How like you the country ?

Ver. I like the air of it well, madam ; and the rather,
 Because, as on Irish timber your spider will
 Not make his web, so, for aught I see yet,
 Your cheater, pandar, and informer, being in
 Their dispositions too foggy for
 This piercing climate, shun it, and chuse rather
 To walk in mists i'th' city.

Lam. Who did you
 Serve first, boy ?

Ver. A rich merchant's widow ; and was
 By her preferr'd to a young court-lady.

Duch. And what
 Difference found you in their service ?

Ver. Very much ;
 For look, how much my old city madam gave
 To her young visitants, so much my lady
 Receiv'd from her hoary court-servants.

Lam. And what
 Made you to leave her ?

Ver. My father, madam, had
 A desire to have me a tall-man, took me from thence.

Lam. Well, I perceive you inherit the wag, from
 your father.

²⁶ But not being yoa'k'd to chuse the single life.

Ver. Madam.] By this reading Veramour should first speak to the lady, which from the propriety of the thing, from the sense of the context, and from the measure, it is plain he did not ; but that his name should be inserted in the end of the lady's speech, and the first call to him.

Seward.

Ver.

Ver. Doves beget doves, and eagles eagles, madam :

A citizen here, tho' left ne'er so rich,
Seldom at the best proves a gentleman ;
The son of an advocate, tho' dubb'd, like's father,
Will shew a relish
Of his descent, and the father's thriving practice ;
As I've heard, she that of a chambermaid
Is metamorphos'd into a madam,
Will yet remember how oft her daughter
By her mother ventur'd to lie upon the rushes,
Before she could get in that which makes many ladies.

Duch. But what think you of your late master ?

Ver. Oh, madam ! *[Sigs.]*

Lam. Why do you sigh ? you're sorry that you left him ;

He made a wanton of you.

Ver. Not for that ;

Or if he did, for that my youth must love him.
Oh, pardon me, if I say liberty
Is bondage, if compar'd with his kind service ;
And but to have power now to speak his worth
To its desert, I should be well content
To be an old man when his praise were ended :
And yet, if at this instant you were pleas'd
I should begin, the livery of age
Would take his lodging upon this head
Ere I should bring it to a period.
In brief, he is a man (for Heav'n forbid
That I should ever live to say he *was*)
Of such a shape as would make one belov'd
That never had good thought ; and to his body
He hath a mind of such a constant temper,
In which all virtues throng to have a room ;
Yet 'gainst this noble gentleman, this Montague,
(For in that name I comprehend all goodness)
Wrong, and the wrested law, false witnesses,
And Envy sent from hell, have rose in arms,
And, tho' not pierc'd, batter'd his honour'd shield.

434 THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

What shall I say? I hope you will forgive me,
That if you were but pleas'd to love,
I know no Juno worthy such a Jove²⁷.

Enter Charlotte with a letter.

Lam. It is well yet that I've the second place
In your affection. From whence?

Charl. From the lord Amiens, madam.

Lam. 'Tis welcome, tho' it bear his usual language.
I thought so much; his love-suit speaks his health.
What's he that brought it?

Charl. A gentleman of good rank, it seems.

Lam. Where is he?

Charl. Receiving entertainment in your house,
Sorting with his degree.

Lam. 'Tis well.

Charl. He waits
Your ladyship's pleasure.

Lam. He shall not wait long.—
I'll leave you for a while.—Nay, stay you, boy;
Attend the lady. [*Exeunt Lam. and Charl.*]

Ver. 'Would I might live once
To wait on my poor master!

Duch. That's a good boy!
This thankfulness looks lovely on thy forehead;
And in it, as a book, methinks I read

²⁷ *That if you were but pleas'd to love,*

I know no Juno worthy such a Jove.] Both the sense and measure of the first line are so lame that there can, I think, be no doubt of a corruption. That which is most natural for Veramour to say as a proper compliment to Lamira, and a proper wish for restoring his beloved master to wealth and prosperity; this, I say, will exactly fill up the measure; and tho' it departs more than I could wish from the trace of the letters, yet a few blots in the original copy might easily cause such a difference; I hope that I shall only restore that original in reading.

That unless you yourself were pleas'd to love.

Lamira's answer evidently requires some reading to this purport.

Seward.

The sense of the first line is clear, and the text should not be violated. Lamira's answer refers to Veramour's affection, not to Montague's.

THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE. 435

Instructions for myself, that am his debtor,
And would do much that I might be so happy
To repair that which to our grief is ruin'd.

Ver. It were a work a king might glory in,
If he saw with my eyes. If you please, madam,
(For sure to me you seem unapt to walk)
To fit, altho' the churlish birds deny
To give us music in this grove, where they
Are prodigal to others, I'll strain my voice
For a sad song; the place is safe and private.

Duch. 'Twas my desire: Begin, good Veramour!

*Music, a song; at the end of it, enter Montague fainting,
his sword drawn.*

Duch. What's he, Veramour?

Ver. A goodly personage.

Mont. Am I yet safe? or is my flight a dream?
My wounds and hunger tell me that I wake:
Whither have my fears borne me? No matter where;
Who hath no place to go to, cannot err!
What shall I do? Cunning Calamity,
That others' gross wits uses to refine,
When I most need it, dulls the edge of mine.

Duch. Is not this Montague's voice?

Ver. My master's? fy!

Mont. What sound was that? Pish!

Fear makes the wretch think every leaf o'th' jury.
What course to live? beg? better men have done it,
But in another kind: Steal? Alexander,
Tho' stil'd a conqueror, was a proud thief,
Tho' he robb'd with an army. Fy, how idle
These meditations are! tho' thou art worse
Than Sorrow's tongue can speak thee, thou art still,
Or shouldst be, honest Montague.

Duch. 'Tis too true.

Ver. 'Tis he!

What villain's hands did this? Oh, that my flesh
Were balm! in faith, Sir, I would pluck it off
As readily as this! Pray you accept

436 THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

My will to do you service : I have heard
The mouse once sav'd the lion in his need,
As the poor scarab ²⁸ spoil'd the eagle's seed ²⁹.

Duch. How do you ?

Mont. As a forsaken man.

Duch. Do not say so ! take comfort ;
For your misfortunes have been kind in this,
To cast you on a hospitable shore,
Where dwells a lady——

Ver. She to whom, good master,
You preferr'd me.

Duch. In whose house, whatsoe'er
Your dangers are, I'll undertake your safety.

Mont. I fear that I'm pursued ; and doubt that I,
In my defence, have kill'd an Officer.

Ver. Is that all ? There's no law under the sun
But will, I hope, confess, one drop of blood
Shed from this arm is recompence enough,
Tho' you had cut the throats of all the catchpoles.
In France, nay, in the world.

Mont. I would be loth
To be a burden, or feed like a drone
On the industrious labour of a bee ;
And baser far I hold it to owe for
The bread I eat, what's not in me to pay :
Then, since my full fortunes are declin'd ³⁰,
To their low ebb, I'll fashion my high mind.
It was no shame to Hecuba, to serve
When Troy was fir'd : If't be in your power
To be a means to make her entertain me ³¹,

²⁸ Scarab.] See note 49 on the Elder Brother.

²⁹ Spil'd the eagles seed.] Former editions.

Seward.

³⁰ Then since my full, &c.] Seward, for the sake of measure, reads,
Then since my ONCE full fortunes are declin'd.

³¹ To be a means to make her entertainment.] This mistake of the
substantive *entertainment* for *entertain me*, has run through the former
editions. It has been objected to this passage—How could Montague
be personally unknown or want a recommendation to Lamira, when
he had expressly recommended to her both the persons he speaks to.

Had

THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE. 437

{And far from that I was ; but to supply
My want with habit fit for him that serves)
I shall owe much to you.

Duch. Leave that care to me.

Ver. Good Sir, lean on my shoulder. Help, good
madam !

Oh, that I were a horse for half an hour,
That I might carry you home on my back !
I hope you'll love me still ?

Mont. Thou dost deserve it, boy.

That I should live to be thus troublesome !

Duch. Good Sir, 'tis none.

Ver. Trouble ? most willingly I would be chang'd
Like Apuleius, wear his ass's ear³²,
Provided I might still this burden bear.

Duch. 'Tis a kind boy !

Mont. I find true proof of it. [Exeunt.]

Enter Amiens and Longueville, with a paper.

Ami. You'll carry it ?

Long. As I live, altho' my packet
Were like Bellerophon's. What have you seen
In me or my behaviour, since your favours
So plentifully shower'd upon my wants,
That may beget distrust of my performance ?

Ami. Nay, be not angry ! if I entertain'd
But the least scruple of your love, or courage,
I would make choice of one which my estate
Should do me right in this³³ : Nor can you blame me,

Had the poets foreseen the objection, an additional line might have taken it clearly off. Since it is very common, for persons of remarkable goodness living at great distances, and personally unknown to each other, to contract great friendships merely from character and the intercourse of mutual friends ; or perhaps what is still a greater band of friendship, their concurrence in the same works of charity and benevolence. *Seward.*

Surely the absurdity is too gross to be so easily removed.

³² Like Apuleius, &c.] See *Apuleius's Golden Ass*, translated into English by William Adlington, 1571. *R.*

³³ I would make choice of one which my estate

Should do me right in this.] Thus the former editions, but I believe

438 THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

If in a matter of such consequence
I am so importunate.

Long. Good my lord,
Let me prevent your further conjurations
To raise my spirit ! I know this is a challenge
To be deliver'd unto Orleans' hand ;
And that my undertaking ends not there,
But I must be your second, and in that
Not alone search your enemy, measure weapons,
But stand in all your hazards, as our bloods
Ran in the self-same veins ; in which if I
Better not your opinion, as a limb
That's putrified and useles, cut me off,
And underneath the gallows bury it !

Ami. At full you understand me, and in this
Bind me, and what is mine, to you and yours :
I will not so much wrong you as to add
One syllable more ; let it suffice I leave
My honour to your guard, and in that prove
You hold the first place in my heart and love ! [*Exit.*

Long. The first place in a lord's affection ? very good !
And how long doth that last ? perhaps the changing
Of some three shirts i' th' tennis-court. Well, it were
Very necessary that an order were taken
(If 'twere possible) that younger-brothers
Might have more wit, or more money ; for now,
Howe'er the fool hath long been put upon him
That inherits, his revenue hath bought him
A sponge, and wiped off the imputation :
And for the understanding of the younger,
Let him get as much rhetorick as he can,
To grace his language, they will see he shall

lieve without a possibility of any rational interpretation : I read,
——— *with my estate,*

i. e. I would have a *second* in this duel that should deliver my challenge
and join in the fight with boldness and intrepidity, though it cost me
my whole estate to procure one. Longueville's answer to this has
infinite beauty and energy. *Seward.*

Seward's reading is very bald, and will scarce convey the sense he
annexes to it, at least not in the style of our Authors. The old read-
ing would better bear it.

Enter

Enter Dubois.

Have gloss little enough to set out his bark.
Stand, Dubois! Look about! is all safe?

Dubois. Approach not near me but with reverence,
Laurel, and adorations! I have done
More than deserves a hundred thanks.

Long. How now?
What's the matter?

Dubois. With this hand, only aided by this brain,
Without an Orpheus' harp, redeem'd, from hell's
Three-headed porter, our Euridice.

Long. Nay, prithee, speak sense! this is like the stale
Bragart in a play.

Dubois. Then, in plain prose, thus, and with as
little action as thou canst desire; the three-headed
porter were three inexorable catchpoles, out of whose
jaws, without the help of Orpheus' harp, bait or
bribe (for those two strings make the musick that
mollifies those flinty furies), I rescued our Euridice;
I mean my old master Montague.

Long. And is this all?
A poor rescue! I thought thou hadst revers'd
The judgment for his overthrow in his suit;
Or wrought upon his adversary Orleans,
Taken the shape of a ghost, frighted his mind
Into distraction, and, for the appeasing of
His conscience, forc'd him to make restitution
Of Montague's lands, or such like. Rescued³⁴? Slight,
I would

Have hired a chrochetteur³⁵ for two cardecues,

³⁴ ——— Or such like rescue;] The old folio reads,
———— or such like rescued;

The late editions have made it tolerable sense, though I believe it a
wrong conjecture, the more natural and more spirited reading may
be given without changing a letter, only by different points—I read,
———— or such like; rescued? Slight

I would have hired, &c.

Seward.

³⁵ Have hired acrocheture.] The true word here not being under-
stood, is printed wrong in all the editions, it should be a *chrochetteur*,
i. e. a porter.

Seward.

440 THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

To have done so much with his whip !

Dubois. You would, Sir ?

And yet 'tis more than three on their foot-cloths durst do
For a sworn brother, in a coach.

Long. Besides,
What proofs of it ? for aught I know, this may be
A trick ; I had rather have him a prisoner,
Where I might visit him, and do him service,
Than not at all, or I know not where.

Dubois. Well, Sir, the end will shew it. What's
that ? a challenge ?

Long. Yes ; where is Orleans ? tho' we fight in jest,
He must meet with Amiens in earnest.—Fall off !
We are discover'd !—My horse, garson, ha !

Dubois. Were it not in a house, and in his presence
To whom I owe all duty——

Long. What would it do ?
Prate, as it does ; but be as far from striking,
As he that owes it, Orleans.

Dubois. How ?

Long. I think thou art his porter,
Set here to answer creditors, that his lordship
Is not within ; or takes the diet. I am sent,
And will grow here until I have an answer,
Not to demand a debt of money, but
To call him to a strict account for wrong
Done to the honours of a gentleman,
Which nothing but his heart-blood shall wash off.

Dubois. Shall I hear this ?

Long. And more ; that if I may not
Have access to him, I will fix this here,
To his disgrace and thine——

Dubois. And thy life with it.

Long. Then have the copies of it pasted on posts,
Like pamphlet-titles, that sue to be sold ;
Have his disgrace talk for tobacco-shops,
His picture baffled——

Dubois. All respect away !
Were't in a church——

[*Draw both.*

Long. This is the book I pray with.

Enter

THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE. 441

Enter Orleans.

Orl. Forbear, upon your lives !

Long. What, are you rous'd ?

I hope your lordship can read (tho' he stain not
His birth with scholarship).—Doth it not please you
now ?

If you're a right monsieur, muster up
The rest of your attendance, which is a page,
A cook, a pandar, coachman, and a footman,
(In these days, a great lord's train) pretending I am
Unworthy to bring you a challenge; instead of an-
swering it,
Have me kick'd.

Dubois. If he does, thou deserv'st it.

Long. I dare you all to touch me ! I'll not stand still,
What answer you ?

Orl. That thou hast done to Amiens
The office of a faithful friend, which I
Would cherish in thee, were he not my foe.
However, since on honourable terms
He calls me forth, say I will meet with him;
And by Dubois, ere sun-set, make him know
The time and place, my sword's length, and whatever
Scruple of circumstance he can expect.

Long. This answer comes unlook'd-for. Fare you well !
Finding your temper thus, 'would I had said less ! [*Ex.*

Long. Now comes thy love to the test.

Dubois. My lord, 'twill hold,
And in all dangers prove itself true gold. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Laverdine, La-Poop, Mallicorn, and Servant.

Serv. I will acquaint my lady with your coming.
Please you repose yourselves here.

Mal. There's a tester ;

Nay, now I am a wooer, I must be bountiful.

Serv. If you would have two three-pences for it, Sir,
To give some of your kindred as you ride,
I'll see if I can get them ; we use not
(Tho' servants) to take bribes.

[*Exit.*
Lav.

442 THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

Lav. Then thou'rt unfit
To be in office, either in court or city.

La-P. Indeed corruption is a tree, whose branches
Are of an unmeasurable length; they spread ev'ry
where,

And the dew that drops from thence hath infected
Some chairs and stools of authority.

Mal. Ah, captain,
Lay not all the fault upon officers;
You know you can shark, tho' you be out of action,
Witness Montague!

Lav. Hang him! he's safe enough:
You had a hand in't too, and have gain'd by him.
But I wonder you citizens, that keep
So many books, and take such strict accounts
For every farthing due to you from others,
Reserve not so much as a memorandum
For the courtesies you receive.

Mal. Would you have
A citizen book those? Thankfulness is
A thing we are not sworn to in our indentures;
You may as well urge conscience.

Lav. Talk
No more of such vanities! Montague
Is irrecoverably sunk: I would
We had twenty more to send after him. The snake
That would be a dragon, and have wings, must eat;
And what implieth that, but this, that in
This cannibal age, he that would have
The suit of wealth, must not care whom he feeds on?
And, as I've heard, no flesh battens better
Than that of a professed friend; and he
That would mount to honour, must not make dainty
To use the head of his mother, back of his father,
Or neck of his brother, for ladders to his preferment:
For but observe, and you shall find for th' most part,
Cunning Villainy sit at a feast as principal guest,
And innocent Honesty wait as a contemn'd servant
With a trencher.

La-P. The ladies!

Enter

Enter Montague, Lamira, Ducheſs, Charlotte, and Veramour.

Mont. Do you ſmell nothing?

Charl. Not I, Sir.

Mont. The carrion of knaves is very ſtrong in my noſtrils.

Lav. We came to admire; and find Fame was a niggard,

Which we thought prodigal in your report³⁶,
Before we ſaw you.

Lam. Tuiſh, Sir! this courtſhip's old.

La-P. I'll fight for thee, ſweet wench;
This is my tongue, and wooes for me.

Lam. Good man of war,
Hands off! if you take me, it muſt be by ſiege,
Not by an onſet: And for your valour, I
Think that I have deſerv'd few enemies,
And therefore need it not.

Mal. Thou need'ſt nothing, ſweet lady,
But an obſequious huſband; and where wilt thou find
him,

If not i' th' city? We are true Muſcovites
To our wives, and are ne'er better pleas'd than when
They uſe us as ſlaves, bridle and ſaddle us: Have me!
Thou ſhalt command all my wealth as thine own;
Thou ſhalt ſit like a queen in my warehouse; and
My factors, at the return with my ſhips, ſhall pay thee
Tribute of all the rarities of th' earth;
Thou ſhalt wear gold, feed on delicacies; the firſt
Peaſcods, ſtrawberries, grapes, cherries, ſhall——

Lam. Be mine: I apprehend what you would ſay.
Thoſe dainties, which the city pays ſo dear for,
The country yields for nothing, and as early;
And, credit me, your far-fet³⁷ viands pleaſe not

³⁶ Which we thought prodigal in our report.] Former editions.
Mr. Symphon concurred in the correction. Seward.

³⁷ Far-fet.] Seward alters *ſet* to *fetch'd*; but *ſet* is right; it was
the language of the times. So, in Roger Aſcham's Works, p. 13,
And

444 THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

My appetite better than those that are near hand.
 Then, for your promis'd service and subjection
 To all my humours when I am your wife,
 (Which, as it seems, is frequent in the city)
 I cannot find what pleasure they receive
 In using their fond husbands like their maids :
 But, of this, more hereafter ! I accept
 Your proffer kindly, and yours : My house stands
 open

To entertain you ; take your pleasure in it,
 And ease after your journey !

Duch. Do you note
 The boldness of the fellows ?

Lam. Alas, madam !
 A virgin must in this be like a lawyer ;
 And as he takes all fees, she must hear all suitors ;
 The one for gain, the other for her mirth :
 Stay with the gentlemen ! we'll to the orchards.

[*Exe. Lamira, Duchess, Ver. and Charlotte.*]

La-P. Zounds ! what art thou ?

Mont. An honest man, tho' poor :
 And look they like to monsters ? are they so rare ?

Lav. Rose from the dead ?

Mal. Do you hear, monsieur Serviteur ?
 Didst thou never hear of one Montague,
 A prodigal gull, that liveth about Paris ?

Mont. So, Sir !

Lav. One that after the loss of his main estate
 In a law-suit, bought an office in the court ?

La-P. And should have letters of mart, to have
 The Spanish treasure as it came from the Indies ?
 Were not thou and he twins ? Put off thy hat ;
 Let me see thy forehead.

Mont. Tho' you take privilege
 To use your tongues, I pray you hold your fingers !
 'Twas your base coz'nage made me as I am ;

* And therefore, agaynst a desperate evill began to seeke for a des-
 * perate remedie ; which was *set* from Rome, a shop always open to
 * any mischief, as you shall perceave in these few leaves, if you marke
 * them well.

R.

And,

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And, were you somewhere else, I would take off
This proud film from your eyes, that will not let you
Know I am Montague.

Enter Lamira behind the arras.

Lam. I'll observe this better.

Lav. And art thou he? I'll do thee grace; give
me

Thy hand! I'm glad thou hast ta'en so good a course:
Serve God, and please thy mistress; if I prove
To be thy master, as I'm very likely,
I will do for thee.

Mal. Faith, the fellow
Is well made for a servingman, and will no doubt
Carry a chine of beef with a good grace.

La-P. Prithee be careful of me in my chamber:
I will remember thee at my departure.

Mont. All this I can endure, under this roof;
And so much owe I her, whose now I am,
That no wrong shall incense me to molest
Her quiet house. While you continue here,
I will not be ashamed to do you service
More than to her, because such is her pleasure.
But you that have broke thrice, and fourteen times
Compounded for two shillings in the pound,
Know I dare kick you in your shop! Do you hear?
If ever I see Paris, tho' an army
Of musty murrions³⁷, rusty brown bills and clubs,
Stand for your guard—I have heard of your tricks.
And you that smell of amber at my charge,
And triumph in your cheat—well, I may live
To meet thee! be it among a troop of such
That are upon the fair face of the court
Like running ulcers, and before thy whore,
Trample upon thee!

³⁷ Of musty murrions, &c.] So in *Philaster*, vol. i. p. 183.

We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers!

And when thy noble body is in durance,

Thus do we clap our musty murrions on,

And trace the streets in terror.

R.

La-P.

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La-P. This a language for
A livery? take heed; I am a captain.

Mont. A coxcomb, are you not? That thou and I,
To give proof which of us dares most, were now
In midst of a rough sea, upon a piece
Of a split ship, where only one might ride,
I would——

But foolish anger makes me talk like a player!

[*Lamira from the arras.*]

Lam. Indeed, you act a part doth ill become you,
My servant³⁸; is this your duty?

Mont. I crave your pardon,
And will hereafter be more circumspect.

Lav. Oh, the power of a woman's tongue! It hath
done

More than we three with our swords durst undertake;
Put a madman to silence.

Lam. Why, firrah, these
Are none of your comrades, to drink with in the cellar;
One of them, for aught you know, may live
To be your master.

La-P. There is some comfort yet.

Lam. Here's choice of three: A wealthy merchant——

Mal. Hem!

She's taken; she hath spied my good calf,
And many ladies chuse their husbands by that.

Lam. A courtier that's in grace; a valiant captain;
And are these mates for you? Away, begone!

Mont. I humbly pray you will be pleas'd to pardon!
And, to give satisfaction to you, madam,
(Altho' I break my heart) I will confess
That I have wrong'd them too, and make submission.

Lam. No; I'll spare that. Go, bid the cook haste
supper. [Exit *Mont.*]

La-P. Oh, brave lady, thou'rt worthy to have
servants,
To be commandress of a family, that know'st how
To use and govern it.

Lav. You shall have many mistresses

³⁸ *Doth ill become you, my servant.*] Seward expunges you.

That will so mistake, as to take
Their horse-keepers and footmen instead of their
husbands;

Thou art none of those.

Mal. But she that can make
Distinction of men, and knows when she hath gallants
And fellows of rank and quality in her house——

Lam. Gallants indeed, if't be the gallants' fashion
To triumph in the miseries of a man,
Of which they are the cause! one that transcends
(In spite of all that Fortune hath, or can be, done)
A million of such things as you!—My doors
Stand open to receive all such as wear
The shape of gentlemen; and my gentlier nature
(I might say weaker) weighs not the expence
Of entertainment: Think you I'll forget yet
What's due unto myself? do not I know,
That you have dealt wi' poor Montague, but like
Needy commanders, cheating citizens,
And perjur'd courtiers? I am much mov'd, else use not
To say so much: If you will bear yourselves
As fits such you would make me think you are,
You may stay; if not, the way lies before you. [*Exit.*]

Mal. What think you of this, captain?

La-P. That this is

A bawdy-house, with pinnacles and turrets,
In which this disguis'd Montague goes to rut *gratis*;
And that this is a landed pandress, and makes
Her house a brothel for charity.

Mal. Come, that's no miracle;
But from whence derive you the supposition?

Lav. Observe but th' circumstance³⁹! You all know,
That in the height of Montague's prosperity,
He did affect, and had his love return'd by
This lady Orleans: Since her divorcement,
And his decay of estate⁴⁰, 'tis known they've met;

³⁹ *The circumstance.*] Seward reads, *the circumstances.*

⁴⁰ *It is known they have met, not so much as his boy but is wanting.*] Here again the text, as hitherto printed, would by no means run into any sort of measure, and the sense is almost as much injured. Striking
out

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Not so much as his boy but is wanting; and that this
Can be any thing else than a mere plot for
Their night-work, is above my imagination
To conceive.

Mal. Nay, it carries probability:
Let's observe it better; but yet wi' such caution,
As our prying be not discover'd! here's all things
To be had without cost, and therefore
Good staying here.

La-P. Nay, that is true; I would
We might wooe her twenty years, like Penelope's
suitors.

Come, Laverdine! *[Exeunt Mal. & La-P.]*

Lav. I follow instantly.—
Yonder he is. The thought of this boy

Enter Veramour.

Hath much cool'd my affection to his lady;
And by all conjectures this is a disguis'd whore:
I'll try if I can search this mine.—Page!

Ver. Your pleasure, Sir?

Lav. Thou art a pretty boy.

Ver. And you a brave man:

Now I'm out of your debt.

Lav. Nay, prithee stay!

Ver. I am in haste, Sir.

Lav. By the faith of a courtier——

Ver. Take heed what ye say! you've taken a strange
oath.

out *but* will do but little, for there want some words to connect the
two sentences; the first evidently relating to the meeting of lady
Orleans and Montague in Paris; and the second to their being at
Lamira's country-seat. The words that first occurred, as absolutely
necessary to the sense, perfectly suited the measure, and made the
whole speech run very easily into it. I read, therefore,

——— 'tis known they've met;

And here they are together, not so much as

His boy is wanting. —————

Seward.

We think the old text may very probably and aptly signify, 'Tis
'known they've met, met alone, his very boy absent: And this must
'be a plot for their intrigue.' The old text also is here as reducible
to measure, as many other parts of the play.

Lav.

Lav. I have not seen a youth that hath pleas'd
me better :

I would thou couldst like me, so far as to leave
Thy lady and wait on me ! I would maintain thee
I' th' bravest cloaths——

Ver. Tho' you took them up
On trust, or bought 'em at the broker's ?

Lav. Or any way.

Then thy employments should be so neat and cleanly—
Thou shouldst not touch a pair of pantables
In a month ; and thy lodging——

Ver. Should be in a brothel.

Lav. No ; but in mine arms.

Ver. That may be

The circle of a bawdy-house, or worse.

Lav. I mean thou shouldst lie with me.

Ver. Lie with you ?

I had rather lie with my lady's monkey ! 'twas never
A good world, since our French lords learn'd
Of the Neapolitans, to make their pages
Their bedfellows ; it doth more hurt to th' suburb
ladies,

Than twenty dead vacations. 'Tis supper-time, Sir.
[Exit.

Lav. I thought so !

I know by that 'tis a woman ; for because
Peradventure she hath made trial of the monkey,
She prefers him before me, as one unknown : Well,
These are strange creatures⁴¹, and have strange desires ;
And men must use strange means to quench strange
fires. [Exit,

⁴¹ These are standing creatures, and have strange desires ;

And men must use strange means to quench strange fires.] The
old folio had printed this as prose ; the late editors found out that
these two lines rhymed, and therefore should be printed as verse, but
they did not observe, that there was a corrupt word in the first line
equally injurious both to sense and measure, for what is *standing*
creatures ? We must indisputably read,

——— strange creatures ———

Seward.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Montague alone, in mean habit.

Mont. **N**OW, Montague! who discerns thy spirit
now,
Thy breeding, or thy blood? here's a poor cloud
Eclipseth all thy splendor: Who can read
In thy pale face, dead eye, or lenten suit,
The liberty thy ever-giving hand
Hath bought for others, manacling itself
In gyves of parchment indissoluble?
The greatest-hearted man, supplied with means,
Nobility of birth, and gentlest parts,
Ay⁴², tho' the right-hand of his sovereign,
If Virtue quit her seat in his high soul,
Glitters but like a palace set on fire,
Whose glory whilst it shines but ruins him;
And his bright show, each hour to ashes tending,
Shall at the last be rak'd up like a sparkle,
Unless mens' lives and fortunes feed the flame.
Not for my own wants tho' blame I my stars,
But suffering others to cast love on me,
When I can neither take, nor thankful be:
My lady's woman, fair and virtuous,
Young as the present month, solicits me
For love and marriage; now, being nothing worth—

Enter Veramour.

Ver. Oh, master! I have sought you a long hour:
Good faith, I never joy'd out of your sight!
For Heav'n's sake, Sir, be merry, or else bear
The buffets of your fortunes with more scorn!
Do but begin to rail; teach me the way,

⁴² I *though*, &c.] Folios. Seward, YEA *though*.

And

And I'll sit down, and help your anger forth.
I've known you wear a suit full worth a lordship;
Give to a man, whose need ne'er frightened you
From calling of him *friend*, five hundred crowns,
Ere sleep had left your senses to consider
Your own important present uses: Yet,
Since, I have seen you with a trencher wait,
Void of all scorn; therefore I'll wait on you.

Mont. 'Would Heav'n thou wert less honest!

Ver. 'Would to Heav'n

You were less worthy! I am ev'n wi' ye, Sir.

Mont. Is not thy master strangely fall'n, when thou
Serv'st for no wages, but for charity?

Thou dost surcharge me with thy plenteous love;
The goodness of thy virtue shewn to me,
More opens still my disability

To quit thy pains: Credit me, loving boy,
A free and honest nature may be oppress'd,
Tir'd with courtesies from a liberal spirit,
When they exceed his means of gratitude.

Ver. But 'tis a due in him that, to that end,
Extends his love or duty.

Mont. Little world

Of virtue, why dost love and follow me?

Ver. I will follow you thro' all countries⁴³;
I'll run (fast as I can) by your horse-side,
I'll hold your stirrup when you do alight,
And without grudging wait 'till you return:
I will quit offer'd means, and expose myself
To cold and hunger, still to be with you;
Fearless I'll travel thro' a wilderness;
And when you're weary, I will lay me down
That in my bosom you may rest your head;
Where, whilst you sleep, I'll watch, that no wild beast
Shall hurt or trouble you; and thus we'll breed
A story to make every hearer weep,
When they discourse our fortunes and our loves.

Mont. Oh, what a scoff might men of women make,

⁴³ *I will follow, &c.*] There is great resemblance in this scene to Philaster and Bellario.

If they did know this boy!—But my desire
 Is, that thou wouldst not (as thou usest still,
 When, like a servant, I 'mong servants sit)
 Wait on my trencher, fill my cups with wine:
 Why shouldst thou do this, boy? prithee, consider,
 I am not what I was.

Ver. Curs'd be the day
 When I forget that Montague was my lord,
 Or not remember him my master still!

Mont. Rather curse me, with whom thy youth hath
 spent
 So many hours, and yet untaught to live
 By any worldly quality.

Ver. Indeed,
 You never taught me how to handle cards,
 To cheat and cozen men with oaths and lies;
 Those are the worldly qualities to live:
 Some of our scarlet gallants teach their boys
 These worldly qualities.
 Since stumbling Fortune then leaves Virtue thus,
 Let me leave Fortune, ere be vicious!

Mont. Oh, lad, thy love will kill me!

Ver. In truth,
 I think in conscience I shall die for you.
 Good master, weep not! do you want aught, Sir?
 Will you have any money? here's some silver,
 And here's a little gold; 'twill serve to play,
 And put more troublesome thoughts out of your mind:
 I pray, Sir, take it! I'll get more with singing,
 And then I'll bring it you: My lady ga't me;
 And, by my soul, it was not covetousness,
 But I forgot to tell you sooner on't.

Mont. Alas, boy, thou'rt not bound to tell it me,
 And less to give it; buy thee scarfs and garters!
 And when I've money, I will give thee a sword:
 Nature made thee a beauteous cabinet,
 To lock up all the goodness of the earth.

Enter Charlotte.

Ver. I've lost my voice with the very sight of
 This

This gentlewoman! Good Sir, steal away! you
Were wont to be a curious avoider
Of womens' company.

Mont. Why, boy, thou dar'st trust me
Any where, dar'st thou not?

Ver. I'd rather trust you by
A roaring lion, than a ravening woman.

Mont. Why, boy?

Ver. Why, truly, she devours more man's flesh.

Mont. Ay, but she roars not, boy?

Ver. No, Sir? why she
Is never silent but when her mouth is full.

Charl. Monsieur Montague!

Mont. My sweet fellow! since
You please to call me so.

Ver. Ah, my conscience, she
Would be pleas'd well enough to call you bed-
fellow.

Oh, master, do not hold her by the hand so!
A woman is a lime-bush, that catcheth all
She toucheth.

Charl. I do most dangerously suspect
This boy to be a wench: Art thou not one?
Come hither, let me feel thee.

Ver. With all my heart.

Charl. Why dost thou pull off thy glove?

Ver. Why, to feel whether
You be a boy, or no.

Charl. Fy, boy! go to!
I'll not look your head, nor comb your locks
Any more, if you talk thus.

Ver. Why, I'll sing to you
No more then.

Charl. Fy, upon't, how sad you are!
A young gentleman that was the very fun of France—

Mont. But I'm
In the eclipse now.

Charl. Suffer himself to be o'er-run with
A lethargy of melancholy and discontent!

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Rouze up thy spirit, man, and shake it off:
 A noble soul is like a ship at sea,
 That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm;
 But when she rages, and the wind blows high,
 He cuts his way with skill and majesty.
 I would turn a fool, or poet, or any thing,
 Or marry, to make you merry: Prithee let's walk!—
 Good Veramour, leave thy master and me;
 I've earnest business with him.

Ver. Pray do you leave

My master and me! we were very merry before you
 came.

He does not covet womens' company:

What have you to do with him? Come, Sir, will you
 go?

And I'll sing to you again. I'faith, his mind
 Is stronger than to credit womens' vows,
 And too pure to be capable of their loves.

Charl. The boy is jealous. Sweet lad, leave us!
 my lady

Call'd for you, I swear: That's a good child! there is
 A piece of gold for thee; go, buy a feather!

Ver. There's two pieces for you; do you go and
 buy one,

Or what you will, or nothing, so you go!—
 Nay then, I see you'd have me go, Sir! why,
 I'faith I will, now I perceive you love her
 Better than you do me: But, Heaven blefs you!
 Whatever you do, or intend, I know you are
 A very Honest Man! [Exit.]

Charl. Still shall I woo thee, whilst thy ears reply
 I cannot, or I will not marry thee?

Why hast thou drawn the blood out of my cheeks,
 And given a quicker motion to my heart?

Oh, thou hast bred a fever in my veins,
 Call'd Love, which no physician can cure!

Have mercy on a maid, whose simple youth——

Mont. How your example, fairest, teacherh me
 A ceremonious idolatry! [Kneels.]

By

By all the joy of love, I love thee better
 Than I or any man can tell another!
 And will express⁴³ the mercy which thou crav'st;
 I will forbear to marry thee. Consider,
 Thou'rt Nature's heir in feature, and thy parents'
 In fair inheritances: Rise with these thoughts,
 And look on me; but with a woman's eye:
 A decay'd fellow, void of means and spirit.

Charl. Of spirit?

Mont. Yes; could I else tamely live⁴⁴,
 Forget my father's blood, wait, and make legs,
 Stain my best breeches with the servile drops
 That fall from others' draughts?

Charl. This vizard wherewith thou wouldst hide
 thy spirit

Is perspective, to shew it plainlier:
 This undervalue of thy life, is but
 Because I should not buy thee. What more speaks
 Greatness of man than valiant patience,
 That shrinks not under his fate's strongest strokes?
 These Roman deaths, as falling on a sword,
 Opening of veins, with poison quenching thirst,
 Which we erroneously do stile the deeds
 Of the heroic and magnanimous man,
 Was dead-ey'd Cowardice, and white-cheek'd Fear;
 Who doubting Tyranny, and fainting under
 Fortune's false lottery, desperately run
 To Death, for dread of Death; that soul's most stout,
 That, bearing all mischance, dares last it out.
 Will you perform your word, and marry me,
 When I shall call you to't?

⁴³ *And will express.] Seward reads, And to express.*

⁴⁴ *Of spirit?*

Yes, could I tamely live.] The syllable wanting here to the measure is equally advantageous to the sense. I therefore read,

Yes, could I else tamely live, &c.

The sentiments of the next speech deserve to have been plac'd to a more conspicuous character than a lady's woman. *Seward.*

Enter Longueville, with a riding-rod.

Mont. I'faith, I will.

Charl. Who's this alights here?

Long. With leave, fair creature,
Are you the lady-mistress of the house?

Charl. Her servant, Sir.

Long. I pray then favour me,
To inform your lady, and duke Orleans' wife,
A business of import awaits 'em here,
And craves for speedy answer.

Charl. Are you in post, Sir?

Long. No; I'm in sattin, lady;
I would you would be in post.

Charl. I will return, sweet.

[*Exit.*

Long. Honest friend, do you belong to the
house?—I pray
Be cover'd.

Mont. Yes, Sir, I do.

Long. Ha! dream'st thou, Longueville?
Sure it is not he!—Sir, I should know you.

Mont. So should I you, but that I am ashamed:
But, tho' thou know'st me, prithee, Longueville,
Mock not my poverty! Pray remember yourself:
Shews it not strangely for thy cloaths to stand
Without a hat to mine? Mock me no more.

Long. The pox embroider me all over, Sir,
If ever I began to mock you yet.
The plague upon me, why should I wear velvet
And silver lace? 'Sdeath, I will tear it off.

Mont. Why, madman?

Long. Put on my hat? Yes,
When I'm hang'd I will! I could break my head,
For holding eyes that knew not you at first!
But, Time and Fortune, run your courses with him;
He'll laugh and scorn you, when you shew most hate⁴⁵!

⁴⁵ *He'll laugh and scorn you.*] How easily *scorn* was altered to *storm* by a mistake of the printer; but how much a properer word *scorn* is in the place, every reader will see, tho' *storm* has hitherto run thro' all the former editions.

Seward.

Ent:

Enter Lamira, Ducheſs, Laverdine, La-Poop, Mallicorn, Veramour, and Charlotte.

Lam. You're a fair monſieur.

Long. Do you mock me, lady?

Lam. Your buſineſs, Sir, I mean.

Duch. Regard yourſelf,

Good monſieur Longueville!

Lam. You are

Too negligent of yourſelf and place; cover
Your head, ſweet monſieur!

Long. Miſtake me not, fair ladies;

'Tis not to you, nor you, that I ſtand bare.

Lav. Nay, ſweet dear monſieur, let it not be to us
then!

La-P. A pox of compliment!

Mal. And pox of manners!

Pray hide your head; your gallants uſe to do't.

Long. And you your foreheads! Why, you needful
acceſſary rafcals,

That cannot live without your mutual knaveries,
More than a bawd, a pandar, or a whore,
From one another, how dare you ſuſpect
That I ſtand bare to you? What make you here?
Shift your houſe, lady, of 'em; for I know 'em;
They come to ſteal your napkins, and your ſpoons;
Look to your ſilver bodkin, gentlewoman,
'Tis a dead utenſil; and, page, beware your pockets!
My reverence is unto this man, my maſter;
Whom you, with proteſtations and oaths,
As high as Heav'n, as deep as Hell, which would
Deceive the wiſeſt man of honeſt nature,
Have cozen'd and abus'd: But, I may meet you,
And beat you one with th' other!

Mont. Peace! no more!

Long. Not a word, Sir.

Lav. I'm ſomething thick of hearing;
What ſaid he?

La-P. I hear him, but regard him not,

Mal. Nor I; I'm never angry ſaſting,

Long.

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Long. My love
Keeps back my duty. Noblest lady, if
Husband or brother merit love from you,
Prevent their dangers! this hour brings to trial
Their hereto-sleeping hates: By this time, each
Within a yard is of the other's heart;
And met to prove their causes and their spirits
With their impartial swords' points: Haste and save,
Or never meet them more, but at the grave!

Duch. Oh, my distracted heart! that my wreck'd
honour
Should for a brother's, or a husband's life,
Thro' thy undoing, die!

Lam. Amiens engag'd?
If he miscarry, all my hopes and joys,
I now confess it loudly, are undone:
Caroch, and haste! one minute may betray
A life more worth than all time can repay.

[*Exeunt Ladies and Mont.*]

Mal. Humph! monsieur Laverdine pursues this boy
Extremely. Captain, what will you do?

La-P. Any thing
But follow to this land-service: I'm a sea-captain,
You know, and to offer to part 'em, without
We could do't like watermen with long staves,
A quarter of a mile off, might be dangerous.

Mal. Why then, let us retire and pray for 'em!
I am resolv'd to stop here; your intent⁴⁶?
Abus'd more than we have been we can't be,
Without they fall to flat beating on's.

[*Exeunt Mal. and La-P.*]

Lav. And that were
Unkindly done, i'faith.

Ver. Curse me, but you're
The troublesomest ass that e'er I met with!
Retire! you smell like a woman's chamber,
That's newly up, before she've pinch'd her vapours
In with her cloaths.

Lav. I will haunt thee like

⁴⁶ *I am resolv'd to stop your intent*] Amended by Seward.

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Thy grandame's ghost; thou shalt ne'er rest for me!

Ver. Well, I perceive 'tis vain to conceal a secret from you:

Believe it, Sir, indeed I am a woman.

Lav. Why, la! I knew it; this propheticall tongue Of mine never fail'd me: My mother Was half a witch; ne'er any thing that she Forespake but came to pass. A woman! how happy Am I? Now we may lawfully come together, Without fear of hanging! Sweet wench, be gracious!

In honourable fort I woove, no otherwise.

Ver. Faith, the truth is, I've lov'd you long——

Lav. See, see!

Ver. But durst not open it.

Lav. By Heaven, I think so ⁴⁷!

Ver. But, briefly, when you bring it to the test, If there be not one gentleman in this house Will challenge more int'rest in me than you can, I am at your dispose. [*Exit.*]

Lav. Oh, Fortunatus, I envy thee not for cap, or pouch! this day I'll prove my fortune, In which your lady doth elect her husband, Who will be Amiens; 'twill save my wedding-dinner. *Pauvre La-Poop* and *Mallicorn*! If all fail, I will turn citizen: A beauteous wife Is the horn-book to the richest tradesman's life. [*Exe.*]

Enter Dubois, Orleans, Longueville, Amiens, two Lacquies, a Page with two pistols.

Dubois. Here's a good even piece of ground, my lords:

Will you fix here?

Orl. Yes; any where.—*Lacquey,* Take off my spurs!—Upon a bridge, a rail But my sword's breadth, upon a battlement,

⁴⁷ I think so.] Seward reads, I thought so.

I'll fight this quarrel!

Dubois. O' the ropes, my lord?

Orl. Upon a line.

Dubois. So all our country duels
Are carried, like a firework on a thread.

Orl. Go, now; stay with the horses! And, do you
hear?

Upon your lives, till some of us come to you,
Dare not to look this way!

Dubois. Except you see
Strangers or others, that by chance or purpose
Are like to interrupt us.

Orl. Then give warning.

Long. Who takes a sword? The advantage is so small,
As he that doubts hath the free leave to chuse.

Orl. Come, give me any, and search me: 'Tis not
The ground, weapon, or seconds, that can make
Odds in those fatal trials, but the cause.

Ami. Most true; and, but it is no time to wish
When men are come to do, I would desire
The cause 'twixt us were other than it is;
But where the right is, there prevail our swords!
And if my sister have out-liv'd her honour,
I do not pray I may out-live her shame.

Orl. Your sister, Amiens, is a whore, at once!

Ami. You oft have spoke that sense to me before,
But never in this language, Orleans;
And when you spoke it fair, and first, I told you
That it was possible you might be abus'd:
But now since you forget your manners, you shall find,
If I transgress my custom, you do lie!
And are a villain! which I had rather yet
My sword had prov'd, than I been forc'd to speak.—
Nay, give us leave!—And since you stand so haughtily
And highly on your cause, let you and I,
Without engaging these two gentlemen,
Singly determine it!

Long. My lord, you'll pardon us!

Dubois. I trust your lordships

Mayn't

Mayn't do us that affront.

Ami. As how?

Dubois. We kiss

Your lordship's hand, and come to serve you here
With swords.

Long. My lord, we understand ourselves.

Dubois. We've had the honour to be call'd unto
The business, and we must not now quit it
On terms.

Ami. Not terms of reason?

Long. No;

No reason for the quitting of our calling.

Dubois. True;

If I be call'd to't, I must ask no reason.

Long. Nor hear none neither, which is less:

It is a favour, if my throat be cut,

Your lordship does me; which I never can,

[*A noise within, crying, Down with their swords!*

Nor must have hope how to requite.—What noise?

What cry is that? My lord, upon your guard!

Some treachery is afoot.

Enter Duchess, Lamira, and Montague.

Duch. Oh, here they are!

My lord—Dear lady, help me! help me all!

I have so woeful interest in both,

I know not which to fear for most; and yet

I must prefer my lord. Dear brother,

You are too understanding, and too noble,

To be offended when I know my duty,

Tho' scarce my tears will let me see to do it.

Orl. Out, loathed strumpet!

Duch. Oh, my dearest lord,

If words could on me cast the name of whore,

I then were worthy to be loathed: But,

Know your unkindness cannot make me wicked;

And therefore should less use that power upon me.

Orl. Was this your art, to have these actors come,

To make this interlude? Withdraw, cold man!

And,

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And, if thy spirit be not frozen up,
Give me one stroke yet at thee for my vengeance !

Ami. Thou shalt have strokes, and strokes, thou
glorious man ⁴⁷,

'Till thou breath'st thinner air than that thou talk'st.

Lam. My lord ! count Amiens !

Duch. Princely husband !

Orl. Whore !

Lam. You wrong her, impudent lord ! Oh, that I had
The bulk of those dull men ! look, how they stand,
And no man will revenge an innocent lady !

Ami. You hinder it, madam.

Lam. I would hinder you ;
Is there none else to kill him ?

Duch. Kill him, madam ?

Have you learn'd that bad language ? Oh, repent,
And be the motive rather both kill me ⁴⁸.

Orl. Then die, my infamy !

Mont. Hold, bloody man !

Orl. Art thou there, basilisk ?

Mont. To strike thee dead,
But that thy fate deserves some weightier hand.

Dubois. Sweet my lord !

Orl. Oh, here's a plot !

You bring your champions with you ! the adulteress
With the adulterer ! Out, howling——

Dubois. Good my lord !

Orl. Are you her Grace's countenancer, lady,
The receiver to the poor vicious couple ?

Dubois. Sweet my lord !

Orl. Sweet rascal, didst not thou tell me, false fellow,
This Montague here was murder'd ?

Dubois. I did so ;

But he was falser, and a worthless lord,

⁴⁷ *Glorious ;*] i. e. *Vain, proud*, in the sense of the French *glorieux*.

⁴⁸ *And be the motive, rather both kill me.*] i. e. and rather persuade them both to kill me. The expression for want of *that* being inserted, is so obscure, that the former editors did not understand it, and therefore added a comma, which utterly deprived it of all meaning.

Seaward.

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Like thy foul self, that would have had it so.

Long. Orleans, 'tis true; and shall be prov'd upon thee.

Mont. Thy malice, duke, and this thy wicked nature,
Are all as visible as thou; but I,
Born to contemn thy injuries, do know,
That tho' thy greatness may corrupt a jury,
And make a judge afraid, and carry out
A world of evils with thy title, yet
Thou art not quiet at home; thou bear'st about thee
That that doth charge thee, and condemn thee too.
The thing that grieves me more, and doth indeed
Displease me, is, to think that so much baseness
Stands here to have encounter'd so much honour.
Pardon me, my lord, what late my passion spake,
When you provok'd my innocence!

Orl. Yes, do!

Oh, flattery becomes him better than
The suit he wears; give him a new one, Amiens!

Ami. Orleans,

'Tis here no time nor place to jest or rail
Poorly with you; but I will find a time to
Whisper you forth to this, or some fit place,
As shall not hold a second interruption.

Mont. I hope your lordship's honour and your life
Are destin'd unto higher hazards; this
Is of a meaner arm.

Dubois. Yes, faith, or none.

Long. He is not fit to fall by an honest sword;
A prince, and lie?

Dubois. And slander? and hire men
To publish the false rumours he hath made?

Long. And stick 'em on his friends, and innocents?

Dubois. And practise 'gainst their lives after their
fames?

Long. In men that are the matter of all lewdness,
Bawds, thieves, and cheaters, it were monstrous!

Dubois. But in a man of blood how more conspicuous!

Ami. Can this be?

Duch.

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Duch. They do slander him.

Orl. Hang them, a pair of railing hangbies!

Long. How! Stand, Orleans! stay! Give me my pistols, boy!

Hinder me not! by Heavens, I will kill him!

Duch. Oh, stay his fury!

Ami. Longueville, my friend!

Long. Not for myself, my lord, but for mankind,
And all that have an interest to virtue,
Or title unto innocence.

Ami. Why, hear me!

Long. For Justice' sake——

Ami. That cannot be.

Long. To punish

His wife's, your honour's, and my lord's wrongs here;
Whom I must ever call so: For your loves,
I swear, I'll sacrifice——

Ami. Longueville,

I did not think you a murderer before:

Long. I care not what you thought me!

Ami. By Heaven, if thou attempt
His life, thy own is forfeit!

Mont. Foolish frantick man,
The murder will be of us, not him.

Duch. Oh, Heav'n!

Mont. We could have kill'd him, but we would
not take

The justice out of Fate's—Singe but
A hair of him, thou diest!

Long. No matter.

[*Shoots.*

Ami. Villain!

Dubois. My lord, your sister's slain.

Ami. Biancha!

Mont. Oh, hapless and most wretched chance!

Lam. Stand'st thou

Looking upon the mischief thou hast made?

Thou godless man, feeding thy blood-shot eyes

With the red spectacle, and art not turn'd

To stone with horror? Hence, and take the wings

Of

Of thy black infamy, to carry thee
Beyond the shoot of looks, or sound of curses,
Which will pursue thee ⁴⁹ till thou hast out-fled
All but thy guilt.

Orl. Oh, wish it off again; for I am crack'd
Under the burden, and my heart will break.
How heavy guilt is, when men come to feel!
If you could know the mountain I sustain
With horror ⁵⁰, you would each take off your part,
And more, to ease me. I can't stand! forgive
Where I have wrong'd, I pray!

Ami. Look to him, Montague.

Long. My lords and gentlemen, the lady's well,
But for fear; unless that have shot her:
I have the worst of it, that needs would venture
Upon a trick had like to ha' cost my guts.
Look to her! she'll be well: It was but powder
I charg'd with, thinking that a guilty man
Would have been frightened sooner; but I'm glad
He's come at least.

Lam. How is Bianca? well?

Ami. Lives she? See! Sister!—Doth she breathe ⁵¹.

Duch. Oh, gentlemen, think you I can breathe,
That am restored to the hateful sense
Of feeling in me my dear husband's death?
Oh, no, I live not; life was that I left,
And what you have call'd me to is death indeed:
I cannot weep so fast as he doth bleed!

Dubois. Pardon me, madam; he is well.

Duch. Ha! my husband?

⁴⁹ Which will pursue thee still:

Thou hast out fled, &c.] Amended by Seward.

⁵⁰ ———The mountain I sustain

With horror, you would each, &c.] Seward reads,

———The mountain I sustain

Of horror, &c.

⁵¹ *Lam.* How is Bianca? well?

Ami. Lives she? See sister, doth she breathe?] Seward reads,

Lam. How is Bianca! well?

Lives she? See—*Ami.* Sister—She doth breathe.

Orl. I cannot speak whether my joy or shame
Be greater; but I thank the Heav'ns for both.
Oh, look not black upon me, all my friends!
To whom I will be reconcil'd, or grow
Unto this earth, till I have wept a trench
That shall be great enough to be my grave;
And I will think them too most manly tears,
If they do move your pities. It is true,
Man should do nothing that he should repent;
But if he have, and say that he is sorry,
It is a worse fault if he be not truly.

Lam. My lord, such sorrow cannot be suspected:
Here, take your honour'd wife, and join your hands.
She hath married you again!
And, gentlemen, I do invite you all
This night to take my house; where, on the morrow,
To heighten more the reconciling feast,
I'll make myself a husband and a guest. [*Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Montague and Charlotte.

Charl. **W**ELL, now, I'm sure you're mine.

Mont. I'm sure I'm glad
I've one to own then: You will find me honest,
As these days go, enough; poor without question,
Which beggars hold a virtue; give me meat,
And I shall do my work, else knock my shoes off,
And turn me out again.

Charl. You are a merry fellow.

Mont. I have no great cause.

Charl. Yes, thy love to me.

Mont. That's as we make our game.

Charl. Why, you repent then?

Mont. Faith, no; worse than I am I cannot be;
Much better I expect not: I shall love you,

And,

And, when you bid me go to bed, obey,
Lie still or move, as you shall minister;
Keep a four-nobles nag, and a Jack-Merlin⁵¹,
Learn to love ale, and play at two-hand Irish;
And there's then all I aim at.

Char. Nay, sweet fellow,
I'll make it something better.

Mont. If you do,
You'll make me worse:
Now I am poor, and willing to do well,
Hold me in that course! of all the king's creatures,
I hate his coin; keep me from that, and save me!
For if you chance, out of your housewifery,
To save a hundred pound or two⁵², bestow it
In plumb-broth ere I know it; else I take it,
Seek out a hundred men that want this money,
Share it among 'em, they'll cry *noble Montague*!
And so I stand again at livery!

Charl. You've pretty fancies, Sir; but, married once,
This charity will fall home to yourself.

Mont. I would it would! I am afraid my looseness
Is yet scarce stopt, tho' it have nought to work on
But the mere air of what I have had.

Charl. Pretty!

Mont. I wonder, sweetheart, why you'll marry me;
I can see nothing in myself deserves it,
Unless the handsome wearing of a band,
For that's my stock now, or a pair of garters,
Necessity will not let me lose.

Charl. I see, Sir,
A great deal more; a handsome man, a husband,
To make a right good woman truly happy.

Mont. Lord, where are my eyes? Either you are
foolish,

⁵¹ *Keep a four-nobles nag, and a Jack*

Merling.] i. e. turn talk'ner, a *Merlin*, being a species of hawk. The measure was all confus'd in the former editions. *Scoward*.
The first folio reads, *BLACK Merling*.

⁵² *To leave a hundred pound.*] So former editions.

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As wenches once a-year are, or far worse,
Extremely virtuous : Can you love a poor man
That relies on cold meat, and cast stockings,
One only suit to his back, which now is mewing,
But what will be the next coat will pose Triftram?
If I should levy from my friends a fortune,
I could not raise ten groats to pay the priest now.

Charl. I'll do that duty : 'Tis not means nor money
Makes me pursue your love ; were your mind
bankrupt,
I would ne'er love you.

Enter Lamira.

Mont. Peace, wench ! here's my lady.

Lam. Nay, never shrink i'th' wetting, for my
presence !

D'ye find her willing, Montague ?

Mont. Willing, madam ?

Lam. How dainty you make of it ! Do not I know
You two love one another ?

Mont. Certain, madam,
I think ye've revelations of these matters :
Your ladyship cannot tell me when I kiss'd her.

Lam. But she can, Sir.

Mont. But she will not, madam ;
For when they talk once, 'tis like fairy-money,
They get no more close kisses.

Lam. Thou art wanton.

Mont. Heav'n knows I need not ; yet I would be
lusty ;

But, by my soul, my provender scarce pricks me.

Lam. It shall be mended, Montague : I'm glad
You're grown so merry.

Mont. So am I too, madam.

Lam. You two will make a pretty handsome consort.

Mont. Yes, madam, if my fiddle fail me not.

Lam. Your fiddle ! why your fiddle ? I warrant,
thou mean'st madly.

Mont. Can you blame me ? Alas, I am in love !

Charl.

Charl. 'Tis very well, Sir!

Lam. How long have you been thus?

Mont. How? thus in love?

Lam. You're very quick, Sir! No;

I mean thus pleasant.

Mont. E'er since I was poor.

Lam. A little wealth would change you then?

Mont. Yes, lady,

Into another suit, but never more

Into another man; I'll bar that mainly.

The wealth I get henceforward shall be charm'd

For ever hurting me; I'll spend it fasting.

As I live, noble lady, there is nothing,

I've found, directly cures the melancholy,

But want and wedlock: When I had store of money,

I simper'd sometime, and spoke wondrous wise,

But never laugh'd out-right; now I am empty,

My heart sounds like a bell, and strikes at both sides.

Lam. You're finely temper'd, Montague.

Mont. Pardon, lady,

If any way my free mirth have offended!

'Twas meant to please you; if it prove too saucy,

Give it a frown, and I am ever silenc'd.

Lam. I like it passing well; pray follow it!

This is my day of choice, and shall be yours too;

'Twere pity to delay you. Call to the steward,

And tell him 'tis my pleasure he should give you

Five hundred crowns; make yourself handsome,

Montague;

Let none wear better cloaths; 'tis for my credit:

But pray be merry still!

Mont. If I be not,

And make a fool of twice as many hundreds,

Clap me in canvas, lady!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter La-Poop, Laveraine, and Mallicorn.

Lav. I'm strangely glad I've found the mystery

Of this disguis'd boy out; I ever trusted

It was a woman, and how happily

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I've found it so! and for myself, I'm sure,
One that would offer me a thousand pound now
(And that's a pretty sum to make one stagger)
In ready gold for this concealment, could not
Buy my hope of her. She's a dainty wench,
And such a one I find I want extremely,
To bring me into credit: Beauty does it.

Mal. Say we should all meach here ⁵³, and stay the
feast now,
What can the worst be? We have play'd the knaves;
That's without question.

La-P. True; and, as I take it,
This is the first truth we told these ten years, and
For any thing I know, may be the last:
But, grant we're knaves, both base and beastly
knaves——

Mal. Say so then.

Lav. Well.

La-P. And likewise
Let it be consider'd, we have wrong'd,
And most maliciously, this gentlewoman
We cast to stay with, what must we expect now?

Mal. Ay, there's the point; we would expect
good eating.

La-P. I know we would, but we may find good
beating.

Lav. You say true, gentlemen; and, by my soul,
Tho' I love meat as well as any man,
I care not what he be, if a beat a God's name ⁵⁴,
Such crab-sauce to my meat will turn my palate.

Mal. There's all the hazard; for the frozen Montague
Has now got spring again and warmth in him,
And, without doubt, dares beat us terribly.
For, not to mince the matter, we are cowards,
And have, and shall be beaten, when men please

⁵³ *Meach.*] See note 55 on the Scornful Lady. The word is variously spelt.

⁵⁴ *If a eat a God's name*] The sense requires us to read, *If a BEAT a God's name.*

To call us into cudgeling.

La-P. I feel

We're very prone that way.

Lav. The sons of Adam.

La-P. Now, here then rests the state o'th' question;
Whether we yield our bodies for a dinner
To a sound dog-whip (for, I promise ye,
If men be given to correction,
We can expect no less), or quietly
Take a hard egg or two, and ten mile hence
Bait in a ditch? this we may do securely;
For, to stay hereabout will be all one,
If once our moral mischiefs come in memory.

Mal. But, pray ye hear me: Is not this the day
The virgin lady doth elect her husband?

Lav. The dinner is to that end.

Mal. Very well then;

Say we all stay, and say we all 'scape this whipping;
And be well entertain'd, and one of us
Carry the lady!

La-P. 'Tis a seemly saying,
I must confess; but if we stay, how fitly
We may apply it to ourselves (i'th' end)
Will ask a Christian fear: I cannot see,
If I say true, what special ornaments
Of art or nature (lay aside our lying,
Whoring and drinking, which are no great virtues)
We are endued withal, to win this lady.

Mal. Yet women go not by the best parts ever;
That I have found directly.

Lav. Why should we fear then?
They chuse men as they feed: Sometimes they settle
Upon a white-broth'd face, a sweet smooth gallant,
And him they make an end of in a night;
Sometimes a goose; sometimes a grosser meat,
A rump of beef, will serve 'em at some season,
And fill their bellies too, tho' without doubt
They're great devourers; stock-fish is a dish,
If it be well dress'd, for the toughness' sake

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Will make the proudest of 'em long and leap for't;
They'll run mad for a pudding, ere they'll starve.

La-P. For my own part, I care not, come what can
come;

If I be whipt, why so be it! if cudgell'd,
I hope I shall out-live it: I am sure
'Tis not the hundredth time I have been serv'd so,
And yet, I thank Heav'n, I'm here.

Mal. Here's resolution!

La-P. A little patience, and a rotten apple,
Cures twenty worse diseases: What say you, Sir?

Lav. Marry, I say, Sir, if I had been acquainted
With lamming⁵⁵ in my youth, as you have been,
With whipping, and such benefits of nature,
I should do better; as I am, I'll venture:
And if it be my luck to have the lady,
I'll use my fortune modestly; if beaten,
You shall not hear a word; one I am sure of,
And if the worst fall, she shall be my physick.
Let's go then, and a merry wind be with us!

Mal. Captain, your shoes are old; pray put 'em off,
And let one sling 'em after us. Be bold, Sirs;
And howsoe'er our fortune falls, let's bear
An equal burden! if there be an odd lash,
We'll part it afterwards.

La-P. I'm arm'd at all points. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter four Servants, with a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Then my lady will have a bedfellow to-night?

2 *Serv.* So she says: Heaven, what a dainty arm-full
Shall he enjoy, that has the launching of her!
What a fight she will make!

3 *Serv.* Ay, marry, boys,
There will be sport indeed! there will be grappling!
She has a murderer lies in her prow,
I am afraid will fright his main-mast, Robin.

4 *Serv.* Who dost thou think shall have her, of thy
conscience?

⁵⁵ *Lamming.*] i. e. *beating.*

Servant.
Thou

Thou art a wise man.

3 *Serv.* If she go the old way,
The way of lot, the longest cut sweeps all
Without question.

1 *Serv.* She has lost a friend of me else.
What think ye of the courtier?

2 *Serv.* Hang him, hedge-hog!
H'has nothing in him but a piece of Euphues⁵⁷,
And twenty dozen of twelvepenny ribband, all
About him; he is but one pedlar's shop
Of gloves and garters, pick-teeth and pomander.

3 *Serv.* The courtier! marry, God bless her, Steven,
she is not
Mad yet; she knows that trindle-tail too well;
He's crest-fall'n, and pin-buttock'd, with leaping
laundresses.

4 *Serv.* The merchant? sure she will not be so base
To have him.

1 *Serv.* I hope so; Robin, he'll sell us all
To th' Moors to make mummy. Nor the captain?

4 *Serv.* Who? potgun? that's a sweet youth, indeed!
Will he stay, think ye?

3 *Serv.* Yes, without question,
And have half din'd too ere the grace be done.
He's good for nothing in the world but eating,
Lying and sleeping; what other men devour
In drink he takes in pottage: They say h'has been
At sea; a herring-fishing, for without doubt

⁵⁷ *A piece of Euphues.*] *Euphues*, or the *Anatomy of Wit*, was the title of a romance wrote by Lilly, author of several plays in queen Elizabeth's reign. His stile was stiff, pedantic, and affected, but was in such vogue that Mr. Blount, who published six of his plays, says, that Lilly's *Euphues* and his *England* taught the court a new language, and the lady who could not *parlè Euphuism* was as little regarded as she that now there speaks not French. Here is a banter upon the court for this practice; but it would much have improved it if Laverdine had frequently made use of this affected stile, and *Euphuism* had made part of his character through the whole play. The account of Lilly is taken from Mr. Doddsley's Preface to his Collection of Old Plays, and Mr. Sympfon quotes it also from Langbain.

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He dares not hail an eelboat, i'th' way of war.

2 *Serv.* I think so; they would beat him off with butter.

3 *Serv.* When he brings in a prize, unless it be Cockles, or Calais sand to scour with,
I'll renounce my five mark a-year,
And all the hidden art I have in carving,
To teach young birds to whistle Walsingham⁵³:
Leave him to the lime-boats! Now, what think you
Of the brave Amiens?

1 *Serv.* That's a thought indeed.

2 *Serv.* Ay, marry, there's a person fit to feed
Upon a dish so dainty; and he'll do't,
I warrant him, i'th' nick, boys; h'has a body
World without end.

4 *Serv.* And such a one my lady
Will make no little of. But is not Montague
Married to-day?

3 *Serv.* Yes, faith, honest Montague
Must have his bout too.

2 *Serv.* He's as good a lad
As ever turn'd a trencher: Must we leave him?

3 *Serv.* He's too good for us, Steven. I'll give
him health
To his good luck to-night i'th' old beaker,
And it shall be sack too.

4 *Serv.* I must have a garter;
And, boys, I have bespoke a posset; somebody
Shall give me thanks for't! 't has a few toys in't
Will raise commotions in a bed, lad.

1 *Serv.* Away! my lady. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Orleans and Dukes, arm in arm, Amiens, Lamira,
Charlotte like a bride, Montague brave, Laverdine,
Longueville, Dubois, Mallicorn, and La-Poop.*

Lam. Seat yourselves, noble lords and gentlemen;

⁵³ *To whistle Walsingham.] Walsingham, in Norfolk, a place formerly famous for the pilgrimages to the rood, or cross, of Our Lady there.*

R.
You

You know your places. Many royal welcomes
I give your Grace! How lovely shews this change!
My house is honour'd in this reconciliation.

Orl. Thus, madam, must you do;
My lady now shall see you made a woman,
And give you some short lessons for your voyage.
Take her instructions, lady; she knows much.

Lam. This becomes you, Sir.

Duch. My lord must have his will.

Orl. 'Tis all I can do now, sweetheart. Fair lady,
This to your happy choice!—Brother Amiens,
You are the man I mean it to.

Ami. I'll pledge you.

Orl. And with my heart.

Ami. With all my love I take it.

Lam. Noble lords,
I'm proud ye've done this day so much content,
And me such estimation, that this hour
(In this poor house) shall be a league for ever:
For so I know ye mean it.

Ami. I do, lady.

Orl. And I, my lord.

Omnes. You've done a work of honour.

Ami. Give me the cup! Where this health stops,
let that man

Be either very sick or very simple;
Or I am very angry. Sir, to you!
Madam, methinks this gentleman might fit too;
He would become the best on's.

Orl. Pray sit down, Sir:
I know the lady of the feast expects not
This day so much old custom.

Lam. Sit down, Montague!
Nay, never blush for th' matter.

Mont. Noble madam,
I have two reasons 'gainst it, and I dare not:
Duty to you first, as you are my lady,
And I your poorest servant; next, the custom
Of this day's ceremony,

Lam.

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Lam. As you are my servant,
I may command you then?

Mont. To my life, lady.

Lam. Sit down, and here! I'll have it so.

Ami. Sit down, man;
Never refuse so fair a lady's offer.

Mont. It is your pleasure, madam, not my pride,
And I obey. I'll pledge you now, my lord.
Monsieur Longueville!

Long. I thank you, Sir.

Mont. This to my lady,
And her fair choice to-day, and happiness!

Long. 'Tis a fair health; I'll pledge you tho' I sink
for't.

Lam. Montague, you are too modest: Come, I'll
add

A little more wine t' you; 'twill make you merry.
This to the good I wish you!

Mont. Honour'd lady,
I shall forget myself with this great bounty.

Lam. You shall not, Sir. Give him some wine.

Ami. By Heav'n,
You are a worthy woman; and that man
Is blest can come near such a lady.

Lam. Such a blessing
Wet weather wishes⁵⁹.

⁵⁹ *Such a blessing wet weather wishes.*] I believe an extreme genteel answer of Lamira's has been turned into absolute nonsense in all the editions by the odd connection of the printer's or transcriber's ideas between *wet weather* and *washing*. Instead of receiving Amiens's compliment in the sense he meant it, of the man being blest who should *come near*, i. e. marry and enjoy Lamira; she answers, a traveller caught in a shower of rain might indeed *wish* such a blessing, i. e. of coming near me, as I have a warm house to receive him. 'Tis the great excellency of poetry to express this so concisely by personating *wet weather*, and making that instead of the traveller be the *wisher* of this blessing. But this being probably above the transcriber's reach, he altered it into the nonsensical reading of the late text. Much the greatest part of this scene, as well as the greatest part of the play in general, was either printed as prose, or when the measure was attempted, and the lines ranged as verse, most of them were wrong.

Seaward.

Mont.

Mont. At all! I'll not go

A lip less, my lord.

Orl. 'Tis well cast, Sir.

Mal. If Montague

Get more wine, we are like to hear of it.

Lav. I do not like that sitting there.

Mal. Nor I;

Methinks he looks like a judge.

La-P. Now have I

A kind of grudging of a beating on me;

I fear my hot fit.

Mal. Drink apace; there's nothing
Allays a cudgel like it.

Lam. Montague, now

I'll put my choice to you: Who do you hold,
In all this honour'd company, a husband
Fit to enjoy thy lady? speak directly.

Mont. Shall I speak, madam?

Lam. Montague, you shall.

Mont. Then, as I have a soul, I'll speak my
conscience.

Give me more wine! in *vino veritas*:

Here's to myself⁶⁰, and——

Lam. Montague, have a care!

Speak to the cause.

Mont. Yes, madam.

First, I'll begin to thee!

Lav. Have at us!

La-P. Now for a psalm of mercy!

Mont. You, good monsieur,
You that belie the noble name of *courtier*,
And think your claim good here, hold up your hand!
Your worship is indicted here for a
Vainglorious fool——

⁶⁰ Here's to myself, and Montague have a care.] This whole line has been hitherto given to Montague, not sure with much propriety. It is much more so to make Lamira check him, and this is a reason for his immediately quitting his self-recommendation.

Seward.

Lav.

478 THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

Law. Good! oh, Sir!

Mont. For one whose wit
Lies in a ten-pound waistcoat, yet not warm.
You've travell'd like a fidler to make faces,
And brought home nothing but a case of toothpicks.
You would be married, and no less than ladies,
And of the best sort, can serve you! Thou silk-worm,
What hast thou in thee to deserve this woman?
Name but the poorest piece of man, good manners,
There's nothing sound about thee; faith, th' hast
none;

It lies pawn'd at thy silk-man's, for so much lace
Thy credit with his wife cannot redeem it⁶¹;
Thy cloaths are all the soul thou hast, for so
Thou sav'st them handsome for the next great tilting,
Let who will take the other; thou wert ne'er christen'd
(Upon my conscience) but in barber's water;
Thou art ne'er out o'th' bason, thou art rotten,
And, if thou dar'st tell truth, thou wilt confess it;
——Thy skin

Looks of a chesnut colour, greaz'd with amber;
All women that on earth do dwell thou lov'st,
Yet none that understand love thee again,
But those that love the spital. Get thee home,
Poor painted butterfly! thy summer's past.
Go, sweat, and eat dry mutton; thou may'st live
To do so well yet, a bruis'd chambermaid
May fall upon thee, and advance thy follies.
You have your sentence!—Now it follows, captain,
I treat of you.

La-P. Pray Heav'n I may deserve it!

Orl. Beshrew my heart, he speaks plain.

Ami. That's plain dealing.

Mont. You are a rascal, captain!

La-P. A fine calling.

Mont. A water-coward!

⁶¹ *Thy credit with his wife cannot, &c.*] First folio exhibits, *Thy credit which is worse cannot, &c.*

Ami. He would make a pretty stuff.

Mont. May I speak freely, madam?

Lam. Here's none ties you.

Mont. Why shouldst thou dare come hither with
a thought

To find a wife here fit for thee? are all
Thy single-money whores, that fed on carrots,
And fill'd the high grafs with familiars,
Fall'n off to footmen? Prithee tell me truly,
(For now I know thou dar'st not lie) couldst thou
not

Wish thyself beaten well with all thy heart now,
And out of pain? say that I broke a rib,
Or cut thy nose off, were't not merciful
For this ambition?

La-P. Do your pleasure, Sir;
Beggars must not be chusers.

Orl. He longs for beating.

Mont. But that I have nobler thoughts possess my
soul,

Than such brown biscuit, such a piece of dog-fish,
Such a most mangy mackrel-eater as thou art,
That dares do nothing that belongs to th' sea
But spew and catch rats, and fear men of war,
Tho' thou hast nothing in the world to lose
Aboard thee, but one piece of beef, one musquet
Without a cock for peace-sake, and a pitch-barrel—
I'll tell thee, if my time were not more precious
Than thus to lose it, I would rattle thee,
It may be beat thee, and thy pure fellow,
The merchant there of catskins, till my words,
Or blows, or both, made ye two branded wretches
To all the world hereafter! You would fain too
Venture your bills of lading for this lady:
What would you give now for her? Some five frail
Of rotten figs, good Godson, would you not, Sir?
Or a parrot that speaks High-Dutch? Can all thou
ever saw'st

Of thine own fraughts from sea, or cozenage

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(At which thou art as expert as the devil),
 Nay, sell thy soul for wealth too, as thou wilt do,
 Forfeit thy friends, and raise a mint of money,
 Make thee dream all these double could procure
 A kiss from this good lady? Canst thou hope
 She would lie with such a nook of hell as thou art,
 And hatch young merchant-furies? Oh, ye dog-bolts!
 That fear no hell but Dunkirk, I shall see you
 Serve in a lousy lime-boat, ere I die,
 For mouldy cheese, and butter Billingsgate
 Would not endure, or bring in rotten pippins
 To cure blue eyes, and swear they came from China.

Lam. Vex 'em no more; alas, they shake!

Mont. Down quickly

Upon your marrow-bones, and thank this lady;
 I would not leave you thus else! there are blankets,
 And such delights for such knaves: But fear still!
 'Twill be revenge enough to keep you waking.
 Ye have no mind of marriage, ha' ye?

La-P. Surely no great mind now.

Mont. Nor you?

Mal. Nor I, I take it.

Mont. Two eager suitors!

Lav. Troth, 'tis wondrous hot;
 Heav'n bless us from him!

Lam. You've told me, Montague,
 Who are not fit to have me; let me know
 The man you would point out for me.

Mont. There he sits;

My lord of Amiens, madam, is my choice:
 He's noble every way, and worthy a wife
 With all the dowries of——

Ami. Do you speak, Sir,
 Out of your friendship to me?

Mont. Yes, my lord,
 And out of truth; for I could never flatter.

Ami. I would not say how much I owe you for it,
 For that were but a promise; but I'll thank you,
 As now I find you, in despite of fortune,

A fair

A fair and noble gentleman.

Lam. My lords,

I must confess the choice this man hath made
Is every way a great one, if not too great,
And no way to be slighted: Yet, because
We love to have our own eyes sometimes, now
Give me a little liberty to see
How I could fit myself, if I were put to't.

Ami. Madam, we must.

Lam. Are ye all agreed?

Omnes. We be.

Lam. Then, as I am a maid, I shall chuse here!
Montague, I must have thee.

Mont. Why, madam, I have learn'd to suffer more
Than you can (out of pity) mock me with,
This way especially.

Lam. Thou think'st I jest now;
But, by the love I bear thee, I will have thee!

Mont. If you could be so weak to love a fall'n man,
He must deserve more than I ever can,
Or ever shall! Dear lady, look but this way
Upon that lord, and you will tell me then
Your eyes are no true chusers of good men.

Ami. Do you love him truly?

Lam. Yes, my lord:

I will obey him truly, for I'll marry him;
And justly think he that has so well serv'd me
With his obedience, being born to greatness,
Must use me nobly of necessity,
When I shall serve him.

Ami. 'Twere a deep sin to cross you. Noble
Montague,

I wish ye all content, and am as happy
In my friend's good as it were merely mine!

Mont. Your lordship does ill to give up your right!
I am not capable of this great goodness:
There fits my wife, that holds my troth.

Charl. I'll end all:

I woo'd you for my lady, and now give up my title.

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Alas, poor wench, my aims are lower far.

Mont. How's this, sweetheart?

Lam. Sweetheart, 'tis so; the drift was mine, to
hide

My purpose till it struck home.

Omnes. Give you joy!

Lam. Prithce leave wondring! by this kifs, I'll
have thee!

Mont. Then, by this kifs, and this, I'll ever serve
you!

Long. This gentleman and I, Sir, must needs hope
Once more to follow you.

Mont. As friends and fellows;
Never as servants more.

Long. Dub. You make us happy!

Orl. Friend Montague, you've taught me so much
honour,

I've found a fault i' myself; but thus I'll purge
My conscience of it: The late land I took
By false play from you, with as much contrition⁶²
As with entireness of affection
To this most happy day, again I render:
Be master of your own; forget my malice,
And make me worthy of your love, lord Montague!

Mont. You have won me and honour to your name.

Mal. Since

Your lordship has begun good deeds, we'll follow.
Good Sir, forgive us! We are now those men
Fear you for Goodness' sake: Those sums of money
Unjustly we detain from you, on your pardon
Shall be restor'd again, and we your servants.

⁶² *With as much contrition, and entireness of*

Affection to this most happy day again, I render;] This being
all printed as prose, ran readily into its true measure, except in the
part—and *entireness of affection*; and here the reader will observe,
that there is certainly one mistake, for without changing *and to as*,
the comparative *as* in the first part wants its responsive *as* in the
second, to make out the comparison. The repetition of *with too*
(which is all that is wanting to complete the measure) is an additional
beauty to the language, whether in verse or prose.

THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE. 483

La-P. You're very forward, Sir! it seems you've money:

I pray you lay out; I'll pay you, or pray for you,
As the sea works.

Lav. Their penance, Sir, I'll undertake, so please you
To grant me one concealment⁶³.

Long. A right courtier,
Still a-begging.

Mont. What is it, Sir?

Lav. A gentlewoman.

Mont. In my gift?

Lav. Yes, Sir, in yours.

Mont. Why, bring her forth, and take her. [*Ex. Lav.*

Lam. What wench would he have?

Mont. Any wench, I think.

Enter Laverdine, and Veramour like a woman.

Lav. This is the gentlewoman.

Mont. 'Tis my page, Sir.

Ver. No, Sir; I am a poor disguised lady,
That like a page have follow'd you full long
For love, God wot.

Omnes. A lady!

Lav. Yes, yes; 'tis a lady.

Mont. It may be so; and yet we've lain together,
But, by my troth, I never found her lady.

Duch. Why wore you boys' cloaths?

Ver. I will tell you, madam;
I took example by two or three plays, that methought
Concern'd me.

Mont. Why made you not me acquainted
With it?

Ver. Indeed, Sir, I knew it not myself,
Until this gentleman open'd my dull eyes,
And by persuation made me see it.

Ami. Could
His power in words make such a change?

Ver. Yes;

⁶³ *Concealment.*] See note 14 on the Humorous Lieutenant.

484 THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

As truly woman as yourself, my lord.

Lav. Why, but, hark you! are not you a woman?

Ver. If hands and face make it not evident,
You shall see more.

Mal. Breeches, breeches, Laverdine!

La-P. 'Tis not enough; women may wear those
cases;

Search further, courtier.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

La-P. Oh, thou fresh-water gudgeon, wouldst
thou come

To point of marriage with an ignoramus?

Thou shouldst have had her urine to the doctor's;

The foolishlest physician could have made plain

The liquid Epicæne⁶³; a blind man by the hand

Could have discover'd the ring from the stone.—

Boy, come to sea with me; I'll teach thee to climb,

And come down by the rope, nay, to eat rats.

Ver. I shall devour my master before the prison
then⁶⁴;

Sir, I've began my trade.

Mal. Trade! to the city, child;

A flat cap will become thee.

Mont. Gentlemen,

⁶³ *The liquid Epicæne.*] There is great humour in this; which will escape those who are not acquainted with the technical words in grammar: The *Epicæne* gender is the *doubtful*, or where the sex is not distinguished. The adjective and substantive are therefore jocosely inverted, and the *liquid Epicæne*, is the same as the *dubious liquid*.

Seward.

We do not remember meeting with a stranger observation, than is contained in the above note.

⁶⁴ *I shall devour my master before the prison then.*] This is a passage that has puzzled Mr. Symphon and myself. He proposes to read *poison* for *prison*, but he owns himself not satisfied with the change; nor, indeed, do I see, what advance towards sense we can make by it. I am very far from being satisfied with what I am going to propose. It is very clear, that *Veramour* designs to call *La-Poop* a *rat*, and his natural answer should be, “—I shall then devour my
“ master the first of all his crew.” I read therefore,

— before his prisoners then.

The rats of the ship may be called such.

Seward.

I beseech

I beseech you molest yourselves no further
For his preferment; 'tis determined.

Lav. I'm much ashamed; and if my cheek
Giveth not satisfaction, break my head.

Mont. Your shame is enough, Sir.

Ami. Montague⁶⁵,

Much joy attend thy marriage-bed! By thy
Example of true goodness, Envy is exil'd;
And to all honest men that truth intend,
I wish good luck! fair Fate be still thy friend!

[*Exennt omnes.*

⁶⁵ *Montague, much joy attend thy marriage bed;
By thy example of true goodness, envy is exil'd,
And to all honest men that truth intend,*

I wish good luck, fair fate be still thy friend.] The reader will

here see another instance, how much corrupted the measure was in those parts of the play which were rang'd as verse; which generally arose from the printers making the beginning of most speeches the beginning of a verse, when they are often a conclusion of some foregoing verse, as in this instance. Hence they were forced to curtail the next lines, to bring two lines and a half into two, and I hope, that the original is only restor'd in stretching them again into due dimensions. In the last line, I believe, for *thy friend*, we should read, *their friend*, else we should make a fuller point than a comma before it. The former seems most natural.

Seward.

Seward reads,

*Montague, much joy
Attend thy marriage-bed; by th' example
Of thy true goodness, Envy is exil'd,
And, &c.*

Scarcely any of Mr. Seward's divisions, which he so often mentions, are adopted in the present edition.



T H E
M A S Q U E

O F

THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN,
GRAY'S INN AND THE INNER-TEMPLE;

Presented before his MAJESTY, the QUEEN'S
MAJESTY, the PRINCE, COUNT PALATINE
and the LADY ELIZABETH their Highnesses,
in the Banqueting-House at Whitehall, on Satur-
day the 20th Day of February, 1612.



*This Masque was undoubtedly the production of Beaumont alone.
There is a quarto edition of it without a date; and it is also printed
in the folio of 1647.*



D E D I C A T I O N.

*To the Worthby Sir FRANCIS BACON, his Majesty's
Solicitor-General; and the Grave and Learned Bench
of the anciently-allied Houses of GRAY'S INN and the
INNER-TEMPLE, the INNER-TEMPLE and GRAY'S
INN.*

YOU that spared no time nor travel, in the setting forth, ordering, and furnishing of this Masque, (being the first fruits of honour, in this kind, which these two Societies have offered to his majesty), will not think much now to look back upon the effects of your own care and work: For that whereof the success was then doubtful, is now happily performed and graciously accepted; and that which you were then to think of in straits of time, you may now peruse at leisure: And you, Sir FRANCIS BACON, especially, as you did then by your countenance and loving affection advance it, so let your good word grace it and defend it, which is able to add value to the greatest and least matters.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS Masque was appointed to have been presented the Shrove-Tuesday before¹, at which time the masquers with their attendants, and divers other gallant young gentlemen of both houses, as their convoy, set forth from Winchester-house (which was the rendezvous) towards the court, about seven of the clock at night.

This voyage by water was performed in great triumph: The gentlemen masquers being placed by themselves in the king's royal barge, with the rich furniture of state, and adorned with a great number of lights placed in such order as might make best show.

They were attended with a multitude of barges

¹ *This Masque was appointed, &c.*] The marriage of the Count Palatine of the Rhine with the lady Elizabeth, daughter to James I. was celebrated on Valentine's Day, in the year 1613. The Masque then exhibited by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn and the Inner-Temple was performed with much splendor and magnificence, and at a great expence to both those societies. In Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*, 1671, p. 286, we find the following accounts of the charges attending this representation, extracted from the records of each society. ' *Grays*

Inn. In the 10th of King James, the gentlemen of this house were (together with those of the other inns of court) actors in that great Masque at Whitehall, at the marriage of the king's eldest daughter unto Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhine; the charge in apparel for the actors in which Masque, was supported by the society: The readers being each man assessed at 4*l*; the ancients, and such as at that time were to be called antients, at 2*l*. 10*s*. apiece; the barristers at 2*l*. a man; and the students at 20*s*; out of which so much was to be taken as the Inner-Temple did then allow.

' Which being performed, there was an order made, 18 Maii then next following, that the gentlemen who were actors in that Masque should bring in all their masqueing apparel, so provided at the charge of the house.'

Ibid. p. 346. ' *Lincoln's Inn.* The third upon a Masque in 11 Jac. presented by this society before the king, at the marriage of the lady Elizabeth his daughter, to the prince Elector Palatine of the Rhine, which cost no less than m^lxxxvi*l*. 8*s*. 11*d*.

R.

and

INTRODUCTION.

and gallies, with all variety of loud musick, and several peals of ordnance; and led by two admirals.

Of this show his majesty was graciously pleased to take view, with the prince, the Count Palatine and the lady Elizabeth their highnesses, at the windows of his privy gallery, upon the water, till their landing, which was at the privy stairs; where they were most honourably received by the lord chamberlain, and so conducted to the vestry.

The hall was by that time filled with company of very good fashion, but yet so as a very great number of principal ladies, and other noble persons, were not yet come in, whereby it was foreseen that the room would be so scantied as might have been inconvenient; and thereupon his majesty was most graciously pleased, with the consent of the gentlemen masquers, to put off the night until Saturday following, with this special favour and privilege, that there should be no let, as to the outward ceremony of magnificence until that time.

At the day that it was presented, there was a choice room reserved for the gentlemen of both their houses, who coming in troop about seven of the clock, received that special honour and noble favour, as to be brought to their places by the right honourable the Earl of Northampton, lord-privy-seal,

T H E
M A S Q U E

O F

THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN,

GRAY'S INN AND THE INNER-TEMPLE.

THE DEVISE OR ARGUMENT.

JUPITER and Juno, willing to do honour to the marriage of the two famous rivers, Thamesis and Rhine, employ their messengers severally, Mercury and Iris, for that purpose. They meet and contend: Then Mercury, for his part, brings forth an anti-masque all of spirits or divine natures; but yet not of one kind or livery (because that had been so much in use heretofore) but, as it were, in consort, like to broken music: And preserving the propriety of the devise; for that rivers in nature are maintained either by springs from beneath, or showers from above, he raiseth four of the Naiades out of the fountains, and bringeth down five of the Hyades out of the clouds, to dance. Hereupon, Iris scoffs at Mercury, for that he had devised a dance but of one sex, which could have no life: But Mercury, who
was

was provided for that exception, and in token that the match should be blessed both with love and riches, calleth forth out of the groves four Cupids, and brings down from Jupiter's altar four statues of gold and silver to dance with the nymphs and stars: In which dance, the Cupids being blind, and the statues having but half life put into them, and retaining still somewhat of their old nature, giveth fit occasion to new and strange varieties both in the music and paces. This was the first anti-masque.

Then Iris, for her part, in scorn of this high-flying devise, and in token that the match shall likewise be blessed with the love of the common people, calls to Flora, her confederate (for that the months of flowers are likewise the months of sweet showers and rainbows) to bring in a May dance, or rural dance, consisting likewise not of any suited persons, but of a confusion or commixture of all such persons as are natural and proper for country sports. This is the second anti-masque.

Then Mercury and Iris, after this vieing one upon the other, seem to leave their contention; and Mercury, by the consent of Iris, brings down the Olympian knights, intimating, that Jupiter having, after a long discontinuance, revived the Olympian games, and summoned thereunto from all parts the liveliest and activest persons that were, had enjoined them, before they fell to their games, to do honour to these nuptials. The Olympian games portend to the match celebrity, victory, and felicity. This was the main masque.

The fabric was a mountain with two descents, and severed with two traverses.

At the Entrance of the King, the first traverse was drawn, and the lower descent of the mountain discovered, which was the pendant of a hill to life, with divers boscages and grovets upon the steep or hanging grounds thereof; and at the foot of the hill,
four

four delicate fountains running with water, and bordered with sedges and water flowers.

Iris first appeared; and presently after Mercury, striving to overtake her.

Iris appareled in a robe of discoloured taffeta, figured in variable colours, like the rainbow, a cloudy wreath on her head, and tresses.

Mercury in doublet and hose of white taffeta, a white hat, wings on his shoulders and feet, his caduceus in his hand, speaking to Iris as followeth:

Mercury. **S**TAY, stay!
 Stay, light-foot Iris! for thou striv'st
 in vain;
 My wings are nimbler than thy feet.

Iris. Away,
 Dissembling Mercury! my messages
 Ask honest haste; not like those wanton ones
 Your thundring father sends.

Merc. Stay, foolish maid!
 Or I will take my rise upon a hill,
 When I perceive thee seated in a cloud,
 In all the painted glory that thou hast,
 And never cease to clap my willing wings,
 'Till I catch hold of thy discolour'd bow,
 And shiver it, beyond the angry power
 Of your curst² mistress to make up again.

Iris. Hermes, forbear! Juno will chide and strike.
 Is great Jove jealous that I am employ'd
 On her love-errands? She did never yet
 Clasp weak mortality in her white arms,
 As he hath often done: I only come
 To celebrate the long-wish'd nuptials
 Here in Olympia, which are now perform'd
 Betwixt two goodly rivers, which have mix'd
 Their gentle-rising waves, and are to grow
 Into a thousand streams, great as themselves.
 I need not name them, for the sound is loud

² *Curst*;] i. e. *Crogs*, *peevish*. The word occurs in *Philaster*, and several other places.

In Heaven and earth; and I am sent from her,
The queen of marriage; that was present here,
And smil'd to see them join, and hath not chid
Since it was done. Good Hermes, let me go!

Merc. Nay, you must stay; Jove's message is the
same,

Whose eyes are lightning, and whose voice is thunder,
Whose breath is any wind he will; who knows
How to be first on earth, as well as Heaven.

Iris. But what hath he to do with nuptial rites?
Let him keep state upon his starry throne,
And fright poor mortals with his thunderbolts,
Leaving to us the mutual darts of eyes!

Merc. Alas, when ever offer'd he t' abridge
Your lady's power, but only now, in these,
Whose match concerns his general government?
Hath not each god a part in these high joys?
And shall not he, the king of gods, presume
Without proud Juno's licence? Let her know,
That when enamour'd Jove first gave her power
To link soft hearts in undissolving bands,
He then foresaw, and to himself reserv'd,
The honour of this marriage. Thou shalt stand
Still as a rock, while I, to bless this feast,
Will summon up, with my all-charming rod,
The nymphs of fountains, from whose watry locks
(Hung with the dew of blessing and encrease)
The greedy rivers take their nourishment.
Ye nymphs, who bathing in your loved springs,
Beheld these rivers in their infancy,
And joy'd to see them, when their circled heads
Refresh'd the air, and spread the ground with flowers;
Rise from your wells, and with your nimble feet
Perform that office to this happy pair,
Which in these plains you to Alphæus did,
When passing hence, thro' many seas unmix'd,
He gain'd the favour of his Arethuse!

Immediately upon which speech, four Naiades arise
gently out of their several fountains, and present
themselves upon the stage, attired in long habits
of

of sea-green taffeta, with bubbles of crystal intermixt with powdering of silver resembling drops of water, blewish tresses on their heads, garlands of water-lilies. They fall into a measure, dance a little, then make a stand.

Iris. Is Hermes grown a lover? By what power, Unknown to us, calls he the Naiades?

Merc. Presumptuous Iris, I could make thee dance,
'Till thou forgot'st thy lady's messages,
And ran'st back crying to her! Thou shalt know
My power is more; only my breath, and this,
Shall move fix'd stars, and force the firmament
To yield the Hyades, who govern showers,
And dewy clouds, in whose dispersed drops
Thou form'st the shape of thy deceitful bow.
Ye maids, who yearly at appointed times
Advance with kindly tears the gentle floods,
Descend, and pour your blessing on these streams,
Which rolling down from Heav'n-aspiring hills,
And now united in the fruitful vales,
Bear all before them, ravish'd with their joy,
And swell in glory, till they know no bounds!

Five Hyades descend softly in a cloud from the firmament, to the middle part of the hill, appareled in sky-coloured taffeta robes, spangled like the heavens, golden tresses, and each a fair star on their head; from thence descend to the stage, at whose sight the Naiades seeming to rejoice, meet and join in a dance.

Iris. Great wit and power hath Hermes, to contrive
A lifeless dance, which of one sex consists!

Merc. Alas, poor Iris! Venus hath in store
A secret ambush of her winged boys;
Who lurking long within these pleasant groves,
First struck these lovers with their equal darts;
Those Cupids shall come forth, and join with these
To honour that which they themselves began.

Enter

Enter four Cupids from each side of the bosage, attired in flame-coloured taffeta close to their body, like naked boys, with bows, arrows, and wings of gold; chaplets of flowers on their heads, hoodwinked with tiffany scarfs; who join with the nymphs and the Hyades in another dance. That ended, Mercury speaks.

Merc. Behold the statues which wife Vulcan plac'd³

Under the altar of Olympian Joy,
And gave to them an artificial life,
Shall dance for joy of these great nuptials⁴.
See how they move, drawn by this heav'nly joy,
Like the wild trees, which follow'd Orpheus' harp!

The Statues enter, supposed to be before descended from Jove's altar, and to have been prepared in the covert with the Cupids, attending their call. These Statues were attired in cases of gold and silver close to their body, faces, hands, and feet, nothing seen but gold and silver, as if they had been solid images of metal, tresses of hair as they had been of metal embossed, girdles and small aprons of oaken leaves, as if they likewise had been carved or moulded out of the metal: At their coming, the musick changed from violins to hautboys, cornets, &c. and the air of the musick was utterly turned into a soft time, with drawing notes, excellently expressing their natures, and the measure likewise was fitted unto the same, and the Statues placed in such several postures, sometimes all together in the centre of the dance, and sometimes

³ *Iris. Behold, &c.*] The argument, as well as what follows, proves beyond contradiction that this speech belongs to *Mercury*, though hitherto erroneously allotted to *Iris*.

⁴ *Shall dance for joy of these great nuptials:
And gave to them an artificial life.*] The transposition of these lines seems indispensably necessary.

in the four utmost angles, as was very graceful, besides the novelty. And so concluded the first anti-masque.

Merc. And what will Juno's Iris do for her?

Iris. Just match this show, or my invention fails:
Had it been worthier, I would have invok'd
The blazing comets, clouds and falling stars,
And all my kindred meteors of the air,
To have excell'd it; but I now must strive
To imitate confusion: Therefore thou,
Delightful Flora, if thou ever felt'st
Encrease of sweetness in those blooming plants
On which the horns of my fair bow decline,
Send hither all the rural company
Which deck the May-games with their country sports!
Juno will have it so.

The second anti-masque rush in, dance their measure, and as rudely depart; consisting of, a Pedant, May Lord, May Lady; Servingman, Chambermaid; a Country Clown, or Shepherd, Country Wench; an Host, Hostess; a He-Baboon, She-Baboon; a He-Fool, She-Fool, ushering them in.

All these persons, appareled to the life, the men issuing out of one side of the bosage, and the women from the other. The musick was extremely well fitted, having such a spirit of country jollity as can hardly be imagined; but the perpetual laughter and applause was above the musick.

The dance likewise was of the same strain; and the dancers, or rather actors, expressed every one their part so naturally and aptly, as when a man's eye was caught with the one, and then past on to the other, he could not satisfy himself which did best. It pleased his majesty to call for it again at the end, as he did likewise for the first anti-masque; but one of the Statues by that time was undressed.

Merc. Iris, we strive,
Like winds at liberty, who should do worst³
Ere we return. If Juno be the queen
Of marriages, let her give happy way
To what is done, in honour of the state
She governs!

Iris. Hermes, so it may be done
Merely in honour of the state, and these
That now have prov'd it; not to satisfy
The lust of Jupiter, in having thanks
More than his Juno; if thy snaky rod
Have power to search the Heav'ns, or sound the sea,
Or call together all the ends of earth,
To bring in any thing that may do grace
To us, and these; do it, we shall be pleas'd.

Merc. Then know, that from the mouth of Jove
himself,
Whose words have wings, and need not to be borne,
I took a message, and I bare it thro'
A thousand yielding clouds, and never stay'd
'Till his high will was done: The Olympian games,
Which long have slept, at these wish'd nuptials
He pleas'd to have renew'd, and all his knights
Are gather'd hither, who within their tents
Rest on this hill; upon whose rising head
Behold Jove's altar, and his blessed priests
Moving about it! Come, you holy men,
And with your voices draw these youths along,
That 'till Jove's music call them to their games,
Their active sports may give a blest content
To those, for whom they are again begun.

The main Masque.—The second traverse is drawn,
and the higher ascent of the mountain is discovered;
wherein, upon a level, after a great rise of the hill,
were placed two pavillions: Open in the front of
them, the pavillions were to fight as of cloth of

³ *Who should do worst.*] The sense seems to require us to read *most* for *worst*; unless it means, which should *worst* the other.

gold, and they were trimmed on the inside with rich armour and military furniture, hanged up as upon the walls; and behind the tents there were represented, in prospective, the tops of divers other tents, as if it had been a camp. In these pavillions were placed fifteen Olympian knights, upon seats a little embowed near the form of a crescent, and the knights appeared first, as consecrated persons, all in veils, like to copes, of silver tiffany, gathered, and falling a large compass about them, and over their heads high mitres, with long pendants behind falling from them; the mitres were so high, that they received their hats and feathers, that nothing was seen but veil. In the midst between both the tents, upon the very top of the hill, being a higher level than that of the tents, was placed Jupiter's altar gilt, with three great tapers upon golden candlesticks burning upon it; and the four statues, two of gold, and two of silver, as supporters, and Jupiter's priests in white robes about it. Upon the sight of the king, the veils of the knights did fall easily from them, and they appeared in their own habit.

The Knights' attire.—Arming doublets of carnation sattin, embroidered with blazing stars of silver plate, with powderings of smaller stars betwixt; gorgets of silver mail; long hose of the same, with the doublets laid with silver lace spangled, and enriched with embroidery between the lace; carnation silk stockings embroidered all over; garters and roses suitable; pumps of carnation sattin embroidered, as the doublets; hats of the same stuff, and embroidery cut like a helmet before, the hinder part cut into scallops, answering the skirts of their doublets; the bands of the hats were wreaths of silver in form of garlands of wild olives, white feathers, with one fall of carnation; belts of the same stuff and embroidered with the doublet; silver swords; little Italian bands and cuffs embroidered with silver; fair long tresses of hair.

The Priests' habits.—Long robes of white taffeta; long white heads of hair; the high-priest a cap of white silk shag close to his head, with two labels at the ears, the midst rising in form of a pyramid, in the top thereof a branch of silver; every priest playing upon a lute; twelve in number.

The Priests descend and sing this song following; after whom the Knights likewise descend, first laying aside their veils, belts, and swords.

Shake off your heavy trance,
And leap into a dance,
Such as no mortals use to tread,
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the Moon to lead,
And all the Stars to follow!

The Knights by this time are all descended and fallen into their place, and then dance their first measure.

On, blessed youths! for Jove doth pause,
Laying aside his graver laws
For this device:
And at the wedding such a pair,
Each dance is taken for a pray'r,
Each song a sacrifice.

The Knights dance their second measure.

[*Solo.*] More pleasing were these sweet delights,
If ladies mov'd as well as knights;
Run every one of you, and catch
A nymph, in honour of this match;
And whisper boldly in her ear,
Jove will but laugh, if you forswear!

[*Chorus.*] And this day's sins, he doth resolve,
That we his priests should all absolve.

The Knights take their ladies to dance with them galliards, durets, corantos, &c. and lead them to their places; then loud music sounds, supposed to call them to their Olympian games.

Ye should stay longer if we durst:
Away! Alas, that he that first
Gave Time wild wings to fly away,
Hath now no power to make him stay!
But tho' these games must needs be play'd,
I would this pair, when they are laid,
And not a creature nigh 'em,
Could catch his scythe as he doth pass,
And cut his wings, and break his glass,
And keep him ever by 'em.

The Knights dance their parting measure, and ascend,
put on their swords and belts; during which time,
the Priests sing the fifth and last song.

Peace and silence be the guide
To the man, and to the bride!
If there be a joy yet new
In marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the world may wonder!
If we should stay, we should do worse,
And turn our blessing to a curse,
By keeping you asunder.

THIS Masque is here printed from the quarto edition. All the other copies of it are extremely erroneous and imperfect: None of the descriptive parts are inserted in them; and to point out the blunders and other omissions would require almost as many Notes as the Masque contains lines.





YOUR PLAYS, OR
MORAL REPRESENTATIONS,
IN ONE.



— would you had come sooner: you see
How full the scaffolds are! there is scant room
For a lovers thought here.

Scene I

M. H. Parker del.

C. Chapman sculp.

FOUR PLAYS, OR
MORAL REPRESENTATIONS,
I N O N E.

This Drama was first printed in the folio edition. No circumstances appear to ascribe it in particular to either Author; it was probably a joint production.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Emanuel, <i>king of Portugal</i>	} <i>spectators of the play at the celebration of the nuptials.</i>
and Castile.	
Ifabella, <i>his queen.</i>	
Lords.	
Frigofo, <i>a courtier.</i>	
Rinaldo, <i>his acquaintance.</i>	

The Triumph of HONOUR.

Martius, <i>a Roman général.</i>	
Valerius, <i>his brother.</i>	Diana.
Sophocles, <i>duke of Athens.</i>	Dorigen, <i>Sophocles's wife, the example of chastity.</i>
Nicodemus, <i>a cowardly corporal</i>	
Cornelius, <i>a wittol sutler.</i>	Florence, <i>wife to Cornelius.</i>
Captain.	

The Triumph of LOVE.

Cupid.	Angelina, <i>wife to Benvoglio.</i>
Rinaldo, <i>duke of Milan.</i>	Violante, <i>her daughter, Gerrard's mistress.</i>
Benvoglio, } <i>brothers, lords</i>	
Randulpho, } <i>of Milan.</i>	Dorothea, <i>Violante's attendant.</i>
Gerrard, } <i>sons of the duke,</i>	
Ferdinand, } <i>supposed lost.</i>	Cornelia, <i>the obscured duchess.</i>

The Triumph of DEATH.

Duke of Anjou.	
Lavall, <i>his lustful heir.</i>	Gabriella, <i>the despised wife of Lavall.</i>
Gentille, <i>a courtier, father to Perolot.</i>	Hellena, <i>his second wife.</i>
Perolot, <i>contracted to Gabriella</i>	Casta, <i>daughter to Gentille.</i>
Two Gentlemen.	Maria, <i>a servant attending on Gabriella.</i>
A Spirit.	
Shalloone, <i>servant to Lavall.</i>	

The Triumph of TIME.

Jupiter.	Vain-Delight.
Mercury.	Bounty.
Plutus.	Poverty.
Time.	Honesty.
Atropos.	Simplicity.
Desire.	Fame.

FOUR PLAYS, OR
MORAL REPRESENTATIONS,
I N O N E.

Enter Frigofo. [Noise within.]

Fri. **A**WAY with those bald-pated rascals there!
Their wits are bound up in vellum; they are
Not current here. Down with those city
gentlemen! &c.

Out with those cuckolds, I say, and in with their wives
At the back door! Worship and place, I am weary of ye;
Ye lie on my shoulders like a load of gold
On an afs's back. A man in authority
Is but as a candle in the wind, sooner wasted
Or blown out, than under a bushel.—How now!
What's the matter? who are you, Sir?

Enter Rinaldo.

Rin. Who am I, Sir?

Why, do you not know me?

Fri. No, by my faith, do I not.

Rin. I am fure we din'd together to-day.

Fri. That's all one:

As I din'd with you in the city, and as you paid

For

For my dinner there, I do know you, and am
Beholding to you: But as my mind is since
Transmigrated into my office, and as you come
To court to have me pay you again, and be
Beholding to me, I know you not,
I know you not!

Rin. Nay, but look you, Sir!

Fri. Pardon me!

If you had been my bedfellow these seven years,
And lent me money to buy my place, I must
Not transgress principles: This very talking
With you is an ill example.

Rin. Pish!

You are too punctual a courtier, Sir!
Why, I'm a courtier too; yet never understood
The place or name to be so infectious
To humanity and manners, as to cast
A man into a burning pride and arrogance,
For which there is no cure. I am a courtier,
And yet I will know my friends, I tell you.

Fri. And I tell you,
You will thrive accordingly, I warrant you.

Rin. But, hark you, signor Frigoso! you shall first
understand,
I have no friends with me to trouble you.

Fri. Humh! that's a good motive.

Rin. Nor to borrow money of you.

Fri. That's an excellent motive.

Rin. No, my sweet don,
Nor to ask what you owe me.

Fri. Why, that
Is the very motive of motives why I ought
And will know thee: And if I had not wound thee
Up to this promise, I would not have known thee
These fifteen years, no more than the arrantest
Or most founder'd Castilian that
Follow'd our new queen's carriages a-foot.

Rin. Nor for any thing, dear don, but that you would
Place me conveniently to see the play to-night.

Fri.

REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE. 509

Fri. That shall I, signor Rinaldo.

But would you had come sooner : You see
How full the scaffolds are ! there is scant room
For a lover's thought here.—Gentlewomen,
Sit close, for shame ! Has none of ye
A little corner for this gentleman ?—
I'll place you, fear not. And how did our brave king
Of Portugal, Emanuel, bear himself to-day ?
You saw the solemnity of the marriage.

Rin. Why, like a fit husband for so gracious
And excellent a princess, as his worthy
Mate Isabella, the king of Castile's daughter,
Doth, in her very external lineaments,
Mixture of colours, and joining dove-like behaviour,
Assure herself to be. And I protest,
My dear don, seriously, I can sing
Prophetically nothing but blessed hymns,
And happy occasions to this sacred union
Of Portugal and Castile, which have so wisely
And mutually conjoined two such virtuous
And beautiful princes as these are; and, in all opinion,
Like to multiply to their very last minute.

Fri. The king is entering : Signor, hover here-
about ;

And as soon as the train is set, clap into me ;
We'll stand near the state. If you have
Any creditors here, they shall renew
Bonds a twelvemonth on such a sight : But to touch
The pomel of the king's chair, in the sight
Of a citizen, is better security
For a thousand double-ducats, than three
Of the best merchants in Lisbon. Besides, signor,
We will censure, not only the king in the play here,
That reigns his two hours, but the king himself,
That is to rule his life-time. Take my counsel !—
I have one word to say to this noble assembly,
And I aim for you.

Rin. Your method shall govern me.

Fri.

510 FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL

Fri. Prologues are huishers bare before the wise¹;
 Why may not then an huisher prologue?
 Here's a fair sight; and were ye oftner seen
 Thus gather'd here, 'twould please our king and
 queen.

Upon my conscience, ye are welcome all
 To Lisbon, and the court of Portugal;
 Where your fair eyes shall feed on no worse sights
 Than preparations made for kings' delights.
 We wish to men content, the manliest treasure;
 And to the women, their own wish'd-for pleasure!
 [*Flourish.*]

Enter Emanuel and Isabella, Lords, and Attendants.

Eman. Fair fountain of my life, from whose pure
 streams

The propagation of two kingdoms flows,
 Never contention rise in either's breast,
 But contestation whose love shall be best!

Isab. Majestick ocean, that with plenty feeds
 Me, thy poor tributary rivulet;
 Sun of my beauty, that with radiant beams
 Dost gild and dance upon these humble streams;
 Curs'd be my birth-hour, and my ending day,
 When back your love-floods I forget to pay!
 Or if this breast of mine, your crystal brook,
 Ever take other form in, other look
 But yours, or e'er produce unto your Grace
 A strange reflection, or another's face,
 But be your love-book clasp'd, open'd to none
 But you, nor hold a story, but your own;

¹ *Prologues are bad huishers before the wise.*] If prologues are *bad* huishers, how does the consequence follow, that therefore an huisher or *usher* should prologue? I believe *bad* a corruption, and that we should read *but*, which renders the whole easy and intelligible.

Seward.

The present text is from the first edition. *Bare* seems used in the sense of *but*, or *mere*. It is also sense, in the acception of *uncovered*, in this place.

A water

REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE. 511

A water fix'd, that ebbs nor floods pursue,
Frozen to all, only dissolv'd to you !

Eman. Oh, who shall tell the sweetness of our love
To future times, and not be thought to lie ?
I look thro' this hour like a perspective,
And far off see millions of prosperous feeds,
That our reciprocal affection breeds.

Thus, my white rib, close in my breast with me,
Which nought shall tear hence, but mortality !

Lords. Be kingdoms blest in you, you blest in them !
[*Flourish.*]

Fri. Whist ! signor ! My strong imagination
Shews me Love, methinks, bathing in milk
And wine in her cheeks. Oh, how she clips him,
Like a plant of ivy !

Rin. Ay ; could not you be content
To be an owl in such an ivy-bush,
Or one of the oaks of the city, to be so clipt ?

Fri. Equivocal don, tho' I like the clipping well,
I could not be content either to be your owl,
Or your ox of the city.—The play begins. [*Flourish.*]

Enter a Poet with a garland.

Poet Prologue. Low at your sacred feet our poor
muse lays

Her, and her thunder-fearless verdant bays.
Four several Triumphs to your princely eyes,
Of Honour, Love, Death, and Time, do rise
From our approaching subject ; which we move
Tow'rd's you with fear, since that a sweeter love,
A brighter honour, purer chastity,
March in your breasts this day triumphantly,
Than our weak scenes can shew : Then how dare we
Present, like apes and zanies, things that be
Exemplified in you, but that we know
We ne'er crav'd grace which you did not bestow ?

Enter

Enter in triumph with drums, trumpets, colours, Martius, Valerius, Sophocles bound, Nicodemus, Cornelius, Captains and Soldiers.

Mar. What means proud Sophocles?

Soph. To go even with Martius,
And not to follow him like his officer:
I never waited yet on any man.

Mar. Why, poor Athenian duke, thou art my slave;
My blows have conquer'd thee.

Soph. Thy slave, proud Martius?
Cato thy countryman (whose constancy,
Of all the Romans, I did honour most)
Ripp'd himself twice to avoid slavery,
Making himself his own anatomy.
But look thee, Martius; not a vein runs here
From head to foot, but Sophocles would unseam, and
Like a spring-garden³ shoot his scornful blood
Into their eyes, durst come to tread on him.
As for thy blows, they did not conquer me:
Seven battles have I met thee face to face,
And given thee blow for blow, and wound for wound,
And, 'till thou taught'st me⁴, knew not to retire:
Thy sword was then as bold, thy arm as strong;
Thy blows then, Martius, cannot conquer me.

Val. What is it then?

Soph. Fortune.

Val. Why, yet in that
Thou art the worse man, and must follow him.

Soph. Young Sir, you err: If Fortune could be
call'd

Or his, or yours, or mine, in good or evil,
For any certain space, thou hadst spoke truth;
But she but jests with man, and in mischance
Abhors all constancy, flouting him still

³ *And like a spring garden.*] *Spring-GARDEN* appears to be corrupt. Perhaps the line should run,

And like a spring GUN shoot, &c.

⁴ *Thou taught'st me.*] The context seems to require *FATE taught me*, or words to that effect.

With some small touch of good, or seeming good,
Midst of his mischief; which vicissitude
Makes him strait doff his armour, and his fence
He had prepar'd before, to break her strokes.
So from the very zenith of her wheel,
When she has dandled some choice favourite,
Giv'n him his boons in women, honour, wealth,
And all the various delicacies of earth,
That the fool scorns the gods in his excess,
She whirls, and leaves him at th' Antipodes.

Mar. Art sure we have taken him? is this Sophocles?
His fetter'd arms say no; his free soul, ay.
This Athens nurseth arts, as well as arms.

Soph. Nor glory, Martius, in this day of thine!
'Tis behind yesterday, but before tomorrow;
Who knows what Fortune then will do with thee?
She never yet could make the better man,
The better chance she has: The man that's best
She still contends with, and doth favour least.

Mar. Methinks, a graver thunder than the skies
Breaks from his lips: I am amaz'd to hear;
And Athens' words, more than her swords do fear.

[*Aside.*

Slave Sophocles——

Soph. Martius, couldst thou acquire
And did thy Roman gods so love thy prayers
And solemn sacrifice, to grant thy suit

⁵ *Soph. Martius, slave Sophocles, couldst thou acquire.*] A transposition here has rendered this absolute darkness. Martius being struck with admiration at Sophocles's intrepidity, is resolved to put it to a farther trial by scoffs and insults; he therefore begins with calling him *slave* as the answer evidently shews. There is therefore scarce doubt of the true reading being as the text is now reformed, making the first part of the speech spoke aside, and then,

Slave Sophocles.

Soph. Martius, couldst thou acquire, &c.

But there is, I believe, a great corruption still remaining in the word *acquire*, to *acquire* to *gather* is bad English; besides as the sentence stands, the acquisition precedes the prayers. 'Tis therefore most probable that the true word is *aspire*, which seems clear of all objections.

Seward.

Acquire is, in our opinion, preferable.

To

514 FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL

To gather all the valour of the Cæsars
Thy predeceffors, and what is to come,
And by their influence fling it on thee now,
Thou couldst not make my mind go lefs, not pare
With all their fwords one virtue from my foul :
How am I vaffal'd then ? make fuch thy flaves,
As dare not keep their goodnefs paft their graves.
Know, general, we two are chances on
The die of Fate ; now thrown, thy fix is up,
And my poor one beneath thee ; next, the throw
May fet me upmoft, and caft thee below.

Mar. Yet will I try thee more : Calamity [*Aside.*
Is man's true touchftone.—Listen, insolent prince,
That dar'ft contemn the mafter of thy life,
Which I will force here 'fore thy city-walls
With barbarous cruelty, and call thy wife
To fee it, and then after fend her——

Soph. Ha, ha, ha !

Mar. And then demolish Athens to the ground,
Depopulate her, fright away her fame,
And leave fucceffion neither ftone nor name.

Soph. Ha, ha, ha !

Mar. Dost thou deride me ?

Val. Kneel ! ask Martius

For mercy, Sophocles, and live happy ftill !

Soph. Kneel, and ask mercy ? Roman, art a god ?
I never kneel'd, or begg'd, of any elfe.
Thou art a fool ! and I will lofe no more
Instructions on thee, now I find thy ears [*Solemn mufick.*

Enter Dorigen, Ladies bearing a fword.

Are foolifh, like thy tongue.—My Dorigen !
Oh, muft ſhe fee me bound ?

1 *Capt.* There's the firft figh
He breath'd ſince he was born, I think.

2 *Capt.* Forbear,
All but the lady his wife !

Soph. How my heart chides
The manacles of my hands, that let them not
Embrace

Embrace my Dorigen !

Val. Turn but thy face,

And ask thy life of Martius thus, and thou,
With thy fair wife, shalt live ; Athens shall stand,
And all her privileges augmented be.

Soph. 'Twere better Athens perish'd, and my wife
(Which, Romans, I do know a worthy one),
Than Sophocles should shrink of Sophocles,
Commit profane idolatry, by giving
The reverence due to gods to thee, blown man !

Mar. Rough, stubborn cynick !

Soph. Thou art rougher far,
And of a coarser wale, fuller of pride,
Less temperate to bear prosperity.
Thou seest my mere neglect hath rais'd in thee
A storm more boistrous than the ocean's ;
My virtue, Patience, makes thee vicious.

Mar. Why, fair-ey'd lady, do you kneel ?

Dor. Great general,
Victorious, godlike Martius, your poor handmaid
Kneels, for her husband will not, cannot ; speaks
Thus humbly, that he may not. Listen, Roman !
Thou whose advanced front doth speak thee Roman
To every nation, and whose deeds assure it !
Behold a princess, whose declining head,
Like to a drooping lily after storms,
Bows to thy feet, and playing here the slave,
To keep her husband's greatness unabated ;
All which doth make thy conquest greater ! For,
If he be base in aught whom thou hast taken,
Then Martius hath but taken a base prize :
But if this jewel hold lustre and value,
Martius is richer then in that he hath won.
Oh, make him such a captive as thyself
Unto another wouldst, great captain, be !
'Till then, he is no prisoner fit for thee.

Mar. Valerius, here is harmony would have brought
Old crabbed Saturn to sweet sleep, when Jove
Did first incense him with rebellion !
Athens doth make women philosophers ;

§16 FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL

And sure their children chat the talk of gods:

Val. Rise, beauteous Dorigen!

Dor. Not until I know

The general's resolution.

Val. One soft word

From Sophocles would calm him into tears,
Like gentle showers after tempestuous winds.

Dor. To buy the world, he will not give a word,
A look, a tear, a knee, 'gainst his own judgment,
And the divine composure of his mind:

All which I therefore do; and here present
This victor's wreath, this rich Athenian sword,
Trophies of conquest, which, great Martius, wear,
And be pleas'd! Let Sophocles still live!

Mar. He would not live.

Dor. He would not beg to live:
When he shall so forget, then I begin
To command, Martius; and when he kneels,
Dorigen stands; when he lets fall a tear,
I dry mine eyes, and scorn him.

Mar. Scorn him now then,
Here in the face of Athens and thy friends!
Self-will'd, stiff Sophocles, prepare to die,
And by that sword thy lady honour'd me,
With which herself shall follow. Romans, friends,
Who dares but strike this stroke, shall part with me
Half Athens, and my half of victory.

Capt. By Heaven, not we!

Nic. Corn. We two will do it, Sir.

Soph. Away, ye fish-fac'd rascals!

Val. Martius,

To eclipse this great eclipse labours thy fame⁶;
Valerius thy brother shall for once
Turn executioner: Give me the sword.
Now, Sophocles, I'll strike as suddenly

⁶ *To eclipse this great eclipse labours thy fame.*] This is so obscure, that many readers may think it requires an explication. The sense seems to be.—Sophocles whilst he lives will be a great eclipse to thy fame, and thy fame is now labouring to eclipse him in thy turn, therefore thy brother shall be his executioner.

Seward.

As

As thou dar'st die.

Soph. Thou canst not! and, Valerius,
'Tis less dishonour to thee thus to kill me,
Than bid me kneel to Martius: 'Tis to murder
The fame of living men⁷, which great ones do
Their studies strangle; poison makes away;
The wretched hangman only ends the play.

Val. Art thou prepar'd?

Soph. Yes.

Val. Bid thy wife farewell!

Soph. No; I will take no leave!—My Dorigen,
Yonder above, 'bout Ariadne's crown,
My spirit shall hover for thee; prithee haste!

Dor. Stay, Sophocles! with this tie up my sight;
Let not soft Nature so transformed be
(And lose her gentler-sex'd humanity)
To make me see my lord bleed!—So! 'tis well;
Never one object underneath the sun
Will I behold before my Sophocles.

⁷ ——— 'Tis to murder

The fame of living men, which great ones do;

Their studies strangle, poison makes away,

The wretched hangman only ends the play.] Though false point-
ings have rendered this quite dark; yet if the printers have not made
some mistake that I cannot discover; the Poet himself was very ob-
scure, and however proper the sentiment, 'tis certainly ill expressed.
By making the first part of the sentence end at *strangle*, the following
sense may be deduced from it. To make their fellow-creatures kneel
to them, as great men frequently do, is worse than murdering them;
it renders them servile and slavish, debases them below the dignity of
their nature, murders therefore their fame and fetters and strangles
their *studies*, i. e. the free exertions of their rational faculties.
Whereas poison makes away or destroys a man without injuring his
fame, or diminishing the dignity of his soul; and the wretched despi-
cable hangman only puts an end to the part we act upon the stage of
this world. This sentiment is continued and improved in Sophocles's
next speech upon death.

Seward.

Probably we should point,

————— *which great ones do*

Their studies strangle.

The sense is, 'You will dishonour me less by killing me, than
' bidding me kneel to Martius. Great men exert themselves to
' murder the fame of the living; which is greater cruelty than poison
' or hanging, which but concludes our misery.' The expression,
however, in any sense, is certainly obscure.

Farewell! Now teach the Romans how to die.

Mar. Dost know what 'tis to die?

Soph. Thou dost not, Martius,
And therefore not what 'tis to live. To die
Is to begin to live: It is to end
An old stale weary work, and to commence
A newer and a better: 'Tis to leave
Deceitful knaves, for the society
Of gods and goodness: Thou thyself must part
At last from all thy garlands, pleasures, triumphs,
And prove thy fortitude, what then 'twill do.

Val. But art not griev'd nor vex'd to leave life thus?

Soph. Why should I grieve or vex for being sent
To them I ever lov'd best? Now I'll kneel;
But with my back toward thee. 'Tis the last duty
This trunk can do the gods.

Mar. Strike, strike, Valerius,
Or Martius' heart will leap out at his mouth!
This is a man; a woman! Kiss thy lord,
And live with all the freedom you were wont.
Oh, Love! thou doubly hast afflicted me,
With virtue and with beauty. Treacherous heart,
My hand shall cast thee quick into my urn,
Ere thou transgress this knot of piety.

Val. What ails my brother?

Soph. Martius, oh, Martius!
Thou now hast found a way to conquer me.

Dor. Oh, star of Rome, what gratitude can speak
Fit words to follow such a deed as this?

Mar. Doth Juno talk, or Dorigen?

Val. You are observ'd.

Mar. This admirable duke, Valerius,
With his disdain of fortune, and of death,
Captiv'd himself, hath captivated me:
And tho' my arm hath ta'en his body here,
His soul hath subjugated Martius' soul:
By Romulus, he is all soul, I think!
He hath no flesh, and spirit can't be giv'd:
Then we have vanquish'd nothing; he is free,
And Martius walks now in captivity.

Soph. How fares the noble Roman?

Mar. Why?

Dor. Your blood

Is sunk down to your heart, and your bright eyes
Have lost their splendor.

Mar. Baser fires go out

When the sun shines on 'em.—I am not well;
An apoplectick fit I use to have⁸,
After my heats in war carelessly cool'd.

Soph. Martius shall rest in Athens with his friends,
'Till this distemper leave him. Oh, great Roman!
See Sophocles do that for thee he could not
Do for himself, weep. Martius, by the gods,
It grieves me that so brave a soul should suffer
Under the body's weak infirmity.
Sweet lady, take him to thy loving charge,
And let thy care be tender.

Dor. Kingly Sir,

I am your nurse and servant.

Mar. Oh, dear lady,

My mistress, nay, my deity! Guide me, Heav'n!
Ten wreaths triumphant Martius will give,
To change a Martius for a Sophocles:
Can it not be done, Valerius, with this boot?⁹
Inseparable affection, ever thus
Colleague with Athens Rome!

Dor. Beat warlike tunes,

Whilst Dorigen thus honours Martius' brow
With one victorious wreath more!

Soph. And Sophocles

Thus girds his sword of conquest to his thigh,
Which ne'er be drawn, but cut out victory!

⁸ *An apoplectick fit.*] Whether there is any lesser degree of the apoplexy that does not deprive a man of his senses, I am not physician enough to know; but to make a man accustomed to apoplectick fits seems improper, since the third stroke is generally held fatal. I rather believe the Poets wrote *epileptick*, a distemper that Shakespeare from history gives to two very great soldiers, Julius Cæsar and Henry IV.

Seward.

⁹ *With this boot.*] *i. e.* With this advantage in exchange.

Lords. For ever be it thus!

[*Exeunt.*

Corn. Corporal Nicodemus,
A word with you.

Nic. My worthy sutler
Cornelius, it befits not Nicodemus
The Roman officer to parley with
A fellow of thy rank; th' affairs of the empire
Are to be occupied.

Corn. Let the affairs of
The empire lie awhile unoccupied!
Sweet Nicodemus, I do require the money at
Thy hands, which thou dost owe me; and if fair means
Cannot attain, force of arms shall accomplish.

Nic. Put up, and live,

Corn. I have put up too much already,
Thou corporal of concupiscence; for I
Suspect thou hast dishonour'd my flock-bed,
And with thy foolish eloquence, and that
Bewitching face of thine, drawn my wife,
The young harlotry baggage, to prostitute
Herself unto thee. Draw, therefore; for thou
Shalt find thyself a mortal corporal!

Nic. Stay thy dead-doing hand, and hear: I will
Rather descend from my honour, and argue
These contumelies with thee, than clutch thee
(Poor fly) in these eaglet claws of mine; or draw
My sword of fate on a peasant, a besognio¹⁰,
A cocoloch, as thou art. Thou shalt
First understand this foolish eloquence,
And intolerable beauty of mine
(Both which, I protest, are merely natural)
Are the gifts of the gods, with which I have
Neither sent bawdy sonnet, nor amorous glance,
Or (as the vulgar call it) a sheep's eye
To thy betrothed Florence.

Corn. Thou liest!

Nic. Oh, gods of Rome, was Nicodemus born
To bear these braveries from a poor provant?

¹⁰ Besognio.] See note 12 on the Marital Maid.

REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE. 521

Yet when dogs bark, or when the asses bray,
The lion laughs; not roars, but goes his way.

Corn. A pox o' your poetical vein! this versifying
My wife has hornified me. Sweet corporal Cod's
head,

No more standing on your punctilio's and punketto's
Of honour, they are not worth a louse; the truth is,
Thou art the general's bigamy, that is,
His fool, and his knave; thou art miscreant
And recreant; not an horse-boy in the legions,
But has beaten thee; thy beginning was knap-sack,
And thy ending will be halter-sack¹¹.

Nic. Methinks

I am now Sophocles the wise, and thou
Art Martius the mad.

Corn. No more of your tricks,
Good corporal Leather-chops! I say, thou hast
Dishonour'd me; and since honour now-a-days
Is only repaired by money, pay me,
And I am satisfied; even reckoning keeps
Long friends.

Nic. Let us continue friends then,
For I have been even with thee a long time;
And tho' I have not paid thee, I've paid thy wife.

Corn. Flow forth, my tears! thou hast deflower'd
her, Tarquin!

The garden of my delight, hedged about,
In which there was but one bowling-alley
For mine own private procreation,
Thou hast, like a thief i'th' night, leaped the hedge,
Enter'd my alley, and without my privy
Play'd thine own rubbers.

Nic. How long shall Patience thus securely snore?
Is it my fault, if these attractive eyes,
This budding chin, or rosy-colour'd cheek,

¹¹ *And thy ending will be halter-sack.*] The junction of *sack* and *halter* here, is only to preserve a jingle of words without meaning. We may, perhaps, restore a quibble with some little sense in it, if we read *halter-sick*.

This comely body, and this waxen leg,
 Have drawn her into a fool's paradise?
 By Cupid's godhead I do swear (no other ¹²)
 She's chaster far than Lucrece, her grandmother;
 Pure as glass-window, ere the rider dash it ¹³,
 Whiter than lady's smock, when she did wash it:
 For well thou wot'st (tho' now my heart's comman-
 drefs)

I once was free, and she but the camp's laundress.

Corn. Ay; she then came sweet to me; no part
 About her but smelt of soap-suds; like a dryad
 Out of a wash-bowl ¹⁴. Pray, or pay!

Nic. Hold!

Corn. Was thy cheese mouldy, or thy pennyworths
 small?

Was not thy ale the mightiest of the earth in malt,
 And thy stupe fill'd like a tide? was not thy bed soft,
 and

Thy bacon fatter than a dropsy? Come, Sir!

Nic. Mars then inspire me with the fencing skill
 Of our tragedian actors! Honour pricks;
 And, sutler, now I come with thwacks and thwicks.
 Grant us one crush, one pass, and now a high lavalto
 fall;

Then up again, now down again, yet do no harm at all!

¹² *By Cupid's — I do swear (no other).*] With this *hiatus* the line has been hitherto printed, *bow* or *arrow* were probably the original, but what is *(no other)* and why in a parenthesis? The parenthesis, I believe, belongs to *I do swear*; and the insertion of the preposition *by* makes out a comic hobling verse: I read therefore,

By Cupid's bow (I do swear by no other). Seward.

A hiatus is not likely to have been put for *bow* or *arrow*, but very likely for the word we have inserted, which equally suits sense, measure, and parenthesis.

¹³ *Ere the rider dash it.*] Unless *dash* is here used in the sense of *splash* with dirt, this passage seems unintelligible. R.

¹⁴ *Like a dryad out of a wash-bowl.*] This was probably a design'd mistake of *dryad* for *naiad*, and therefore Mr. Sympfon, who quarrels with the printer for making the author talk so improperly, seems to be angry without reason. It is not the Author but Cornelius talks nonsense.

Seward.

Enter Florence.

Flor. Oh, that ever I was born! why, gent!

Corn. Messaline of Rome;

Away, disloyal concubine! I will

Be deafer to thee than thou art to others:

I will have

My hundred drachma's he owes me, thou arrant
whore!

Flor. I know he is an hundred drams o'th' score¹⁵;
But what o' that? no bloodshed, sweet Cornelius!
Oh, my heart! o' my conscience, 'tis fall'n thorow
The bottom of my belly! Oh, my sweet Didymus,
If either of ye miskill one another,
What will become of poor Florence? Pacify
Yourselfes, I pray!

Corn. Go to! my heart's not stone;
I am not marble: Dry your eyes, Florence!—
The scurvy ape's face knows my blind side well
enough.—

Leave your puling: Will this content you? let him
taste

Thy nether lip; which, in sign of amity, I thus take
off again.

Go thy ways, and provide the cow's udder¹⁶.

Nic. Lily of concord!—And now, honest sutler,
Since I've had proof as well of thy good nature,

¹⁵ Drachma's o'th' score.] So former copies.

¹⁶ Go thy ways, and provide the cow's udder.] As all the rest of the speech is a burlesque sublimity of stile, and the whole was easily restored to its droll measure, there is reason to suspect this sudden fall of stile and loss of metre to arise from some omissions, which, I hope, will be restored. There is no particular propriety in her providing a *cow's udder* rather than any other dish; but as milk is the emblem of peace, and she is immediately afterwards called *Lily of concord*, there is great humour in celebrating their treaty of friendship by a libation of milk to the goddess of Peace. I read therefore,

————— *which in sign of amity*

I thus take off again, go thy ways, and

Provide the friendly juice of the cow's udder.

Seward.

This is an unwarrantable alteration; and the measure may be preserved without it. *Juice of the UDDER* is too bad.

524 FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL

As of thy wife's before, I will acquaint thee
With a project shall fully satisfy thee
For thy debt. Thou shalt understand,
I'm shortly to be knighted.

Corn. The devil thou art!

Nic. Renounce me else! For the sustenance of
which worship

(Which worship many times wants sustenance)

I have here the general's grant to have the leading of
Two hundred men.

Corn. You jest, you jest!

Nic. Refuse me else to the pit.

Corn. Mercy on us! ha' you not forgot yourself?
By your swearing, you should be knighted already.

Nic. Damn me, Sir, here's his hand!
Read it,

Corn. Alas, I cannot.

Nic. I know that.—

'T has pleas'd the general to look upon
My service. Now, Sir, shall you join with me in
Petitioning for fifty men more, in regard
Of my arrearages to you; which, if granted,
I will bestow th' whole profit of those fifty
Men on thee, and thine heirs for ever,
'Till Atropos do cut this simple thread.

Corn. No more, dear corporal! Sir Nicodemus
'That shall be! I cry your worship's mercy'¹⁶!
I am your servant, body and goods,
Moveables and immoveables; use my house,
Use my wife, use me, abuse me, do what you list.

Nic. A figment is a candied lie: This is an old pass,
Mark, what follows'¹⁷! [Exeunt.]

¹⁶ *I cry your wishes mercy*] If this be genuine, the meaning is, I beg pardon of your expectations, in which you are already a knight. But it will be more intelligible to read, *worship's mercy*. He calls him afterward: *before us*.

His worship Sir Nicodemus.

Seward.

¹⁷ There seems in this scene to be some indifferent imitation of Shakespeare's Pistol, &c.

Enter Martius and Two Captains.

Mar. Pray leave me! you are Romans, honest men;
Keep me not company; I am turn'd knave;
Have lost my fame and nature. [*Exe. Capt.*]—Athens,
Athens,

This Dorigen is thy Palladium!
He that will sack thee, must betray her first,
Whose words wound deeper than her husband's sword;
Her eyes make captive still the conqueror,
And here they keep her only to that end.
Oh, subtle devil, what a golden ball
Did tempt, when thou didst cast her in my way!
Why, foolish Sophocles, brought'st thou not to field
Thy lady, that thou might'st have overcome?
Martius had kneel'd, and yielded all his wreaths
That hang like jewels on the seven-fold hill,
And bid Rome send him out to fight with men,
(For that she knew he durst) and not 'gainst Fate
Or deities; what mortal conquers them?
Infatiate Julius, when his victories
Had run o'er half the world, had he met her,
There he had stopp'd the legend of his deeds,
Laid by his arms, been overcome himself,
And let her vanquish th' other half; and Fame
Made beauteous Dorigen the greater name.
Shall I thus fall? I will not! no; my tears,
Cast on my heart, shall quench these lawless fires:
He conquers best, conquers his lewd desires.

Enter Dorigen, with Ladies.

Dor. Great Sir, my lord commands me visit you;
And thinks your retir'd melancholy proceeds
From some distaste of worthless entertainment.
Will't please you take your chamber? How d'ye do,
Sir?

Mar. Lost, lost again! the wild rage of my blood
Doth ocean-like o'erflow the shallow shore
Of my weak virtue: My desire's a vane,
That the least breath from her turns every way.

Dor.

526 FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL

Dor. What says my lord?

Mar. Dismiss

Your women, pray, and I'll reveal my grief.

Dor. Leave me!

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Mar. Long tales of love (whilst love itself
Might be enjoy'd) are languishing delays.

There is a secret strange lies in my breast,

I will partake with you, which much concerns

Your lord, yourself, and me. Oh!

Dor. Strange secrets, Sir,

Should not be made so cheap to strangers; yet

If your strange secret do no lower lie

Than in your breast, discover it.

Mar. I will.

Oh! Can you not see it, lady, in my sighs?

Dor. Sighs none can paint, and therefore who can
see?

Mar. Scorn me not, Dorigen, with mocks! Alcides,

That master'd monsters, was by beauty tam'd;

Omphale smil'd his club out of his hand,

And made him spin her smocks. Oh, sweet, I love

you;

And I love Sophocles: I must enjoy you;

And yet I would not injure him.

Dor. Let go!

You hurt me, Sir! Farewell!—Stay! is this Martius?

I will not tell my lord: He'll swear I lie;

Doubt my fidelity, before thy honour.

How hast thou vex'd the gods, that they would let
thee

Thus violate friendship, hospitality,

And all the bonds of sacred piety¹⁸?

Sure thou but try'st me, out of love to him,

And wouldst reject me if I did consent.

Oh, Martius, Martius! wouldst thou in one minute

Blast all thy laurels, which so many years

¹⁸ *And all the bounds of sacred piety?*] Tho' this be good sense,
yet as *bonds* is the more natural and better word, I believe it the
original.

Seward.

Thou

Thou hast been purchasing with blood and sweat?
 Hath Dorigen never been written, read,
 Without the epithet of *chaste*, *chaste* Dorigen,
 And wouldst thou fall upon her chastity,
 Like a black drop of ink, to blot it out?
 When men shall read the records of thy valour,
 Thy hitherto-brave virtue, and approach
 (Highly content yet) to this foul assault
 Included in this leaf, this ominous leaf,
 They shall throw down the book, and read no more,
 Tho' the best deeds ensue, and all conclude
 That ravell'd the whole story¹⁹, whose sound heart
 (Which should have been) prov'd the most leproous
 part.

Mar. Oh, thou confut'st divinely, and thy words
 Do fall like rods upon me! but they have
 Such filken lines and silver hooks, that I
 Am faster snar'd: My love has ta'en such hold,
 That (like two wrestlers) tho' thou stronger be,
 And hast cast me, I hope to pull thee after;
 I must, or perish.

Dor. Perish, Martius, then!
 For I here vow unto the gods, these rocks,
 These rocks we see so fix'd, shall be remov'd;
 Made champain field, ere I so impious prove,
 To stain my lord's bed with adultrous love.

Enter Valerius.

Val. The gods protect fair Dorigen!

Dor. Amen!

From all you wolfish Romans!

[*Exit.*

Val. Ha! what's this?

Still, brother, in your moods?—Oh, then my doubts
 Are truths. Have at it! I must try a way
 To be resolv'd.

Mar. How strangely dost thou look?
 What ail'st thou?

¹⁹ *That ravell'd, &c.*] We don't clearly understand these two last lines; there seems to be some omission.

Val.

528 FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL

Val. What ail'st thou?

Mar. Why, I am mad.

Val. Why, I am madder!—Martius, draw thy sword,
And lop a villain from the earth; for if
Thou wilt not, on some tree about this place
I'll hang myself! Valerius shall not live
To wound his brother's honour, stain his country,
And branded with ingratitude to all times²⁰.

Mar. For what can all this be?

Val. I am in love.

Mar. Why, so am I. With whom? ha?

Val. Dorigen.

Mar. With Dorigen? How dost thou love her?
speak!

Val. Even to the height of lust; and I must have
her,

Or else I die.

Mar. Thou shalt, thou daring traitor,
On all the confines I have rid my horse,
Was there no other woman for thy choice
But Dorigen? Why, villain, she is mine:
She makes me pine thus, fullen, mad, and fool;
'Tis I must have her, or I die.

Val. Oh, all ye gods,
With mercy look on this declining rock
Of valour and of virtue! breed not up,
From infancy, in honour, to full man,
As you have done him, to destroy! Here, strike!
For I have only search'd thy wound; dispatch!
Far, far be such love from Valerius!
So far, he scorns to live to be call'd *brother*
By him that dares own such folly and such vice.

Mar. 'Tis truth thou speak'st; but I do hate it;
Peace!

If Heav'n will snatch my sword out of my hand,
And put a rattle in it, what can I do?
He that is destin'd to be odious.

²⁰ *And branded.*] Former editions. I read, *brand it*. Seward.
Branded is best: Valerius shall not live *branded*, &c.

In his old age, must undergo his fate.

Enter Cornelius and Nicodemus.

Corn. If you don't back me, I shall never do't.

Nic. I warrant you.

Corn. Humh, humh!—Sir! my lord! my lord!

Mar. Ha! what's the matter?

Corn. Humh!—Concerning the odd fifty,
My lord, an't please your generality,
His worship Sir Nicodemus——

Mar. What's here? a pass? you would for Rome?

You lubbers!

Doth one day's laziness make you covet home?

Away, ye boarish rogues! ye dogs, away!

Enter Florence.

Corn. Oh, oh, oh!

Flor. How now, man²¹? are you satisfied?

Corn. Ay, ay, ay;

A pox o' your corporal! I am paid soundly;
I was ne'er better paid in all my life.

Flor. Marry, the gods' blessing on his honour's
heart!

You've done a charitable deed, Sir; many more such
May you live to do, Sir! The gods keep you, Sir,
The gods protect you! [*Exit with Corn. and Nic.*]

Mar. These peasants mock me sure!—Valerius,
Forgive my dotage, see my ashes urn'd,
And tell fair Dorigen, (she that but now
Left me with this harsh vow, sooner these rocks
Should be remov'd, than she would yield) that I
Was yet so loving, on her gift to die!

Val. Oh, Jupiter, forbid it, Sir, and grant
This my device may certify thy mind!
You are my brother, nor must perish thus;

²¹ Wife. *Oh! oh! oh!*

How now Man——] As it is plain the wife, by her question, knows not of her husband's disappointment or beating, the *ohs!* are improper to her, and evidently belong to Cornelius. Seward.

530 FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL

Be comforted ! Think you fair Dorigen
Would yield your wishes, if these envious rocks
By skill could be remov'd, or by fallacy
She made believe so ?

Mar. Why, she could not chuse ;
Th' Athenians are religious in their vows,
Above all nations.

Val. Soft ! down yonder hill
The lady comes this way. Once more to try her ;
If she persist in obstinacy, by my skill,
Learn'd from the old Chaldean was my tutor,
Who train'd me in the mathematicks, I will
So dazzle and delude her sight, that she
Shall think this great impossibility
Effected by some supernatural means.
Be confident ; this engine shall at least,
'Till the gods better order, still this breast. [Exit.]

Mar. Oh, my best brother, go ; and for reward
Chuse any part o' th' world, I'll give it thee.
Oh, little Love²², men say thou art a god ;
Thou might'st have got a fitter fool than I.

Enter Dorigen.

Dor. Art thou there, basilisk ? Remove thine eyes ;
For I am sick to death with thy infection.

Mar. Yet, yet have mercy on me ! save him, lady,
Whose single arm defends all Rome, whose mercy
Hath sav'd thy husband's and thy life !

Dor. To spoil
Our fame and honours ? No ; my vow is fix'd,

²² *O little Rome, men say thou art a god,*] *Rome* in this place is in every light absurd. For why was the mistress of the world to be called *little* ? Why a god when she was always represented as a female and a goddess ? And lastly, tho' he was become a fool, it was not *Rome* that made him so. For these reasons it is almost self-evident, that *love* was the true reading. I had wrote this before I saw, that at five lines below, *all Rome* is mentioned with a particular emphasis, this having been marked for Italicks, might draw the Printer's eye to it, and a small degree of absence cause him to insert it in this place.

Seward.

And

REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE. 531

And stands as constant as these stones do, still.

Mar. Then pity me, ye gods! you only may
Move her, by tearing these firm stones away.

[*Solemn musick.*

[*A mist ariseth, the rocks remove.*

Enter Valerius like Mercury, singing.

Val. Martius, rejoice! Jove sends me from above,
His messenger, to cure thy desp'rate love,
To shew rash vows cannot bind Destiny.
Lady, behold, the rocks transplanted be!
Hard-hearted Dorigen, yield; lest, for contempt,
They fix thee here a rock, whence they're exempt.

[*Exit,*

Dor. What strange delusion's this? what sorcery
Affrights me with these apparitions?
My colder chastity's nigh turn'd to death.
Hence, lewd magician! dar'st thou make the gods
Bawds to thy lust? will they do miracles
To further evil? or do they love it now?
Know, if they dare do so, I dare hate them,
And will no longer serve 'em. Jupiter,
Thy golden shower, nor thy snow-white swan,
Had I been Leda, or bright Danaë,
Had bought mine honour. Turn me into stone!
For being good, and blush when thou hast done!

[*Exit Dorigen.*

Enter Valerius.

Mar. Oh, my Valerius, all yet will not do:
Unless I could so draw mine honesty
Down to the lees to be a ravisher.
She calls me witch, and villain!

Val. Patience, Sir!

The gods will punish perjury. Let her breathe,
And ruminate on this strange sight!—Time decays
The strongest, fairest buildings we can find;
But still, Diana, fortify her mind!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sophocles and Dorigen.

Soph. Weep not, bright Dorigen; for thou hast stood
Constant and chaste, it seems, 'gainst gods and men,
When rocks and mountains were remov'd. These
wonders

Do stupify my senses! Martius,
This is inhuman. Was thy sickness lust?
Yet were this truth, why weeps she? Jealous soul,
What dost thou thus suggest? Vows, magick, rocks,
Fine tales, and tears? She ne'er complain'd before.
I bade her visit him; she often did,
Had many opportunities. Humh! 'tis naught: Oh!
Noway but this. Come, weep no more; I've ponder'd
This miracle; the anger of the gods,
Thy vow, my love to thee and Martius:
He must not perish, nor thou be forsworn,
Lest worse fates follow us: Go, keep thy oath!
For *chaste*, and *whore*, are words of equal length.
But let not Martius know that I consent.—
Oh, I am pull'd in pieces!

Dor. Ay? say you so?

I'll meet you in your path. Oh, wretched men!
With all your valour and your learning, bubbles!
Forgive me, Sophocles—Yet why kneel I
For pardon; having been but over-diligent,
Like an obedient servant, antedating
My lord's command? Sir, I have often, and already
given

This bosom up to his embraces, and
Am proud that my dear lord is pleas'd with it;
Whose gentle honourable mind I see
Participates even all, his wife and all,
Unto his friend. You're sad, Sir! Martius loves me,
And I love Martius, with such ardency
As never married couple could: I must
Attend him now. My lord, when you have need
To use your own wife, pray, Sir, send for me;
'Till then, make use of your philosophy!

[*Exit.*
Soph.

REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE. 533

Soph. Stay, Dorigen! Oh, me, inquisitive fool!
 Thou that didst order this congested heap
 When it was chaos, 'twixt thy spacious palms,
 Forming it to this vast rotundity,
 Dissolve it now; shuffle the elements,
 That no one proper by itself may stand!
 Let the sea quench the sun, and in that instant
 The sun drink up the sea! Day, ne'er come down,
 To light me to those deeds that must be done! [*Exit.*]

Enter Martius, Valerius, Captains and Soldiers, with drums and colours, at one door; and Dorigen with Ladies, at another.

Dor. Hail, general of Rome! From Sophocles,
 That honours Martius, Dorigen presents
 Herself to be dishonour'd: Do thy will;
 For Sophocles commands me to obey.
 Come, violate all rules of holiness,
 And rend the consecrated knot of love!

Mar. Never, Valerius, was I blest 'till now!
 Behold the end of all my weary steps,
 The prize of all my battles. Leave us, all;
 Leave us as quick as thought. Thus joy begin!
 In zealous love a minute's loss is sin.

Val. Can Martius be so vile? or Dorigen?

Dor. Stay, stay! and, monster, keep thou further off!
 I thought thy brave soul would have much, much
 loath'd

To have gone on still on such terms as this.
 See, thou ungrateful, since thy desperate lust
 Nothing can cure but death, I'll die for thee,
 While my chaste name lives to posterity.

Mar. Live, live, thou angel of thy sex! Forgive,
 'Till by those golden tresses thou be't snatch'd
 Alive to Heav'n; for thy corruption's
 So little, that it cannot suffer death.
 Was ever such a woman? Oh, my mirror!
 How perfectly thou shew'st me all my faults,
 Which now I hate; and when I next attempt thee,

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Let all the fires in the zodiack
Drop on this curfed head !

Omnes. Oh, blefs'd event !

Dor. Rise like the sun again in all his glory,
After a dark eclipse !

Mar. Never, without a pardon.

Enter Sophocles, and two or three with him.

Dor. Sir, you have forgiven yourself.

Soph. Behold their impudence ! are my words
just ?

Unthankful man, viper to arms, and Rome
Thy natural mother ! have I warm'd thee here
To corrode ev'n my heart ? Martius, prepare
To kill me, or be kill'd.

Mar. Why, Sophocles,
Then prithee kill me ; I deserve it highly ;
For I have both transgress'd 'gainst men and gods ;
But am repentant now, and in best case
T' uncase my soul of this oppressing flesh ;
Which, tho' (gods witness) ne'er was actually
Injurious to thy wife and thee, yet 'twas
Her goodness that restrain'd and held me now :
But take my life, dear friend, for my intent,
Or else forgive it !

Val. By the gods of Athens,
These words are true, and all direct again.

Soph. Pardon me, Dorigen !

Mar. Forgive me, Sophocles,
And Dorigen too, and every one that's good !

Dor. Rise, noble Roman. Belov'd Sophocles,
Take to thy breast thy friend !

Mar. And to thy heart
Thy matchless wife ! Heav'n has not stuff enough
To make another such ; for if it could,
Martius would marry too. For thy blest sake,
(Oh, thou infinity of excellence)
Henceforth in mens' discourse Rome shall not take
The wall of Athens, as'tofore. But when

In their fair honours we to speak do come,
We'll say 'twas so in Athens and in Rome.

[*Exeunt in pomp.*

Diana descends.

Diana. Honour, set open thy gates, and with thee bring,
My servant and thy friend, fair Dorigen;
Let her triumph with him, her lord and friend,
Who, tho' mis-led, still honour was their end!

[*Flourish.*

Enter the show of Honour's Triumph; a great flourish of trumpets and drums within; then enter a noise²³ of trumpets sounding chearfully; then follows an armed knight bearing a crimson banneret in hand, with the inscription Valour; by his side a lady bearing a watchet banneret, the inscription Clemency; next, Martius and Sophocles with coronets; next, two ladies, one bearing a white banneret, the inscription Chastity, the other a black, the inscription Constancy; then Dorigen crowned; last, a chariot drawn by two Moors, in it a person crowned, with a scepter on the top, in an antick escutcheon is written Honour. As they pass over, Diana ascends.

Rin. How like you it?

Fri. Rarely; so well, I would they would do it again!
How many of our wives now-a-days

Would deserve to triumph in such a chariot?

Rin. That's all one; you see they triumph in caroches.

Fri. That they do, by the mass; but not all neither;
Many of them are content with carts. But, signor,
I have now found out a great absurdity, i'faith.

Rin. What was't?

Fri. The Prologue, presenting four Triumphs,
Made but three legs to the king²⁴; A three-legg'd
Prologue!

'Twas monstrous.

²³ *A noise of trumpets;]* i. e. *A concert of trumpets.* See note 25 on Wit at Several Weapons.

²⁴ *Three legs;]* i. e. *Three bows.* See note 23 on the Queen of Corinth.

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Rin. 'T had been more monstrous
To have had a four-legg'd one. Peace! the king speaks;

Eman. Here was a woman, Isabel!

Ifab. Ay, my lord,
But that she told a lie to vex her husband;
Therein she fail'd.

Eman. She serv'd him well enough;
He that was so much man, yet would be cast
To jealousy for her integrity.

This teacheth us, the passion of love
Can fight with soldiers, and with scholars too.

Ifab. In Martius, clemency and valour shewn,
In the other, courage and humanity;
And therefore in the Triumph they were usher'd
By Clemency and Valour.

Eman. Rightly observ'd;
As she by Chastity and Constancy.
What hurt's now in a play, against which some rail
So vehemently? thou and I, my love,
Make excellent use, methinks: I learn to be
A lawful lover void of jealousy,
And thou a constant wife. Sweet poetry's
A flower, where men, like bees and spiders, may
Bear poison, or else sweets and wax away.
Be venom-drawing spiders they that will!
I'll be the bee, and suck the honey still. [*Flourish.*]

Cupid descends.

Cupid. Stay, clouds! ye rack too fast. Bright
Phœbus, see,

Honour has triumph'd with fair Chastity:
Give Love now leave, in purity to shew
Unchaste affections fly not from his bow.
Produce the sweet example of your youth,
Whilst I provide a Triumph for your truth.

[*Flourish.*]

Enter Violante (with-child) and Gerrard.

Vio. Why does my Gerrard grieve?

Ger. Oh, my sweet mistress,

It

It is not life (which, by our Milan law,
My fact hath forfeited) makes me thus pensive;
That I would lose to save the little finger
Of this your noble burden from least hurt,
Because your blood is in't: But since your love
Made poor incompatible me the parent,
(Being we are not married) your dear blood
Falls under the same cruel penalty;
And can Heaven think fit you die for me?
For Heav'n's sake, say I ravish'd you! I'll swear it,
To keep your life safe and repute unstain'd²⁵.

Vio. Oh, Gerrard, thou'rt my life and faculties,
(And if I lose thee, I'll not keep mine own)
The thought of whom sweetens all miseries.
Wouldst have me murder thee beyond thy death?
Unjustly scandal thee with ravishment?
It was so far from rape, that, Heav'n doth know,
If ever the first lovers, ere they fell,
Knew simply in the state of innocence,
Such was this act, this, that doth ask no blush!

Ger. Oh, but, my rarest Violante, when
My lord Randulpho, brother to your father,
Shall understand this, how will he exclaim,
That my poor aunt, and me, which his free alms
Hath nurs'd, since Milan by the duke of Mantua
(Who now usurps it) was surpriz'd! that time
My father and my mother were both slain,
With my aunt's husband, as she says, their states
Despoil'd and seiz'd; 'tis past my memory,
But thus she told me: Only this I know,
Since I could understand, your honour'd uncle
Hath given me all the liberal education
That his own son might look for, had he one;
Now will he say, Dost thou requite me thus?
Oh! the thought kills me.

Vio. Gentle, gentle Gerrard,
Be cheer'd, and hope the best! My mother, father,

²⁵ To keep your life and your repute unstain'd.] The text from first folio.

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And uncle, love me most indulgently,
 Being the only branch of all their stocks :
 But neither they, nor he thou wouldst not grieve
 With this unwelcome news, shall ever hear
 Violante's tongue reveal, much less accuse,
 Gerrard to be the father of his own :
 I'll rather silent die, that thou may'st live
 To see thy little offspring grow and thrive.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. Mistress, away ! your lord and father seeks you ;
 I'll convey Gerrard out at the back-door.
 H' has found a husband for you, and insults
 In his invention, little thinking you
 Have made your own choice, and possess'd him too.

Vio. A husband ? it must be Gerrard, or my death.
 Farewell ! be only true unto thyself,
 And know, Heav'n's goodness shall prevented be,
 Ere worthiest Gerrard suffer harm for me.

Ger. Farewell, my life and soul ! Aunt, to your
 counsel

I flee for aid. Oh, unexpressible Love ! thou art
 An undigested heap of mix'd extremes
 Whole pangs are wakings, and whose pleasures dreams.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Benvoglio, Angelina, and Ferdinand.

Benv. My Angelina, never didst thou yet
 So please me, as in this consent ; and yet
 Th' hast pleas'd me well, I swear, old wench ! ha, ha !
 Ferdinand, she's thine own ; thou'st have her, boy ;
 Ask thy good lady else.

Ferd. Whom shall I have, Sir ?

Benv. Whom do you think, i' faith ?

Ang. Guess !

Ferd. Noble madam,
 I may hope (prompted by my shallow merit)
 Thro' your profound grace, for your chambermaid.

Benv. How's that ? how's that ?

Ferd.

REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE. 539

Ferd. Her chambermaid, my lord ²⁶.

Benv. Her chamber-pot, my lord!—You modest
as!

Thou never shew'dst thyself an as 'till now:

'Fore Heav'n, I'm angry with thee! Sirrah, sirrah,

This whitmeat spirit's not yours legitimate ²⁷:

Advance your hope, an't please you! guess again.

Ang. And let your thoughts flee higher; aim them
right,

Sir, you may hit; you have the fairest white ²⁸.

Ferd. If I may be so bold then, my good lord,

Your favour doth encourage me to aspire

To catch my lady's gentlewoman.

Benv. Where?

Where would you catch her?—

Do you know my daughter Violante, Sir?

Ang. Well said; no more about the bush!

Ferd. My good lord,

I've gaz'd on Violante, and the stars,

Whose heav'nly influence I admir'd, not knew;

Nor ever was so sinful to believe

I might attain't.

Benv. Now you're an as again;

For, if thou ne'er attain'st, 'tis only long

²⁶ *Ferd.* Her chambermaid, my lord.

BENV. Her, &c.] This lection, which redeems the passage from being the rankest nonsense, is only in first folio. Other copies read,

FERD. Her chamber-pot, my lord. You modest as.

²⁷ *This whitmeat spirit's not yours, legitimate.*] I put a hyphen to *whitmeat*, it being a compound word like *Whit-Sunday*, i. e. *White-Sunday*, alluding to the white garments the newly-baptized used to wear. It would be an affront to the reader's understanding to explain the meaning of *whit-meat spirit*; he will observe, that I scratch out a comma after *yours*, understanding *legitimate* adverbially, as if he had said,—This weak effeminate spirit is not legitimately yours, you had it not from your father. *Seward.*

We cannot see the use of the hyphen. *Whitmeat* means simply *white meat*, which is the most simple innocent food. His modesty is what *Benvoglio* here means to reprehend.

²⁸ *Sir, you may hit; you have the fairest white.*] *To hit the white* is a term frequently used in our Authors' time: It is taken from archery.

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Of that faint heart of thine, which never did it,
She is your lord's heir, mine, Benvoglio's heir,
My brother's too, Randulpho's; her descent
Not behind any of the Millanois.

And, Ferdinand, altho' thy parentage
Be unknown, thou know'st that I've bred thee up
From five years old; and (do not blush to hear it)
Have found thy wisdom, trust, and fair success
So full in all my affairs, that I am fitter
To call thee master than thou me thy lord:
Thou can'st not be but sprung of gentlest blood;
Thy mind shines thro' thee, like the radiant sun,
Altho' thy body be a beauteous cloud.

Come! seriously this is no flattery;
And well thou know'st it; tho' thy modest blood
Rise like the morning in thy cheek to hear't:
Sir, I can speak in earnest. Virtuous service,
So meritorious, Ferdinand, as yours,
(Yet bashful still, and silent?) should extract
A fuller price than impudence exact:
And this is now the wages it must have;
My daughter is thy wife, my wealth thy slave.

Ferd. Good madam, pinch! I sleep! does my lord
mock,

And you assist? Custom's inverted quite;
For old men now-a-days do flout the young.

Benv. Fetch Violante!—As I intend this
Religiously, let my soul find joy or pain!

[*Exit Angelina.*]

Ferd. My honour'd lord and master, if I hold
That worth could merit such felicity,
You bred it in me, and first purchas'd it;
It is your own, and what productions
In all my faculties my soul begets,
Your very mark is on; you need not add
Rewards to him, that is in debt to you.
You sav'd my life, Sir, in the massacre;
There you begot me new, since foster'd me:
Oh! can I serve too much, or pray for you?

Alas;

Alas, 'tis slender payment to your bounty.
Your daughter is a Paradise, and I
Unworthy to be set there: You may chuse
The royalst feeds of Milan.

Benv. Prithee, peace!

Thy goodness makes me weep. I am resolv'd:
I am no lord o' th' time, to tie my blood
To fordid muck; I have enough; my name,
My state, and honours, I will store in thee,
Whose wisdom will rule well, keep and encrease;
A knave or fool, that could confer the like,
Would bate each hour, diminish every day.
Thou art her prize-lot then²⁹, drawn out by fate;
An honest wise man is a prince's mate.

Ferd. Sir, Heav'n and you have over-charg'd my
breast

With grace beyond my continence; I shall burst!
The blessing you have given me, witness faints,
I would not change for Milan!—But, my lord,
Is she prepar'd?

Benv. What needs preparative,
Where such a cordial is prescrib'd as thou?
Thy person and thy virtues, in one scale,
Shall poize hers, with her beauty and her wealth:
If not, I add my will unto thy weight;
Thy mother's with her now. Son, take my keys;
And let thy preparation for this marriage,
(This welcome marriage) long determin'd here,
Be quick, and gorgeous.—Gerrard!

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. My good lord,
My lord your brother craves your conference
Instantly, on affairs of high import.

Benv. Why, what news?

Ger. The tyrant, my good lord,
Is sick to death of his old apoplexy;

²⁹ Price lot.] So former copies.

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Whereon the states advise, that letters missive
Be straight dispatch'd to all the neighbour-countries,
And schedules too divulg'd on every post,
To enquire the lost duke forth: Their purpose is
To re-instate him.

Benv. 'Tis a pious deed.—

Ferdinand, to my daughter! This delay,
'Tho' to so good a purpose, angers me;
But I'll recover it. Be secret, son!

Go wooe with truth and expedition. [Exit.

Ferd. Oh, my unfounded joy! How fares my Gerrard,
My noble twin-friend?—Fy, thy look is heavy,
Sullen, and sour; blanch it! Didst thou know
My cause of joy, thou'dst never sorrow more,
I know thou lov'st me so. How dost thou?

Ger. Well;

Too well! my fraught of health my sickness is;
In life, I'm dead; by living, dying still.

Ferd. What sublunary mischief can predominate
A wise man thus? or doth thy friendship play
(In this antipathous extreme) with mine,
Left gladness suffocate me? I, I, I do feel
My spirits turn'd to fire, my blood to air,
And I am like a purified essence
Tried from all drossy parts!

Ger. Were't but my life,
The loss were sacrifice³⁰; but Virtue must
For me be slain, and Innocence made dust!

Ferd. Farewell, good Gerrard!

Ger. Dearest friend, stay!

Ferd. Sad thoughts are no companions for me now,

³⁰ *The loss were sacrific'd, but Virtue*

Must for me be slain, and Innocence made dust.] It is no wonder,
that the editors should not much regard the sense, who were so totally
negligent of the measure. How can a loss be sacrific'd? I read
sacrifice, i. e. my life would then be not so much a loss as a sacrifice
for the sake of the person I love. The correction of the metre is
very obvious

*The loss were sacrifice, for Virtue must
For me be slain, and Innocence made dust.*

Seward.

Much

Much less sad words: Thy bosom binds some secret,
Which do not trust me with! for mine retains
Another, which I must conceal from thee.

Ger. I would reveal it; 'tis a heavy tale:
Canst thou be true, and secret still?

Ferd. Why, friend,
If you continue true unto yourself,
I have no means of falsehood. Lock this door;
Come, yet your prisoner's sure.

Ger. Stay, Ferdinand!

Ferd. What is this trouble? love?
Why, thou art capable of any woman.
Doth want oppress thee? I will lighten thee.
Hast thou offended law? my lord and thine,
And I, will save thy life. Does servitude
Upbraid thy freedom, that she suffers it?
Have patience but three days, and I will make thee
Thy lord's companion. Can a friend do more?

Ger. Lend me the means. How can this be?

Ferd. First, let
This cabinet keep your pawn, and I will trust;
Yet, for the form of satisfaction,
Take this my oath to boot: By my presum'd
Gentry, and sacred known Christianity,
I'll die, ere I reveal thy trust!

Ger. Then hear it!
Your lord's fair daughter, Violante, is
My betroth'd wife, goes great with-child by me;
And, by this deed, both made a prey to law.
How may I save her life? advise me, friend.

Ferd. What did he say? Gerrard, whose voice was
that?

Oh, death unto my heart, bane to my soul!
My wealth is vanish'd like the rich man's store:
In one poor minute, all my dainty fare
But juggling dishes; my fat hope, despair.

Ger. Is this so odious? where's your mirth?

Ferd. Why, thou
Hast robb'd me of it! Gerrard, draw thy sword;
And

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And if thou lov'st my mistress' chastity,
Defend it, else I'll cut it from thy heart,
Thy thievish heart that stole it, and restore't;
Do miracles to gain her!

Ger. Was she thine?

Ferd. Never, but in my wish, and her father's vow,
Which now he left with me; on such sure terms,
He call'd me *son*, and will'd me to provide
My wedding preparation.

Ger. Strange!

Ferd. Come, let's
Kill one another quickly!

Ger. Ferdinand,
My love is old to her, thine new-begot:
I have not wrong'd thee; think upon thine oath!

Ferd. It manacles me, Gerrard; else this hand
Should bear thee to the law. Farewell for ever!
Since friendship is so fatal, never more
Will I have friend: Th'hast put so sure a plea,
That all my weal's litigious made by thee. [*Exit.*

Ger. I did no crime to you.—His love transports
him!

And yet I mourn that cruel destiny
Should make us two thus one another's crosses.
We've lov'd since boys; for the same time cast him
On lord Benvoglio, that my aunt and I
Were succour'd by Randulpho: Men have call'd us
The parallels of Milan; and some said
We were not much unlike. Oh, Heav'n divert,
That we should (ever since that time) be breeding
Mutual destruction!

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. Oh, where are you?
You have made a fair hand! By Heav'n, yonder
Is your aunt with my lady: She came in,
Just as she was wooing your mistress for another;
And what did me she, but out with her purse,
And shew'd all the naked truth, i'faith. Fy upon you!
You

You should never trust an old woman with a secret;
They can't hold, they cannot hold so well as we,
An you'd hang 'em. First, there was swearing and
staring;

Then there was howling and weeping,
And *Oh, my daughter!* and *Oh, my mother!*

Ger. The effect, the effect?

Dor. Marry, no way, but one with you!

Ger. Why, welcome!

Shall she 'scape?

Dor. Nay, she has made her 'scape already.

Ger. Why, is she gone?

Dor. The 'scape of her virginity,

I mean. You men are as dull, you can conceive
Nothing; you think it is enough to beget.

Ger. Ay;

But surely, Dorothea, that 'scap'd not;
Her maidenhead suffer'd.

Dor. And you were
The executioner.

Ger. But what's the event?

Lord, how thou starv'st me, Doll!

Dor. 'Lord, how thou starv'st me, Doll?'

By Heav'n, I would fain see you cry a little!

Do you stand now, as if you could get a child?

Come, I'll rack you no more; this is the heart of the
business—

Always provided, signor, that if it please
The fates to make you a lord, you be not proud,
Nor forget your poor handmaid Doll, who was
Partly accessory to the incision of
This Holofernian maidenhead.

Ger. I will forget

My name first. Speak!

Dor. Then thus: My lady knows all;

Her sorrow is reasonably well digested;

Has vow'd to conceal it from my lord,

'Till delay ripen things better; wills you

To attend her this evening at the back-gate:

I'll let you in, where her own confessor

Shall

Shall put you together lawfully, ere
 The child be born; which birth is very near,
 I can assure you. All your charge is your vigilance;
 And to bring with you some trusty nurse, to convey
 The infant out of the house.

Ger. Oh, beam of comfort!

Take! Go, tell my lady

I pray for her as I walk. My joys so flow,

That what I speak or do, I do not know! [*Exeunt.*]

Dumb Show.

Enter Violante at one door, weeping, supported by Cornelia and a Friar; at another door, Angelina weeping, attended by Dorothea. Violante kneels down for pardon. Angelina shewing remorse, takes her up, and cheers her; so doth Cornelia. Angelina sends Dorothea for Gerrard. Enter Gerrard with Dorothea; Angelina and Cornelia seem to chide him, shewing Violante's heavy plight. Violante rejoiceth in him; he makes signs of sorrow, entreating pardon: Angelina brings Gerrard and Violante to the Friar; he joins them hand in hand, takes a ring from Gerrard, puts it on Violante's finger, bleisseth them; Gerrard kisseth her; the Friar takes his leave. Violante makes show of great pain, is instantly conveyed in by the women, Gerrard is bid stay; he walks in meditation, seeming to pray. Enter Dorothea, whispers him; sends him out. Enter Gerrard with a Nurse blindfold; gives her a purse. To them enter Angelina and Cornelia, with an infant; they present it to Gerrard, he kisseth and bleisseth it, puts it into the Nurse's arms, kneels, and takes his leave. Exeunt all severally.

Enter Benvoglio and Randulpho.

Benv. He's dead, you say then?

Rand. Certainly; and to hear

The people now dissect him now he's gone,
 Makes my ears burn, that lov'd him not: Such libels,
 Such elegies and epigrams they've made,
 More odious than he was!—Brother, great men

Had

Had need to live by love, meting their deeds
With Virtue's rule; sound with the weight of Judgment

Their privat'st action: For tho' while they live,
Their power and policy masque their villainies,
Their bribes, their lust, pride, and ambition,
And make a many slaves to worship 'em,
That are their flatterers, and their bawds in these;
These very slaves shall, when these great beasts die,
Publish their bowels to the vulgar eye.

Ben. 'Fore Heav'n, 'tis true. But is Rinaldo,
brother,

Our good duke, heard of living?

Rand. Living, Sir,

And will be shortly with the senate: Has
Been close conceal'd at Mantua, and reliev'd.
But what's become of his, no tidings yet!
But, brother, 'till our good duke shall arrive,
Carry this news here. Where's your Ferdinand?

Ben. Oh, busy, Sir, about this marriage:
And yet my girl o'th' sudden is fall'n sick.
You'll see her, ere you go?

Rand. Yes. Well I love her;
And yet I wish I had another daughter
To gratify my Gerrard, who, by Heaven,
Is all the glory of my family,
But has too much worth to live so obscure:
I'll have him secretary of estate
Upon the duke's return; for, credit me,
The value of that gentleman's not known:
His strong abilities are fit to guide
The whole republic: He hath learning, youth,
Valour, discretion, honesty of a saint.
His aunt is wondrous good too.

*Violante discovered in a bed; Angelina and Dorothea
sitting by her.*

Ben. You have spoke
The very character of Ferdinand:

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One is the other's mirror.—How now, daughter?

Rand. How fares my niece?

Viol. A little better, uncle, than I was,
I thank you.

Rand. Brother, a mere cold!

Ang. It was

A cold and heat, I think; but, Heav'n be thank'd,
We've broken that away.

Benw. And yet, Violante,
You'll lie alone still, and you see what's got.

Dor. Sure, Sir, when this was got, she had a bed-fellow.

Rand. What, has her cholic left her in her belly?

Dor. 'T has left her, but she has had a fore fit.

Rand. Ay, that same cholic and stone's inherent to us
O'th' woman's side! our mothers had them both.

Dor. So has she had, Sir.—

How these old fornicators talk! she had
More need of mace-ale, and Rhenish-wine caudles,
Heaven knows, than your aged discipline.

Benw. Say.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ang. She will have the man; and, on recovery,
Will wholly be dispos'd by you.

Benw. That's my wench!—

How now! what change is this? Why, Ferdinand,
Are these your robes of joy should be indu'd?

Doth Hymen wear black? I did send for you

To have my honourable brother-witness

The contract I will make 'twixt you and her.

Put off all doubt; she loves you: What d'ye say?

Rand. Speak, man; why look you so distractedly?

Ferd. There are your keys, Sir: I'll no contract, I.—

Divinest Violante, I will serve you

Thus on my knees, and pray for you.

Juno Lucina, fer open!

My inequality ascends no higher:

I dare not marry you.

Benw.

Benr. How's this?

Ferd. Good night!

I have a friend has almost made me mad:
I weep sometimes, and instantly can laugh;
Nay, I do dance, and sing, and suddenly
Roar like a storm. Strange tricks these! are they not?
And wherefore all this? shall I tell you? no!
Thorough mine ears, my heart a plague hath caught;
And I have vow'd to keep it close, not shew
My grief to any, for it has no cure.—

On, wandering steps, to some remote place move!
I'll keep my vow, tho' I have lost my love. [*Exit.*

Benr. 'Fore Heav'n, distracted for her! Fare ye well!
I'll watch his steps; for I no joy shall find,
'Till I have found his cause, and calm'd his mind. [*Ex.*

Rand. He's overcome with joy.

Ang. 'Tis very strange.

Rand. Well, sister, I must leave you; the time's busy.
Violante, cheer you up! And I pray Heav'n
Restore each to their love, and health again. [*Exit.*

Viol. Amen, great uncle!—Mother, what a chance
Unluckily is added to my woe,
In this young gentleman!

Ang. True, Violante;

It grieves me much.—Doll, go you instantly,
And find out Gerrard! tell him his friend's hap,
And let him use best means to comfort him;
But, as his life, preserve this secret still!

Viol. Mother—I'd not offend you—might not Ger-
rard

Steal in, and see me in the evening?

Ang. Well;

Bid him do so.

Viol. Heav'n's blessing o' your heart!—
Do you not call child-bearing *travel*, mother?

Ang. Yes.

Viol. It well may be: The bare-foot traveller
That's born a prince, and walks his pilgrimage,
Whose tender feet kiss the remorseless stones

Only, ne'er felt a travel like to it.

Alas, dear mother, you groan'd thus for me ;
And yet, how disobedient have I been !

Ang. Peace, Violante ; thou hast always been
Gentle and good.

Viol. Gerrard is better, mother :
Oh, if you knew the implicit innocence
Dwells in his breast, you'd love him like your pray'rs.
I see no reason but my father might
Be told the truth, being pleas'd for Ferdinand
To wooe himself ; and Gerrard ever was
His full comparative : My uncle loves him,
As he loves Ferdinand.

Ang. No, not for th' world !
Since his intent is cross'd, lov'd Ferdinand
Thus ruin'd, and a child got out of wedlock,
His madness would pursue ye both to death !

Viol. As you please, mother. I am now, methinks,
Even in the land of Ease ; I'll sleep.

Ang. Draw in
The bed nearer the fire.—Silken rest,
Tie all thy cares up !

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ferdinand, and Benvoglio privately after him.

Ferd. Oh, blessed solitude ! Here my griefs may
speak ;

And, Sorrow, I will argue with thee now.
Nothing will keep me company ! the flowers
Die at my moan ; the gliding silver streams
Hasten to flee my lamentations ;
The air rolls from 'em ; and the golden sun
Is smother'd pale as Phœbe with my sighs ;
Only the earth is kind, that stays : Then, Earth,
To thee will I complain. Why do the Heavens
Impose upon me love what I can ne'er enjoy ?

³¹ *Impose upon me love what I can ne'er enjoy ?*] i. e. Force me to love what I cannot obtain. The editors of 1750 expunge the word upon, for which we can see no reason ; and print Love as a substantive, though it is so obviously a verb.

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Before fruition was impossible,
 I did not thirst it : Gerrard, she is thine,
 Seal'd and deliver'd ; but 'twas ill to stain
 Her virgin state, ere ye were married.
 Poor infant, what's become of thee? thou know'st
 not

The woe thy parents brought thee to. Dear Earth,
 Bury this close in thy sterility ;
 Be barren to this seed, let it not grow !
 For if it do, 'twill bud no violet,
 Nor gilly-flower, but wild brier, or rank rue,
 Unfavoury and hurtful.

Benv. Ferdinand,
 Thy steel hath digg'd the earth, thy words my heart.
Ferd. Oh, I have violated faith, betray'd
 My friend and innocence !

Benv. Desperate youth,
 Violate not thy soul too ! I have flowers
 For thee, young man ; but, Gerrard, flames for thee !
 Was thy base pen made to dash out mine honour,
 And prostitute my daughter ? bastard, whore ?
 Come, turn thy female tears into revenge,
 Which I will quench my thirst with, ere I see
 Daughter or wife, or branded family.
 By Heaven, both die ! and, for amends,
 Ferdinando, be my heir ! I'll to my brother,
 First tell him all, then to the duke for justice ;
 This morning he's receiv'd³². Mountains nor seas
 Shall bar my flight to vengeance ! the foul stain
 Printed on me, thy blood shall rinse again. [*Exit.*]

Ferd. I have transgress'd all goodness, witlessly
 Rais'd mine own curses from posterity !
 I'll follow, to redress in what I may ;
 If not, your heir can die as well as they. [*Exit.*]

³² *This morning he's receiv'd.*] Mr. Symphon would read *arriv'd*,
 but surely *receiv'd* is infinitely more expressive, as it not only speaks
 his arrival, but his being recogniz'd by all his subjects as duke of
 Milan. *Seeward.*

Dumb Show.

Enter duke Rinaldo with attendants, at one door ; States, Randulpho, and Gerrard, at another : They kneel to the duke, he accepts their obedience, and raises them up ; they prefer Gerrard to the duke, who entertains him ; they seat the duke in state. Enter Benvoglio and Ferdinand: Benvoglio kneels for justice ; Ferdinand seems to restrain him. Benvoglio gives the duke a paper ; duke reads, frowns on Gerrard, shews the paper to the States, they seem sorry, consult, cause the guard to apprehend him ; they go off with him. Then Randulpho and Benvoglio seem to crave justice, duke vows it, and exit with his attendants. Randulpho, Benvoglio, and Ferdinand confer. Enter to them Cornelia, with two servants ; she seems to expostulate ; Randulpho in scorn causeth her to be thrust out poorly. Exit Randulpho. Benvoglio beckons Ferdinand to him, with much seeming passion, swears him, then stamps with his foot. Enter Dorothea with a cup, weeping, she delivers it to Ferdinand, who with discontent exit, and exeunt Benvoglio and Dorothea.

Enter Violante.

Viol. Gerrard not come? nor Dorothy return'd?
 What adverse star rul'd my nativity?
 The time to-night hath been as dilatory
 As languishing consumptions. But 'till now,
 I ne'er durst say, my Gerrard was unkind.
 Heav'n grant all things go well! and nothing does,
 If he be ill, which I much fear! My dreams
 Have been portentous: I did think I saw
 My love array'd for battle with a beast,
 A hideous monster, arm'd with teeth and claws,
 Grinning, and venomous, that fought to make
 Both us a prey; on's tail was lash'd in blood
Law; and his forehead I did plainly see
 Held characters that spell'd *authority*.
 This rent my slumbers; and my fearful soul

Ran

Ran searching up and down my dismay'd breast,
To find a port t' escape. Good faith, I'm cold;
But Gerrard's love is colder: Here I'll sit,
And think myself away.

Enter Ferdinand, with a cup and a letter.

Ferd. The peace of love
Attend the sweet Violante! Read;
For the sad news I bring I do not know:
Only I am sworn to give you that, and this.

Viol. Is it from Gerrard? Gentle Ferdinand,
How glad am I to see you thus well restor'd!
In troth he never wrong'd you in his life,
Nor I, but always held fair thoughts of you:
Knew not my father's meaning 'till of late;
Could never have known it soon enough: For, Sir,
Gerrard's and my affection began
In infancy: My uncle brought him oft
In long coats hither; you were such another;
The little boy would kiss me, being a child,
And say he lov'd me, give me all his toys,
Bracelets, rings, sweetmeats, all his rosy smiles:
I then would stand, and stare upon his eyes,
Play with his locks, and swear I lov'd him too;
For sure, methought, he was a little Love!
He woo'd so prettily in innocence,
That then he warm'd my fancy; for I felt
A glimmering beam of love kindle my blood,
Both which, time since hath made a flame and flood.

Ferd. Oh, gentle innocent! methinks it talks
Like a child still, whose white simplicity
Never arriv'd at sin. Forgive me, lady!
I have destroy'd Gerrard and thee; rebell'd
Against Heav'n's ordinance; dis-pair'd two doves,
Made 'em sit mourning; slaughter'd love, and cleft
The heart of all integrity. This breast
Was trusted with the secret of your vow,
By Gerrard, and reveal'd it to your father.

Viol. Ha!

Ferd. Read, and curse me!

Viol. Neither: I will never
Nor write, nor read again!

Ferd. My penance be it!

‘Your labyrinth is found, your lust proclaim’d.’

[*Reads.*

Viol. Lust? hum!

My mother sure felt none when I was got.

Ferd. ‘I, and the law, implacably offended;’

‘Gerrard’s imprison’d, and to die.’

Viol. Oh, Heav’n!

Ferd. ‘And you to suffer, with reproach and scoffs,

‘A public execution. I have sent you

‘An antidote ’gainst shame, poison, by him

‘You have most wrong’d: Give him your penitent
tears.’

Viol. Hum! ’tis not truth.

Ferd. ‘Drink, and farewell for ever!

‘And tho’ thy whoredom blemish thy whole line,

‘Prevent the hangman’s stroke, and die like mine.’

Viol. Oh, woe is me for Gerrard! I have brought
Confusion on the noblest gentleman

That ever truly lov’d. But we shall meet

Where our condemners shall not, and enjoy

A more refin’d affection than here:

No law nor father hinders marriage there

’Twixt souls divinely affied as (sure) ours were;

There we will multiply and generate joys,

Like fruitful parents.—Luckless Ferdinand,

Where’s the good old gentlewoman, my husband’s
aunt?

Ferd. Thrust from your uncle, to all poverty.

Viol. Alas, the pity! Reach me, Sir, the cup:
I’ll say my prayers, and take my father’s physic.

Ferd. Oh, villain that I was, I had forgot
To spill the rest, and am unable now
To stir to hinder her!

Viol. What ail you, Sir?

Ferd. Your father is a monster, I a villain,

This

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This tongue has kill'd you!—Pardon, Violante!

Oh, pardon, Gerrard! and for sacrifice

Accept my life, to expiate my fault:

I have drunk up the poison.

Viol. Thou art not so

Uncharitable! a better fellow far;

Th'haft left me half. Sure Death is now a-dry,

And calls for more blood still to quench his thirst.

I pledge thee, Ferdinand, to Gerrard's health!

Dear Gerrard, poor aunt, and unfortunate friend!

Ah me, that love should breed true lovers' end!

Ferd. Stay, madam, stay! help, ho! for Heav'n's
fake, help!

Improvident man! that good I did intend

For satisfaction, saving of her life,

My equal cruel stars made me forget³³.

Enter Angelina with two Servants.

Ang. What spectacle of death assaults me? oh!

Viol. My dearest mother, I am dead: I leave

Father, and friends, and life, to follow Love:

Good mother, love my child, that did no ill.

Fy, how men lie, that say, death is a pain!

Or has he chang'd his nature? like soft sleep

He seizes me. Your blessing! Last, I crave,

That I may rest by Gerrard in his grave.

Ferd. There lay me too. Oh, noble mistress, I

Have caus'd all this, and therefore justly die.

That key will open all.

Ang. Oh, viperous father!—

For Heav'n's sake, bear 'em in! Run for physicians,

And medicines quickly! Heav'n, thou shalt not have

her

³³ *My equal cruel stars, &c.*] Mr. Symphon would read,

My unequal cruel stars —

but as *equal* is good sense, I don't change the text; I understand *equal* adverbially, viz. my stars *equally cruel* in this instance as in all others.

Seward.

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Yet; 'tis too soon: Alas, I have no more;
And taking her away, thou robb'st the poor! [*Exe.*

[*Flourish.*

*Enter Rinaldo, States, Randulpho, Benvoglio, Gerrard,
Executioner, and Guard.*

Rin. The law, as greedy as your red desire,
Benvoglio, hath cast this man: 'Tis pity
So many excellent parts are swallow'd up
In one foul wave. Is Violante sent for?
Our justice must not lop a branch, and let
The body grow still.

Benv. Sir, she will be here,
Alive or dead, I am sure:

Ger. How cheerfully my countenance comments
death!

That which makes men seem horrid, I will wear
Like to an ornament. Oh, Violante!
Might my life only satisfy the law,
How jocundly my soul would enter Heav'n!
Why shouldst thou die? thou wither'st in thy bud,
As I have seen a rose, ere it was blown.—
I do beseech your Grace, the statute may
(In this case made) be read: Not that I hope
'T' extenuate my offence or penalty,
But to see whether it lay hold on her.
And since my death is more exemplary
Than just, this publick reading will advise
Caution to others.

Rin. Read it.

Rand. Brother, does not
Your soul groan under this severity?

Sec. [*reads.*] 'A statute provided in case of unequal
' matches, marriages against parents' consent, stealing
' of heirs, rapes, prostitutions, and such-like: That if
' any person meanly descended, or ignorant of his own
' parentage, which implies as much, shall, with a
' foul intent, unlawfully solicit the daughter of
' any peer of the dukedom, he shall for the same
' offence

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‘ offence forfeit his right-hand: But if he further
 ‘ prostitute her to his lust, he shall first have his
 ‘ right-hand cut off, and then suffer death by the
 ‘ common executioner. After whom, the lady so
 ‘ offending shall likewise the next day, in the same
 ‘ manner, die for the fact.’

Ger. This statute has more cruelty than sense!
 I see no ray of mercy. Must the lady
 Suffer death too? Suppose she were enforc’d,
 By some confederates borne away, and ravish’d;
 Is she not guiltless?

Rin. Yes, if it be prov’d.

Ger. This case is so: I ravish’d *Violante*.

State. Who ever knew a rape produce a child?

Ben. Pish! these are idle. Will your Grace command
 The executioner proceed?

Rin. Your office!

Ger. Farewell to thy enticing vanity,
 Thou round gilt box, that dost deceive man’s eye!
 The wise man knows, when open thou art broke,
 The treasure thou includ’st is dust and smoke;
 Even thus, I cast thee by. My lords, the law
 Is but the great man’s mule; he rides on it,
 And tramples poorer men under his feet:
 Yet when they come to knock at yon bright gate,
 One’s rags shall enter ’fore the other’s state.
 Peace to ye all!—Here, sirrah, strike!—This hand
 Hath *Violante* kiss’d a thousand times;
 It smells sweet ever since: This was the hand
 Plighted my faith to her; do not think thou canst
 Cut that in sunder with my hand. My lord,
 As free from speck as this arm is, my heart
 Is of foul lust, and every vein glides here
 As full of truth.—Why does thy hand shake so?
 ’Tis mine must be cut off, and that is firm;
 For it was ever constant.

Enter Cornelia.

Cor. Hold! your sentence

Unjustly

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Unjustly is pronounc'd, my lord! This blow
Cuts your hand off; for his is none of yours,
But Violante's, given in holy marriage
Before she was deliver'd, consummated
With th' free will of her mother, by her confessor,
In lord Benvoglio's house.

Ger. Alas, good aunt,

That helps us nothing; else I had reveal'd it.

Rin. What woman's this?

Benv. A base confederate

In this proceeding, kept of alms long time

By him; who now, expos'd to misery,

Talks thus distractedly. Attach her, guard!

Rand. Your cruelty, brother, will have end.

Cor. You'd best

Let them attach my tongue.

Rin. Good woman, peace!

For, were this truth, it doth not help thy nephew:

The law's infring'd by their disparity;

That forfeits both their lives.

Cor. Sir, with your pardon,

Had your Grace ever children?

Rin. Thou hast put

A question, whose sharp point toucheth my heart!

I had two little sons, twins, who were both

(With my good duchess) slain, as I did hear,

At that time when my dukedom was surpriz'd.

Cor. I have heard many say, my gracious lord,

That I was wondrous like her.

Omnes. Ha!

Rin. By all man's joy, it is Cornelia,

My dearest wife!

Cor. To ratify me her,

Come down, Alphonso, one of those two twins,

And take thy father's blessing! Thou hast broke

No law, thy birth being above thy wife's:

Ascanio is the other, nam'd Fernando,

Who, by remote means, to my lord Benvoglio

I got preferr'd; and in poor habits clad,

(You

(You fled, and th' innovation laid again)
I wrought myself into Randulpho's service,
With my eldest boy; yet never durst reveal
What they and I were, no, not to themselves,
Until the tyrant's death.

Rin. My joy has fill'd me
Like a full-winded sail! I cannot speak!

Ger. Fetch Violante and my brother.

Benv. Run,
Run like a spout, you rogue! A pox o' poison!
That little whore I trusted will betray me.
Stay, hangman! I have work for you: There's gold;
Cut off my head, or hang me, presently!

Soft musick. Enter Angelina, with the bodies of Ferdinand and Violante on a bier; Dorothea carrying the cup and letter, which she gives to Rinaldo; he reads, seems sorrowful; shews it to Cornelia and Gerrard, they lament over the bier. Randulpho and Benvoglio seem fearful, and seem to report to Angelina and Dorothea what hath passed before.

Rand. This is your rashness, brother!

Rin. Oh, joy, thou wert too great to last;
This was a cruel turning to our hopes!
Unnatural father! poor Ascanio!

Ger. Oh, mother! let me be Gerrard again,
And follow Violante!

Cor. Oh, my son——

Rin. Your lives yet, bloody men, shall answer this.

Dor. I must not see 'em longer grieve.—My lord,
Be comforted; let sadness generally
Forsake each eye and bosom; they both live:
For poison, I infus'd mere opium;
Holding compulsive perjury less sin
Than such a loathed murder would have been.

Omnes. Oh, blessed maiden!

Dor. Musick, gently creep
Into their ears, and fright hence lazy sleep!
Morpheus, command thy servant Sleep
In leaden chains no longer keep

This prince and lady! Rise, wake, rise,
And round about convey your eyes!

Rise, prince; go, greet thy father and thy mother;
Rise thou, t' embrace thy husband and thy brother.

Rin. Cor. Son, daughter!

Ferd. Father, mother, brother³⁴!

Ger. Wife!

Viol. Are we not all in Heav'n?

Ger. Faith, very near it.

Ferd. How can this be?

Rin. Hear it!

Dor. If I had serv'd you right, I should have seen
Your old pate off, ere I had reveal'd.

Benw. Oh, wench!

Oh, honest wench! if my wife die, I'll marry thee:
There's my reward³⁵.

Rin. 'Tis true.

Ferd. 'Tis very strange³⁶.

Ger. Why kneel you, honest master?

Ferd. My good lord!

Ger. Dear mother!

Rin. Rise, rise! all are friends. I owe ye
For all their boards: And, wench, take thou the man
Whose life thou sav'dst; less cannot pay thy merit.
How shall I part my kifs? I cannot! let

³⁴ *Ferd. Father, mother, brother.*

Ger. Wife.] According to this reading Ferdinand whose senses were but just recovered, knows perfectly all that has past whilst he was asleep; although he afterwards asks how can this be. I first thought a note of interrogation might solve it, by supposing Cornelia to have informed him in a whisper and then he might ask the question.

Father? mother? brother?

But putting the whole into Gerrard's mouth takes away the difficulty much more easily.

Seward.

We think the old reading best, and don't understand the objection.

³⁵ *There's thy reward.*] Text from first folio. It means, my rewarding you.

³⁶ *Ferd. 'Tis true.*

Rin. 'Tis very strange.] Here again the speakers were evidently wrong, and had changed places.

Seward.

One generally therefore join our cheeks.
A pen of iron, and a leaf of brass,
To keep this story to eternity,
And a Promethean wit!—Oh, sacred Love,
Nor chance, nor death, can thy firm truth remove.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

Eman. Now, Isabella?

Ifab. This can true love do.

I joy they all so happily are pleas'd!
The ladies and the brothers must triumph.

Eman. They do;

For Cupid scorns but t' have his Triumph too.

[*Flourish.*]

The Triumph.

Enter divers musicians, then certain singers bearing banners inscribed, Truth, Loyalty, Patience, Concord; next, Gerrard and Ferdinand with garlands of roses; then Violante; last, a chariot drawn by two Cupids, and a Cupid sitting in it.

Flourish. Enter Prologue.

Prol. Love, and the strength of fair affection,
Most royal Sir, what long seem'd lost, have won
Their perfect ends, and crown'd those constant hearts
With lasting triumph, whose most virtuous parts,
Worthy desires, and love, shall never end.
Now turn we round the scene; and, great Sir, lend
A sad and serious eye to this of *Death*.
This black and dismal triumph; where man's breath,
Desert, and guilty blood, ascend the stage;
And view the tyrant, ruin'd in his rage. [*Exit. Flourish.*]

Enter Lavall, Gabriella, and Maria.

Gab. No, good my lord, I am not now to find
Your long neglect of me: All those affections
You came first clad in to my love, like summer,
Lusty and full of life; all those desires
That like the painted spring bloom'd round about ye,
Giving

Giving the happy promise of an harvest,
 How have I seen drop off, and fall forgotten !
 With the least lustre of another's beauty,
 How oft, forgetful lord, have I been blasted !
 Was I so easily won ? or did this body
 Yield to your false embraces, with less labour
 Than if you'd carried some strong town ?

Lav. Good Gabriella !

Gab. Could all your subtilties and sighs betray me,
 The vows ye shook me with, the tears ye drown'd me,
 'Till I came fairly off with honour'd marriage ?
 Oh, fy, my lord !

Lav. Prithee, good Gabriella !

Gab. 'Would I had never known you, nor your
 honours !

They're stuck too full of griefs. Oh, happy women,
 That plant your love in equal honest bosoms,
 Whose sweet desires, like roses set together,
 Make one another happy in their blushes,
 Growing and dying without sense of greatness,
 To which I am a slave ! and that blest sacrament
 That daily makes millions of happy mothers,
 Link'd me to this man's lust alone, there left me :
 I dare not say I am his *wife*, 'tis dangerous ;
 His *love*, I cannot say. Alas, how many——

Lav. You grow too warm ; pray you be content !
 You best know

The time's necessity, and how our marriage,
 Being so much unequal to mine honour,
 While the Duke lives, I standing high in favour,
 (And, whilst I keep that safe, next to the dukedom)
 Must not be known, without my utter ruin.
 Have patience for a while, and do but dream, wench,
 The glory of a duchess.—How she tires me !
 How dull and leaden is my appetite
 To that stale beauty now ! Oh, I could curse
 And crucify myself for childish doting
 Upon a face that feeds not with fresh figures
 Every fresh hour ; she's now a surfeit to me !—

Enter

Enter Gentile.

Who's that? Gentile?—I charge ye, no acquaintance;
You nor your maid, with him, nor no discourse,
'Till times are riper?

Gent. Fy, my noble lord!
Can you be now a stranger to the court;
When your most virtuous bride the beauteous Hellenas
Stands ready like a star to gild your happiness?
When Hymen's lusty fires are now a-lighting;
And all the flower of Anjou——

Lav. Some few trifles,
For matter of adornment, have a little
Made me so slow, Gentile; which now in readiness;
I am for court immediately.

Gent. Take heed, Sir!
This is no time for trifling, nor she no lady
To be now entertain'd with toys; 'twill cost you——

Lav. You're an old cock, Gentile.

Gent. By your lordship's favour——

Lav. Prithee, away! 'twill lose time.

Gent. Oh, my lord,
Pardon me that, by all means!

Lav. We have business
A-foot, man, of more moment!

Gent. Than my manners?
I know none, nor I seek none.

Lav. Take tomorrow!

Gent. Even now, by your lordship's leave.—Ex-
cellent beauty,
My service here I ever dedicate,
In honour of my best friend, your dead father,
To you, his living virtue; and wish heartily,
That firm affection that made us two happy,
May take as deep undying root, and flourish
Betwixt my daughter Casta, and your goodness,
Who shall be still your servant.

Gab. I much thank you.

Lav. Pox o' this dreaming puppy!—Will you go,
Sir?

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Gent. A little more, good lord!

Lav. Not now, by Heaven!

Come, I must use you.

Gent. Goodness dwell still with you!

[*Exeunt Gent. and Lav.*]

Gab. The sight of this old gentleman, Maria,
Pulls to mine eyes again the living picture
Of Perolot his virtuous son, my first love,
That died at Orleans.

Maria. You have felt both fortunes,
And in extremes, poor lady! for young Perolot,
Being every way unable to maintain you,
Durst not make known his love to friend or father;
My lord Lavall, being powerful, and you poor,
Will not acknowledge you.

Gab. No more! Let's in, wench;
There let my lute speak my laments! they've tir'd
me. [Exeunt.]

Enter Two Courtiers.

1 Court. I grant, the duke is wondrous provident
In his now planting for succession;
I know his care as honourable in the choice too,
Marine's fair virtuous daughter: But what's all this?
To what end excellent arrives this travel,
When he that bears the main roof is so rotten?

2 Court. You have hit it now indeed; for, if Fame
lie not,
He is untemperate.

1 Court. You express him poorly,
Too gentle, Sir: The most debosh'd and barbarous,
Believe it; the most void of all humanity,
Howe'er his cunning cloke it to his uncle,
And those his pride depends upon.

2 Court. I have heard too,
Given excessively to drink.

1 Court. Most certain,
And in that drink most dangerous: I speak these
things

To one I know loves Truth, and dares not wrong her.

2 Court.

REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE. 565

2 *Court.* You may speak on.

1 *Court.* Uncertain as the sea, Sir,
Proud and deceitful as his sin's great master;
His appetite to women, (for there he carries
His main-sail spread) so boundless and abominable,
That but to have her name by that tongue spoken,
Poisons the virtue of the purest virgin.

2 *Court.* I am sorry for young Gabriella then,
A maid reputed, ever of fair carriage;
For he has been noted visiting.

1 *Court.* She is gone then;
Or any else, that promises, or power,
Gifts, or his guileful vows, can work upon:
But these are but poor parcels.

2 *Court.* 'Tis great pity!

1 *Court.* Nor want these sins a chief saint to be-
friend 'em:

The devil follows him; and, for a truth, Sir,
Appears in visible figure often to him;
At which time he's possess'd with sudden trances,
Cold deadly sweats, and griping of the conscience,
Tormented strangely, as they say.

2 *Court.* Heav'n turn him!

This marriage-day may'st thou well curse, fair Hel-
len.—

But let's go view the ceremony.

1 *Court.* I'll walk with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Musick. Enter Gabriella and Maria above; and Lavall,
Bride, States in solemnity as to marriage, and pass
over, viz. Duke, Marine and Longaville.

Maria. I hear 'em come!

Gab. 'Would I might never hear more!

Maria. I told you still; but you were so incred-
ulous—

See, there they kiss!

Gab. Adders be your embraces!

The poison of a rotten heart, oh, Hellen,
Blast thee as I have been! Just such a flattery,

366 FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL

With that same cunning face, that smile upon't,
(Oh, mark it, Mary, mark it seriously!)
That master smile caught me.

Maria. There's th' old duke, and
Marine her father.

Gab. Oh!

Maria. There Longaville;
The ladies now.

Gab. Oh, I am murder'd, Mary!—
Beast, most inconstant beast!

Maria. There——

Gab. There I am not;
No more—I am not there. Hear me, oh, Heav'n!
And, all you pow'rs of justice, bow down to me!
But you of pity, die. I am abus'd;
She that depended on your providence,
She is abus'd! your honour is abus'd!
That noble piece ye made, and call'd it *man*,
Is turn'd to devil; all the world's abus'd!
Give me a woman's will, provok'd to mischief,
A two-edg'd heart; my suffering thoughts to wildfires,
And my embraces to a timeless grave turn!

Maria. Here I'll step in; for 'tis an act of merit.

Gab. I am too big to utter more.

Maria. Take time then.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gentile and Casta.

Gent. This solitary life at home undoes thee,
Obscures thy beauty first, which should prefer thee;
Next, fills thee full of sad thoughts, which thy years
Must not arrive at yet; they choke thy sweetness:
Follow the time, my girl; and it will bring thee,
Even to the fellowship of the noblest women,
Hellen herself, to whom I would prefer thee,
And under whom this poor and private carriage,
(Which I am only able yet to teach at)
Being cast off, and all thy sweets at lustre,
Will take thee as a fair friend, and prefer thee.

Casta. Good Sir, be not so cruel as to seek

To

REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE. 567

To kill that sweet content you've bred me to.
 Have I not here enough to thank Heav'n for?
 The free air, uncorrupted with new flattery?
 The water that I touch, unbrib'd with odours
 To make me sweet to others? the pure fire
 Not smother'd up, and choak'd with lustful incense
 To make my blood sweat? but burning clear and high,
 Tells me my mind must flame up so to Heav'n.
 What should I do at court? wear rich apparel?
 Methinks these are as warm, and, for your state, Sir,
 Wealthy enough: Is it, you'd have me proud,
 And, like a pageant, stuck up for amaze-ments?
 Teach not your child to tread that path; for fear, Sir,
 Your dry bones, after death, groan in your grave
 The miseries that follow.

Gent. Excellent Casta!

Casta. When shall I pray again, a courtier?
 Or, when I do, to what god? what new body
 And new face must I make me, with new manners
 (For I must be no more myself)? whose mistress
 Must I be first? with whose sin-offering season'd?
 And when I'm grown so great and glorious
 With prostitution of my burning beauties,
 That great lords kneel, and princes beg for favours,
 Do you think I'll be your daughter, a poor gentle-
 man's,
 Or know you for my father?

Enter Lavall.

Gent. My best Casta!
 Oh, my most virtuous child! Heav'n reigns within
 thee!
 Take thine own choice, sweet child, and live a saint
 still.—
 The lord Lavall! stand by, wench.

Lav. Gabriella—
 She cannot, nor she dares not make it known;
 My greatness crushes her, whene'er she offers;
 Why should I fear her then?

568 FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL

Gent. Come; let's pass on, wench.

Lav. Gentille, come hither!—Who's that gentlewoman?

Gent. A child of mine, Sir, who, observing custom, Is going to the monastery to her prayers.

Lav. A fair one, a most sweet one! fitter far To beautify a court, than make a votarist.— Go on, fair beauty, and in your orizons Remember me: Will you, fair sweet?

Casta. Most humbly. [Exit with Gent.]

Lav. An admirable beauty! how it fires me!

Enter a Spirit.

But she's too full of grace, and I too wicked.—
I feel my wonted fit: Defend me, Goodness!
Oh! it grows colder still, and stiffer on me;
My hair stands up, my sinews shake and shrink;
Help me, good Heav'n, and good thoughts dwell
within me!

Oh, get thee gone, thou evil, evil spirit;
Haunt me no more, I charge thee!

Spirit. Yes, Lavall;

Thou art my vassal, and the slave to mischief:
I blast thee with new sin. Pursue thy pleasure!
Casta is rare and sweet, a blowing beauty;
Set thy desires afire, and never quench 'em
'Till thou enjoy'st her! make her all thy Heav'n,
And all thy joy, for she is all true happiness.
Thou'rt powerful; use command; if that prevail not,
Force her: I'll be thy friend.

Lav. Oh, help me, help me!

Spirit. Her virtue, like a spell, sinks me to darkness. [Exit.]

Enter Gentille and Casta.

Gent. He's here still.—How is't, noble lord? Methinks, Sir,

You look a little wildly?—Is it that way?

Is't her you stare on so? I've spied your fire, Sir,

But

But dare not stay the flaming : Come !

Lav. Sweet creature,

Excellent beauty, do me but the happiness

To be your humblest servant.—Oh, fair eyes !

Oh, blessed, blessed sweetness, divine virgin !

Cast. Oh, good my lord, retire into your honour !

You're spoken good and virtuous, plac'd at helm

To govern others from mischances ; from example

Of such fair chronicles as great ones are,

We do, or sure we should, direct our lives.

I know you're full of worth ; a school of virtue,

Daily instructing us that live below you,

I make no doubt, dwells there.

Lav. I cannot answer ;

Sh' has struck me dumb with wonder.

Cast. Goodness guide you ! [*Exeunt.*]

Lav. She's gone, and with her all light, and has
left me

Dark as my black desires. Oh, devil Lust,

How dost thou hug my blood, and whisper to me,

There is no day again, no time, no living,

Without this lusty beauty break upon me !

Let me collect myself ; I strive like billows,

Beaten against a rock, and fall a fool still.

I must enjoy her, and I will ; from this hour

My thoughts, and all my business shall be nothing,

Enter Maria.

My eating, and my sleeping, but her beauty,

And how to work it.

Maria. Health to my lord Lavall !—

Nay, good Sir, do not turn with such displeasure !

I come not to afflict your new-born pleasures.

My honour'd mistress—Neither let that vex you,

For nothing is intended, but safe to you.

Lav. What of your mistress ? I am full of business.

Maria. I will be short, my lord. She, loving lady,

Considering the unequal tie between ye,

And how your ruin with the duke lay on it,

579 FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL

As also the most noble match now made,
 By me sends back all links of marriage,
 All holy vows, and rights of ceremony,
 All promises, oaths, tears, and all such pawns
 You left in hostage; only her love she cannot,
 For that still follows you, but not to hurt you;
 And still beholds you, Sir, but not to shame you;
 In recompense of which, this is her suit, Sir,
 Her poor and last petition, but to grant her,
 When weary nights have cloy'd you up with kisses,
 (As such must come) the honour of a mistress,
 The honour but to let her see those eyes,
 (Those eyes she dotes on, more than gods on goodness)
 And but to kiss you only; with this prayer,
 (A prayer only to awake your pity)
 And on her knees she made it, that this night
 You'll bless her with your company at supper.

Lav. I like this well; and, now I think on't better,
 I'll make a present use from this occasion——

Maria. Nay, good my lord, be not so cruel to her,
 Because she has been yours!

Lav. And to mine own end
 A rare way I will work.

Maria. Can love for ever,
 The love of her, my lord, so perish in you?—
 As you desire in your desires to prosper!
 What gallant under Heav'n, but Anjou's heir, then
 Can brag so fair a wife, and sweet a mistress?
 Good, noble lord!

Lav. You misapply me, Mary;
 Nor do I want true pity to your lady:
 Pity and Love tell me, too much I've wrong'd her
 To dare to see her more: Yet if her sweetness
 Can entertain a mediation,
 (And it must be a great one that can cure me)
 My love again, as far as honour bids me,
 My service, and myself——

Maria. That's nobly spoken!

Lav. Shall hourly see her; Want shall never know her;
 Nor

REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE. 571

Nor where she has bestow'd her love, repent her.

Maria. Now whither drives he?

Lav. I have heard, *Maria*,

That no two women in the world more lov'd,
Than thy good mistress and Gentile's fair daughter.

Maria. What may this mean?—You've heard a
truth, my lord;

But since the secret love betwixt you two,
My mistress durst not entertain such friendship:
Casta is quick, and of a piercing judgment,
And quickly will find out a flaw.

Lav. Hold, *Mary*:

Shrink not; 'tis good gold, wench: Prepare a banquet,
And get that Casta thither; for she's a creature
So full of forcible divine persuasion,
And so unwearied ever with good office,
That she shall cure my ill cause to my mistress,
And make all errors up.

Maria. I'll do my best, Sir:

But she's too fearful, coy, and scrupulous,
To leave her father's house so late; and bashful
At any man's appearance, that, I fear, Sir,
'Twill prove impossible.

Lav. There's more gold, *Mary*;

And fain thy mistress wondrous sick, to death, wench!

Maria. I have you in the wind now, and I'll pay you.

Lav. She cannot chuse but come; 'tis charity,
The chief of her profession: Undertake this,
And I am there at night; if not, I leave you.

Maria. I will not lose this offer, tho' it fall out
Clean cross to that we cast.—I'll undertake it;
I will, my lord; she shall be there.

Lav. By Heaven?

Maria. By Heaven, she shall.

Lav. Let it be something late then,
For being seen!—Now force or favour wins her.
My spirits are grown dull; strong wine, and store,
Shall set 'em up again, and make me fit
To draw home at the enterprize I aim at.

[Exit.
Maria.

572 FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL

Maria. Go thy way, false lord! if thou hold'st,
 thou pay'st
 The price of all thy lusts. Thou shalt be there,
 Thou modest maid, if I have any working,
 And yet thy honour safe; for which this thief
 I know has set this meeting; but I'll watch him.

Enter Perolot.

Per. *Maria!*

Maria. Are mine eyes mine own? or—bless me!
 Am I deluded with a flying shadow?

Per. Why do you start so from me?

Maria. It speaks sensibly,
 And shews a living body; yet I'm fearful.

Per. Give me your hand, good *Maria*.

Maria. He feels warm too.

Per. And next your lips.

Maria. He kisses perfectly:

Nay, an the devil be no worse—You are *Perolot*?

Per. I was, and sure I should be: Can a small
 distance,

And ten short months, take from your memory
 The figure of your friend, that you stand wond'ring?
 Be not amaz'd! I am the self-same *Perolot*,
 Living and well, son to *Gentille*, and brother
 To virtuous *Casta*; to your beauteous mistress,
 The long-since poor betroth'd, and still-vow'd servant.

Maria. Nay, sure he lives!—My lord *Lavall*, your
 master,

Brought news long since to your much-mourning
 mistress,

You died at *Orleans*; bound her with an oath too,
 To keep it secret from your aged father,
 Lest it should rack his heart.

Per. A pretty secret,

To try my mistress' love, and make my welcome
 From travel of more worth; from whence, Heav'n
 thank'd,

My business for the duke dispatch'd to th' purpose,

And

REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE. 573

And all my money spent, I am come home, wench.
How does my mistress? for I have not yet seen
Any, nor will I, 'till I do her service.

Maria. But did the lord Lavall know of your love,
Sir,

Before he went?

Per. Yes; by much force he got it,
But none else knew; upon his promise too,
And honour, to conceal it faithfully
'Till my return: To further which, he told me,
My business being ended, from the duke
He would procure a pension for my service,
Able to make my mistress a fit husband.

Maria. But are you sure of this?

Per. Sure as my sight, wench.

Maria. Then is your lord a base dissembling villain,
A devil lord, the damn'd lord of all lewdness,
And has betray'd you, and undone my mistress,
My poor sweet mistress (oh, that lecher lord!)
Who, poor soul, since was married!

Per. To whom, Maria?

Maria. To that unlucky lord, a plague upon him!
Whose hot horse-appetite being allay'd once
With her chaste joys, married again (scarce cool'd,
The torches yet not out the yellow Hymen
Lighted about the bed, the songs yet-sounding)
Marine's young noble daughter Hellena,
Whose mischief stands at door next. Oh, that recreant!

Per. Oh, villain! oh, most unmanly falshood!
Nay, then, I see my letters were betray'd too.
Oh, I am full of this, great with his mischiefs,
Loaden and burst! Come, lead me to my lady.

Maria. I cannot, Sir; Lavall keeps her conceal'd;
Besides, her griefs are such, she will see no man.

Per. I must, and will go to her; I will see her:
There be my friend, or this shall be thy furthest!

Maria. Hold, and I'll help thee! But first you
shall swear to me,

As you are true and gentle, as you hate

This

This beastly and base lord, where I shall place you,
(Which shall be within sight) 'till I discharge you,
Whate'er you see or hear, to make no motion.

Per. I do, by Heaven!

Maria. Stay here about the house then,
'Till it be later; yet, the time's not perfect:
There at the back-door I'll attend you truly.

Per. Oh, monstrous, monstrous, beastly villain! [*Ex.*

Maria. How cross this falls, and from all expectation!
And what the end shall be, Heav'n only yet knows:
Only I wish, and hope. But I forget still;
Casta must be the bait, or all miscarries. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentile with a torch, Shalloone above.

Gent. Holla, Shalloone!

Shal. Who's there?

Gent. A word from th' duke, Sir.

Shal. Your pleasure?

Gent. Tell your lord he must to court straight.

Shal. He's ill at ease; and prays he may be pardon'd
The occasions of this night.

Gent. Belike he's drunk then.

He must away; the duke and his fair lady,
The beauteous Hellena, are now at Cent.
Of whom she has such fortune in her carding,
The duke has lost a thousand crowns, and swears,
He will not go to bed, 'till by Lavall
The tide of loss be turn'd again. Awake him!
For 'tis the pleasure of the duke he must rise.

Shal. Having so strict command, Sir, to the
contrary,

I dare not do it: I beseech your pardon,

Gent. Are you sure he is there?

Shal. Yes.

Gent. And asleep?

Shal. I think so.

Gent. And are you sure you will not tell him,
Shalloone?

Shal. Yes, very sure.

Gent.

REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE. 575

Gent. Then I am sure, I will :

Open, or I must force.

Shal. Pray you stay ! he is not,

Nor will not be this night : You may excuse it.

Gent. I knew he was gone about some woman's labour.

As good a neighbour, tho' I say it, and as comfortable !
Many such more we need, Shalloone. Alas, poor lady,
Thou'rt like to lie cross-leg'd to-night. Good
monfieur,

I will excuse your master for this once, Sir,
Because sometimes I've lov'd a wench myself too.

Shal. 'Tis a good hearing, Sir.

Gent. But for your lie, Shalloone,
If I had you here, it should be no good hearing ;
For your pate I would pummel.

Shal. A fair good night, Sir ! [Exit.

Gent. Good night, thou noble knight, Sir Pandarus³⁶ !
My heart is cold o' th' sudden, and a strange dullness
Possesses all my body : Thy will be done, Heav'n !
[Exit.

Enter Gabriella, Casta, and Maria with a taper.

Casta. 'Faith, friend, I was even going to my bed,
When your maid told me of your sudden sickness :
But from my grave (so truly I love you)
I think your name would raise me. You look ill
Since last I saw you, much decay'd in colour ;
Yet, I thank Heav'n, I find no such great danger
As your maid frighted me withal : Take courage,
And give your sickness course ! Some grief you have
got

That feeds within upon your tender spirits,
And, wanting open way to vent itself,
Murders your mind, and chokes up all your sweetness.

Gab. It was my maid's fault, worthy friend, to
trouble you,

So late, upon so light a cause ; yet, since I have you,
Oh, my dear Casta——

³⁶ *Sir Pandarus.*] See *Troilus and Cressida*.

376 FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL

Casta. Out with it, i' God's name!

Gab. The closet of my heart I will lock here;
wench; [*Lavall knocks within.*]
And things shall make you tremble.—Who's that
knocks there?

Maria. 'Tis Lavall.

Gab. Sit you still!—Let him in.—
I am resolv'd; and, all you wronged women,
You noble spirits, that, as I, have suffer'd
Under this glorious beast, insulting man³³,
Lend me your causes, then your cruelties;
For I must put on madness above women!

Casta. Why do you look so ghastly?

Gab. Peace! no harm, dear.

Enter Lavall.

Lav. There, take my cloak and sword.—Where
is this banquet?

Maria. In the next room.

Casta. How came he here? Heav'n bless me!

Lav. Give me some wine, wench; fill it full, and
sprightly——

Gab. Sit still, and be not fearful.

Lav. 'Till my veins swell,
And my strong sinews stretch like that brave Centaur,
'That at the table snatch'd the bride away

³⁷ *The closet of my heart, I will lock here, wench.*] It is more
natural to read,

—— I will unlock, wench.

as Mr. Sympson would read, and at first sight the same change occurred to me, but the old reading is certainly sense, and a stronger sense, viz. That she would lock up all her secrets in Casta's breast, which she must lay her hand on or point to while she speaks. *Seward.*

³⁸ *Under this glorious beast insulting man.*] This compound word must be strained very much, to force it into any meaning that will suit the context. Mr. Sympson therefore agrees with me in supposing it corrupt. I had read,

Under this glorious beast; insulting man,
but his conjecture, though not quite so near the trace of the letters, makes better sense, and I therefore prefer it,

Under this glorious base insulting man.

Seward.

He is called *beast* more than once before: *Base* comes in but poorly here.

In

In spite of Hercules.

Casta. I am betray'd!

Lav. Nay, start not, lady! 'tis for you that I come,
And for your beauty: 'Tis for you, Lavall
Honours this night; to you, the sacred shrine
I humbly bow, offering my vows and prayers;
To you I live.

Gab. In with the powder quickly!
So; that and the wine will rock you.

Lav. Here; to the health
Of the most beauteous and divine fair *Casta*,
The star of sweetness!

Gab. Fear him not; I'll die first.—
And who shall pledge you?

Lav. Thou shalt, thou tann'd gipsy!
And worship to that brightness give, cold Tartar!—
By Heaven, you shall not stir! You are my mistress,
The glory of my love, the great adventure,
The mistress of my heart, and she my whore!

Gab. Thou liest, base, beastly lord! drunker than
anger,
Thou fous'd lord, got by a surfeit, thou liest basely!
Nay, stir not! I dare tell thee so.—Sit you still.—
If I be whore, it is in marrying thee,
That art so absolute and full a villain,
No sacrament can save that piece tied to thee.
How often hast thou wooed, in those flatteries,
Almost those very words, my constancy?
What goddesses have I not been, or what goodness?
What star, that is of any name in Heaven,
Or brightness? which of all the virtues
(But drunkenness, and drabbing, thy two morals)
Have not I reach'd to? what spring was ever sweeter?
What Scythian snow so white? what crystal chaster?
Is not thy new wife now the same too? Hang thee,
Base bigamist, thou honour of ill women³⁹!

³⁹ *Base bigamist, thou honour of ill women.*] Seward reads,

——— *Thou horror of all women:*

BUT HONOUR OF ILL women may mean a man in request with prostitutes: So, he is afterwards called *SALT-itch*, &c. and immediately before, *Base bigamist*.

378 FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL

Cast. How's this? Oh, Heav'n defend me!

Gab. Thou salt-itch,
For whom no cure but ever-burning brimstone
Can be imagin'd!

Lav. Ha, ha, ha!

Gab. Dost thou laugh, thou breaker
Of all law, all religion? of all faith
Thou foul contemner?

Lav. Peace, thou paltry woman!—
And fit by me, sweet.

Gab. By the devil?

Lav. Come,
And lull me with delights.

Gab. It works amain now.

Lav. Give me such kisses as the queen of shadows
Gave to the sleeping boy she stole on Latmos;
Lock round about ⁴⁰, in snaky wreaths close-folded,
Those rosy arms about my neck, oh, Venus!

Gab. Fear not, I say.

Lav. Thou admirable sweetness,
Distil thy blessings like those silver drops,
That, falling on fair grounds, rise all in roses;
Shoot me a thousand darts from those fair eyes,
And thro' my heart transfix 'em all, I'll stand 'em;
Send me a thousand smiles, and presently
I'll catch 'em in mine eyes, and by Love's power
Turn 'em to Cupids all, and fling 'em on thee.
How high she looks, and heav'nly!—More wine
for me!

Gab. Give him more wine; and, good friend, be
not fearful!

Lav. Here on my knee, thou goddess of delights,
This lusty grape I offer to thy beauties:
See, how it leaps to view that perfect redness
That dwells upon thy lips! now, how it blushes
To be out-blush'd! Oh, let me feed my fancy!
And as I hold the purple god in one hand,
Dancing about the brim and proudly swelling,

⁴⁰ Look round about, &c.] So all copies but first folio.

Deck'd in the pride of Nature, young and blowing,
So let me take fair Semele in the other,
And sing the loves of gods, then drink their nectar,
Not yet desir'd!

Casta. Oh!

Lav. Then, like lusty Tarquin,
Turn'd into flames with Lucrece' coy denials,
His blood and spirit equally ambitious,
I force thee for mine own.

Casta. Oh, help me, justice! help me, my chastity!

Lav. Now I am bravely quarried. [*Perolot above.*]

Per. 'Tis my sister!

Gab. No, bawdy slave, no, treacher, she's not
carried. [*Exit Casta.*]

Per. She's loose again, and gone. I'll keep my
place still.

Maria. Now it works bravely. Stand! he cannot
hurt you.

Lav. Oh, my sweet love, my life!

Maria. He sinks.

Lav. My blessing! [*He falls down and sleeps.*]

Maria. So; now he is safe awhile.

Gab. Lock all the doors, wench;

Then for my wrongs!

Per. Now I'll appear to know all.

Gab. Be quick, quick, good Maria, sure and sudden.

Per. Stay! I must in first.

Gab. Oh, my conscience!

It is young Perolot: Oh, my stung conscience!

It is my first and noblest love.

Maria. Leave wondring,

And recollect yourself: The man is living;

Equally wrong'd as you, and by that devil.

Per. 'Tis most true, lady; your unhappy fortune

I grieve for as mine own; your fault forgive too,

If it be one. This is no time for kisses:

I have heard all, and known all, which mine ears

Are crack'd a-pieces with, and my heart perish'd.

I saw him in your chamber, saw his fury,

And am a-fire 'till I have found his heart out.

What do you mean to do? for I'll make one.

Gab. To make his death more horrid (for he shall die——

Per. He must, he must.

Gab. We'll watch him 'till he wakes,
Then bind him, and then torture him.

Per. 'Tis nothing!

No; take him dead-drunk now, without repentance,
His lechery in seam'd upon him⁴¹.

Gab. Excellent!

Per. I'll do't myself; and, when 'tis done, provide
ye;

For we'll away for Italy this night.

Gab. We'll follow thro' all hazards.

Per. Oh, false lord,

Unmanly, mischievous! how I could curse thee!
But that but blasts thy fame: Have at thy heart, fool!
Loop-holes I'll make enough to let thy life out.

Lav. Oh! does the devil ride me?

Per. Nay, then!

Lav. Murder!

Nay, then, take my share too.

Per. Help! oh! h'has slain me.
Bloody intentions must have blood.

Lav. Ha!

Per. Heaven—— [Dies.]

Gab. He sinks, he sinks, for ever sinks! Oh, Fortune!

Oh, Sorrow! how like seas thou flow'st upon me!
Here will I dwell for ever. Weep, Maria,
Weep this young man's misfortune. Oh, thou truest—

⁴¹ *Take him dead-drunk, &c.*] This horrid sentiment seems to have been adopted from a similar one in Hamlet; where that prince, debating on the purposed death of the King, says,

- When he is *drunk*, asleep, or in his rage;
- Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed,
- At gaming, swearing; or about some act
- That has no relish of salvation in't:
- Then trip him, that his heels may kick at Heaven;
- And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
- As Hell, whereto it goes.'

Enter Spirit.

Lav. What have I done ?

Spirit. That that has mark'd thy soul, man.

Lav. And art thou come again, thou dismal Spirit ?

Spirit. Yes, to devour thy last.

Lav. Mercy upon me !

Spirit. Thy hour is come : Succession, honour,
pleasure,

And all the lustre thou so long hast look'd for,
Must here have end : Summon thy sins before thee.

Lav. Oh, my affrighted-soul !

Spirit. There lies a black one ;

Thy own best servant by thy own hand slain :

Thy drunkenness procur'd it ; there's another :

Think of fair Gabriella ! there she weeps ;

And such tears are not lost.

Lav. Oh, miserable !

Spirit. Thy foul intention to the virtuous Casta.

Lav. No more, no more, thou wildfire !

Spirit. Last, thy last wife,

Think on the wrongs she suffers.

Lav. Oh, my misery !

Oh, whither shall I fly ?

Spirit. Thou hast no faith, fool.

Hark to thy knell !

[*Sings, and vanishes.*]

Lav. Millions of sins muster about mine eyes now ;

Murders, ambitions, lust, false faiths : Oh, Horror,

In what a stormy form of death thou rid'st now !

Methinks I see all tortures, fires, and frosts,

Deep-sinking caves, where nothing but Despair dwells,

The baleful birds of night hovering about 'em ;

A grave, methinks, now opens, and a hearse,

Hung with my arms, tumbles into it. Oh !

Oh, my afflicted soul ! I cannot pray ;

And the least child that has but goodness in him

May strike my head off, so stupid are my powers :

I'll lift mine eyes up tho'.

Maria. Cease these laments !

They are too poor for vengeance : Lavall lives yet.

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Gab. Then thus I dry all sorrows from these eyes ;
Fury and rage possess 'em now ! Damn'd devil !

Lav. Ha !

Gab. This for young Perolot !

Lav. Oh, mercy, mercy !

Gab. This for my wrongs !

Lav. But one short hour to cure me ! [*Knock within.*
Oh, be not cruel : Oh ! oh !

Maria. Hark, they knock !

Make haste, for Heav'n's sake, mistress !

Gab. This for Casta !

Lav. Oh, oh, oh, oh ! [*He dies.*

Maria. He's dead ; come, quickly ! let's away with
him,

'Twill be too late else.

Gab. Help, help, up to th' chamber !

[*Exeunt with Lavall's body.*

Enter Duke, Hellena, Gentile, Casta, and Attendants
with lights.

Duke. What frights are these ?

Gent. I'm sure here's one past frightening.

Bring the lights nearer : I've enough already.

Out, out, mine eyes ! Look, Casta.

Lord. 'Tis young Perolot !

Duke. When came he over ? Hold the gentlewoman !
She sinks ; and bear her off.

Casta. Oh, my dear brother ! [*Exit.*

Gent. There is a time for all ; for me, I hope too,
And very shortly. Murder'd ?

[*Gabriella, Maria, with Lavall's body, above.*

Duke. Who's above there ?

Gab. Look up, and see.

Duke. What may this mean ?

Gab. Behold it ;

Behold the drunken murderer

Of that young gentleman ; behold the rankest,

The vilest, basest slave that ever flourish'd !

Duke. Who kill'd him ?

Gab. I ; and there's the cause I did it :

Read,

Read, if your eyes will give you leave.

Hel. Oh, monstrous!

Gab. Nay, out it shall: There, take this false heart
to ye,

The base dishonour of a thousand women!

Keep it in gold; duke; 'tis a precious jewel.

Now to myself! for I have liv'd a fair age,

Longer by some months than I had a mind to.

Duke. Hold!

Gab. Here, young Perolot, my first-contracted!

True love shall never go alone.

Duke. Hold, Gabriella!

I do forgive all.

Gab. I shall die the better.

Thus let me seek my grave, and my shames with me!

Maria. Nor shalt thou go alone, my noble mistress:
Why should I live, and thou dead?

Lord. Save the wench there!

Maria. She is, I hope; and all my sins here written.

Duke. This was a fatal night.

Gent. Heav'n has his working,
Which we cannot contend against.

Duke. Alas!

Gent. Your Grace has your *alas* too.

Duke. 'Would 'twere equal!

For thou hast lost an honest noble child.

Gent. 'Tis heir enough h'has left, a good remembrance⁴².

Duke. See all their bodies buried decently;
Tho' some deserv'd it not!—How do you, lady?

Hel. Even, with your Grace's leave, ripe for a
monastery;

There will I wed my life to tears and prayers,
And never know what man is more.

Duke. Your pleasure.

How does the maid within?

Lord. She is gone before, Sir,
The same course that her lady takes.

⁴² 'Tis heir enough has lost a good remembrance.] Corrected by
Symphon.

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Gent. And my course
Shall be my beads at home, so please your Grace
To give me leave to leave the court.

Duke. In peace, Sir;
And take my love along!

Gent. I shall pray for you.

Duke. Now to ourselves: Retire we, and begin
By this example to correct each sin! [*Exe. Flourish.*]

Eman. By this we plainly view the two imposthumes
That choak a kingdom's welfare; ease and wantonness;
In both of which Lavall was capital:

For, first, ease stole away his mind from honour,
That active noble thoughts had kept still working;
And then deliver'd him to drink and women,
Lust and outrageous riot; and what their ends are,
How infamous and foul, we see example.

Therefore, that great man that will keep his name,
And gain his merit out of Virtue's schools,
Must make the pleasures of the world his fools.

[*Flourish.*]

The Triumph.

*Enter Musicians; next them, Perolot, with the wound
he died with; then Gabriella and Maria, with their
wounds; after them, four furies with bannerets, in-
scribed, Revenge, Murder, Lust, and Drunkenness,
singing; next them, Lavall wounded; then a chariot
with Death, drawn by the Destinies.* [*Flourish.*]

Enter Prologue.

Prol. From this sad sight ascend your noble eye,
And see old Time, helping triumphantly,
Helping his master Man: View here his vanities;
And see his false friends, like those glutt'd flies,
That, when they've suck'd their fill, fall off, and fade
From all remembrance of him, like a shade!
And last, view who relieves him! and that gone,
We hope your favour, and our play is done.

[*Flourish.*]

Enter

Enter Anthropos, Desire, Vain-Delight, and Bounty.

Anth. What hast thou done, Desire? and how employ'd

The charge I gave thee, about levying wealth
For our supplies?

Desire. I have done all, yet nothing;
Tried all, and all my ways, yet all miscarried:
There dwells a sordid dulness in their minds,
Thou son of Earth, colder than that thou'rt made of.
I came to Craft; found all his hooks about him,
And all his nets baited and set⁴³; his sly self
And greedy Lucre at a serious conference
Which way to tie the world within their statutes:
Business of all sides⁴⁴ and of all sorts swarming,
Like bees broke loose in summer: I declar'd
Your will and want together, both enforcing
With all the power and pains I had, to reach him;
Yet all fell short.

Anth. His answer?

Desire. This he gave me:

Your wants are never ending; and those supplies
That came to stop those breaches, are ever lavish'd,
Before they reach the main, in toys and trifles,
Gewgaws, and gilded puppets. Vain-Delight,
He says, has ruin'd you, with clapping all
That comes in for support, on cloaths and coaches,

⁴³ ——— all his hooks about him,

And all his nets baited and set.] Mr. Symphon says, that to bait and set nets is inaccurate, and therefore would have *books* and *nets* change places: But *nets* are sometimes baited and set as well as hooks, as for cray fish, grigs, &c. so that the change is not necessary.

Seward.

⁴⁴ *Business of all sides and of all sorts.*] Mr. Symphon thinks the common expression was the original here,

Business of all size and of all sorts,
or else of all sizes. But I can by no means admit either into the text, for the old reading is perfect good sense. And the first change proposed is scarce English; the other hurts the measure; and its being a vulgar expression is the very reason why a poet would not use it.

Seward.

We think Symphon's first conjecture not inelegant, and very plausible. Of all sides is very vulgar.

Perfumes and powder'd pates; and that your mistress,
 The lady Pleasure, like a sea devours
 At length both you and him too. If you have houses,
 Or land, or jewels, for good pawn, he'll hear you,
 And will be ready to supply occasions;
 If not, he locks his ears up, and grows stupid.
 From him, I went to Vanity, whom I found
 Attended by an endless troop of tailors,
 Mercers, embroiderers, feather-makers, fumers,
 All occupations opening like a mart,
 That serve to rig the body out with bravery;
 And thro' the room new fashions flew, like flies,
 In thousand gaudy shapes; Pride waiting on her,
 And busily surveying all the breaches
 Time and decaying Nature had wrought in her,
 Which still with art she piec'd again and strengthen'd:
 I told your wants; she shew'd me gowns and head-tires,
 Embroider'd waistcoats, smocks seam'd thro' with
 cut-works,
 Scarfs, mantles, petticoats, muffs, powders, paintings,
 Dogs, monkeys, parrots, which all seem'd to shew me
 The way her money went. From her to Pleasure
 I took my journey.

Anth. And what says our best mistress?

Desire. She danc'd me out this answer presently:
 Revels and masques had drawn her dry already.
 I met old Time too, mowing mankind down,
 Who says you are too hot, and he must purge you.

Anth. A cold *quietus*! Miserable creatures,
 Born to support and beautify your master,
 The godlike Man, set here to do me service,
 The children of my will, why, or how dare ye,
 Created to my use alone, disgrace me?
 Beasts have more courtesy; they live about me,
 Offering their warm wool to the shearer's hand
 To cloath me with, their bodies to my labours;
 Nay, even their lives they daily sacrifice,
 And proudly press with garlands to the altars,
 To fill the gods' oblations. Birds bow to me,
 Striking their downy sails to do me service,

Their

Their sweet airs ever echoing to mine honour,
And to my rest their plummy softs they send me.
Fishes, and plants, and all where life inhabits,
But mine own curst kind, obey their ruler;
Mine have forgot me, miserable mine,
Into whose stony hearts, neglect of duty,
Squint-ey'd Deceit and Self-love are crept closely!
None feel my wants? not one befriend me⁴⁵?

Desire. None, Sir.

Anth. Thou hast forgot, Desire, my best friend
Flattery;

He cannot fail me.

Delight. Fail? he'll sell himself,
And all within his power, close to his skin first.

Desire. I thought so too, and made him my first ven-
ture;

But found him in a young lord's ear so busy,
So like a smiling shower pouring his soul
In at his portals; his face in thousand figures,
Catching the vain mind of the man: I pull'd him,
But still he hung like bird-lime; spoke unto him;
His answer still was, 'By the lord, sweet lord,'
And 'By my soul, thou master-piece of honour!'
Nothing could stave him off: He has heard your
flood's gone,

And on decaying things he seldom smiles, Sir.

Anth. Then here I break up state, and free my fol-
lowers,

⁴⁵ ——— are crept closely:

None feel my wants, not one mend with me.

Desire. None, Sir?] The next line shews evidently that all the points here were wrong. The last line of Anthropos's speech should be disjoined from the foregoing, and be a question which *Desire* should answer, but these were not the worst of the mistake in this passage, for what is

————— not one mend with me?

One might force a sort of sense out of it, but 'tis much more probable that it is a mistake of the press, and that we should read either,

————— not one friend with me?

or, ————— not one befriend me?

The former is nearest the trace of the letters, but the latter gives a more easy sense.

Seward.

The first is, we think, the best of the two,

588 FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL

Putting my fortune now to Time and Justice :
 Go seek new masters now ; for Anthropos,
 Neglected by his friends, must seek new fortunes.
 Desire, to Avarice I here commend thee,
 Where thou may'st live at full bent of thy wishes.
 And, Vain-Delight, thou feeder of my follies,
 With light Fantastickness be thou in favour !
 To leave thee, Bounty, my most worthy servant,
 Troubles me more than my own misery ;
 But we must part : Go plant thyself, my best friend,
 In honourable hearts that truly know thee,
 And there live ever like thyself, a virtue !
 But leave this place, and seek the country ;
 For Law and Lust, like fire, lick all up here.
 Now none but Poverty must follow me,
 Despis'd patch'd Poverty ; and we two married,
 Will seek Simplicity, Content, and Peace out,

Enter Poverty.

And live with them in exile. How uncall'd on
 My true friend comes !

Pov. Here hold thee, Anthropos !
 Thou art almost arriv'd at rest ⁴⁶ : Put this on,
 A penitential robe, to purge thy pleasures ;
 Off with that vanity !

Anth. Here, Vain-Delight,
 And, with this, all my part to thee again
 Of thee I freely render.

Pov. Take this staff now,
 And be more constant to your steps hereafter !
 The staff is Staidness of Affections.
 Away, you painted flies, that with man's summer
 Take life and heat, buzzing about his blossoms !
 When growing full, ye turn to caterpillars,
 Gnawing the root that gave you life. Fly, shadows !
 [Exeunt Desire and Delight.]

Now to Content I'll give thee, Anthropos,
 To Rest and Peace : No Vanity dwells there,

⁴⁶ *Thou art almost arriv'd at rest.*] Amended by Symphon.

REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE. 589

Desire, nor Pleasure, to delude thy mind more ;
No Flattery's smooth-fil'd tongue shall poison thee.

Anth. Oh, Jupiter, if I have ever offer'd
Upon thy burning altars but one sacrifice
Thou and thy fair-ey'd Juno smil'd upon ;
If ever, to thine honour, bounteous feasts,
Where all thy statues sweat with wine and incense,
Have by the son of Earth been celebrated ;
Hear me (the child of Shame now) hear, thou helper,
And take my wrongs into thy hands, thou justice,
Done by unmindful man, unmerciful,
Against his master done, against thy order ;
And raise again, thou father of all honour,
The poor, despis'd, but yet thy noblest creature !
Raise from his ruins once more this sunk cedar,
That all may fear thy power, and I proclaim it ! [*Exc.*

Jupiter and Mercury descend severally. Soft Musick.

Jup. Ho ! Mercury, my winged son !

Merc. Your servant.

Jup. Whose powerful prayers were those that reach'd
our ears,

Arm'd in such spells of pity now ⁴⁷ ?

Merc. The sad petitions

Of the scorn'd son of Earth, the god-like Anthropos ;
He that has swell'd your sacred fires with incense,
And pil'd upon your altars thousand heifers ;
He that (beguil'd by Vanity and Pleasure,
Desire, Craft, Flattery, and smooth Hypocrisy)
Stands now despis'd and ruin'd, left to Poverty.

Jup. It must not be ; he was not rais'd for ruin ;
Nor shall those hands heav'd at my altars perish :
He is our noblest creature. Flee to Time ;
And charge him presently release the bands
Of Poverty and Want this suitor sinks in :
Tell him, among the sun-burnt Indians,

⁴⁷ *Arm'd in such spells of pity.*] The *spells* were undoubtedly those
of *piety*, which might awake *pity* in Jupiter, but could not for that
reason be called *the spells of pity*. *Seward.*

We see no reason for variation,

590 FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL

That know no other wealth but peace and pleasure,
He shall find golden Plutus, god of riches,
Who idly is ador'd, the innocent people
Not knowing yet what power and weight he carries:
Bid him compel him to his right use, honour,
And presently to live with Anthropos.
It is our will. Away!

Merc. I do obey it.

[Jupiter and Mercury ascend again. Musick.

Enter Plutus, with a troop of Indians singing and dancing wildly about him, and bowing to him; which ended, Enter Time.

Time. Rise, and away! 'tis Jove's command.

Plutus. I will not!

Ye have some fool to furnish now; some Midas,
That to no purpose I must choak with riches.
Who must I go to?

Time. To the son of Earth;
He wants the god of wealth.

Plutus. Let him want still!

I was too lately with him, almost torn
Into ten thousand pieces by his followers:
I could not sleep, but Craft or Vanity
Were filing off my fingers; not eat, for fear
Pleasure would cast herself into my belly,
And there surprize my heart.

Time. These have forsaken him:
Make haste then! thou must with me. Be not angry,
For fear a greater anger light upon thee.

Plutus. I do obey then: But will change my figure;
For when I willingly befriend a creature,
Goodly and full of glory I shew to him;
But when I am compell'd, old and decrepid,
I halt and hang upon my staff. Farewell, friends!
I will not be long from ye: All my servants
I leave among ye still, and my chief riches.

[Exeunt Indians, with a dance.

Oh, Time, what innocence dwells here, what goodness!
They know me not, nor hurt me not, yet hug me.

Away!

Away ! I'll follow thee : But not too fast, Time !
[*Exeunt Plutus and Time.*]

Enter Anthropolos, Honesty, Simplicity, Humility, and Poverty.

Humil. Man, be not sad ; neither let this divorce
From Mundus, and his many ways of pleasure,
Afflict thy spirits ! which consider'd rightly,
With inward eyes, makes thee arrive at happy.

Pov. For now what danger or deceit can reach thee ?
What matter left for Craft or Covetize
To plot against thee ? what Desire to burn thee ?

Hon. Oh, son of Earth, let Honesty possess thee !
Be as thou wast intended, like thy Maker ;
See thro' those gaudy shadows, that like dreams
Have dwelt upon thee long ; call up thy goodness,
Thy mind and man within thee, that lie shipwreck'd ;
And then how thin and vain these fond affections,
How lame this worldly love, how lump-like, raw,
And ill-digested, all these vanities
Will shew, let Reason tell thee !

Simpl. Crown thy mind ⁴⁸
With that above the world's wealth, joyful suff'ring,
And truly be the master of thyself,
Which is the noblest empire ! and there stand
The thing thou wert ordain'd, and set to govern !

Pov. Come, let us sing the world's shame : Hear
us, Anthropolos !

Song : And then enter Time and Plutus.

Hon. Away ! we are betray'd. [*Exeunt all but Pov.*]

Time. Get thou too after,
Thou needy bare companion ! go for ever,

⁴⁸ *Crown thy mind*

With that above the world's wealth, joyful suff'ring,] I read

With that's above——

i. e. with that which is above the world's wealth, joyful suffering.
It might be still better English to say,

With what's above the world's wealth,

but the other expression is very frequent with our Authors. *Seaward.*

The old text is best, and most poetical.

592 FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL

For ever, I conjure thee. Make no answer! [*Exit Poet.*]

Anth. What mak'st thou here, Time? thou that
to this minute

Never stood still by me?

Time. I've brought thee succour;

And now, catch hold, I'm thine: 'The god of riches
(Compell'd by him that saw thy miseries,
The ever-just and wakeful Jove) at length
Is come unto thee; use him as thine own;
For 'tis the doom of Heav'n, he must obey thee.

Anth. Have I found pity then?

Time. Thou hast, and justice
Against those false seducers of thine honour.

Come, give him present helps! [*Exit Time.*]

Industry and the Arts discovered.

Plutus. Come, Industry,
Thou friend of life! and next to thee, rise, Labour!

[*Plutus stamps, Labour rises.*]

Rise presently; and now to your employments!
But first conduct this mortal to the rock.

[*They carry Anthropos to a rock and fall a-digging.*]
What see'st thou now?

[*Plutus strikes the rock, and flames fly out.*]

Anth. A glorious mine of metal.

Oh, Jupiter, my thanks!

Plutus. To me a little.

Anth. And to the god of wealth, my sacrifice!

Plutus. Nay, then I am rewarded. Take heed
now, son,

You are afloat again, lest Mundus catch you!

Anth. Never betray me more!

Plutus. I must to India,

From whence I came, where my main wealth lies
buried,

And these must with me. Take that book and
mattock ⁴⁹,

⁴⁹ *Take that book and mattock.*] Mr. Symphon would read *book and mattock* as the two emblems of industry, but knowledge and virtue being

REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE. 593

And, by those, know to live again !

[*Exeunt Plutus, Industry, Labour, &c.*

Anth. I shall do.

Enter Fame, sounding.

Fame. Thro' all the world the fortune of great
Anthropos

Be known and wonder'd at ; his riches envied,
As far as fun or time is ; his power fear'd too ! [*Exe.*
[*Musick.*

Enter Delight, Pleasure, Craft, Lucre, Vanity, &c.
dancing (and masqued) towards the rock, offering
service to Anthropos. Mercury from above. Musick
heard. One half of a cloud drawn, singers are dis-
covered ; then the other half drawn. Jupiter seen
in glory.

Merc. Take heed, weak man ! those are the fins that
funk thee ;

Trust 'em no more : Kneel, and give thanks to Jupiter.

Anth. Oh, mighty power !

Jup. Unmask, ye gilded poisons !—

Now look upon 'em, son of Earth, and shame 'em ;

Now see the faces of thy evil angels ;

Lead 'em to Time, and let 'em fill his triumph !

Their memories be here forgot for ever.

Anth. Oh, just, great god ! how many lives of
service,

What ages only given to thine honour,

What infinites of vows and holy prayers

Can pay my thanks ?

Jup. Rise up ! and, to assure thee

That never more thou shalt feel want ; strike Mercury,

Strike him ; and by that stroke he shall for ever

Live in that rock of gold, and still enjoy it.

Be't done, I say ! Now sing in honour of him. [*Song.*

being as necessary to Anthropos as industry, I understand *book* as an
emblem of them. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter the Triumph. First, the Musicians : Then Vain-Delight, Pleasure, Craft, Lucre, Vanity, and other of the vices : Then a chariot with the person of Time sitting in it, drawn by four persons, representing Hours, singing. [Exeunt. Flourish.

Eman. By this we note, sweetheart, in kings and princes,

A weakness, even in spite of all their wisdoms,
And often to be master'd by abuses.

Our nature's here describ'd too, and what humours
Prevail above our reasons to undo us :

But this the last and best: When no friend stands,
The gods are merciful, and lend their hands.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

E P I L O G U E.

NOW as the husbandman, whose costs and pain,
Whose hopes and helps, lie buried in his grain,
Waiting a happy spring to ripen full
His long'd-for harvest to the reaper's pull,
Stand we expecting (having sown our ground
With so much charge, the fruitfulness not found)
The harvest of our labours : For we know
You are our spring; and when you smile we grow.
Nor charge nor pain shall bind us from your pleasures,
So you but lend your hands to fill our measures !

F I N I S.





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